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THE STORY OF  
TWO NOBLE LIVES

VOL. II.



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CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS CANNING  
(From a Portrait by Swinton)



# THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

BEING

MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS CANNING,  
AND LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC. ETC.

"Nil nisi Cruce."—*Waterford Motto*

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## V.

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP.

“Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen  
Resolut zu leben.”—GOETHE.

“Her mind was one of those pure mirrors from which the polluting breath passes away as it touches it.”—HEBER.

CHARLES, VISCOUNT CANNING, of handsome features and noble presence, was essentially “a great gentleman in character and demeanour.” He seemed to have an unlimited power of work, and to enjoy it as much as the sport to which he was devoted. He spoke with facility, and his voice was at once impressive and melodious.

In the beginning of June 1855, Lord Canning, who had served as Postmaster-General under Lord Aberdeen, and had continued to hold the same office under Lord Palmerston, was selected to succeed Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General of India. He was first told of the probable offer by his old friend and schoolfellow Lord Granville, and, from the first, was inclined to accept it.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING *to*  
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*June 9, 1855.*—What do you think of the news Mama told you? I cannot tell yet what answer will be given. There are really no reasons against accepting but one's own feelings and dislikes. . . . But I will not take any part in the decision, only be ready to follow like a dog. If it was only for one year I should delight in it, but five is terribly long."

*To* LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*June 16, 1855.*—C. was to have a little talk with Lord Aberdeen on his way to Vernon Smith's, and I have since had a note to say he has *accepted*. You will not be surprised, I think, and I believe he has done right; and now we must try and think it is still a good while before the moment arrives. I believe we must not talk about it yet, and indeed it feels a respite to keep it quiet as long as possible.

"I feel sure it is the right decision, for though C. is never in the habit of distressing himself by looking back to what might have been, and would not have done so, yet I think many an occasion might arise where the contrary decision would really be a cause for regret."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to*  
MISS HEYLAND.

"*June 30, 1855.*—I know you will forgive my writing and saying how much we must all feel *with* you in



poor Caledon's loss.<sup>1</sup> I cannot realise it yet; to think that we shall never see him more. All this is dreadful; but there is a better side to look to in the thought of his long sufferings ended, his patience rewarded through Christ, and his soul received into joy. What a lesson his illness has been, and what an example! How it evoked patience, faith, temperance, brotherly kindness—all, all, and more; and we must call it in mercy that it was sent.

"Mama is come to town, and will see Aunt Caledon to-day. Our 'secret' is, you know, Canning's governor-generalship of India. Only think that Char. will be gone five years. What a life! Yet I see *le doight de Dieu* in that too. . . . It will cause a want to be supplied which will be *the* right thing for her. But it will be a melancholy good-bye."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Windsor Castle, Sept. 21, 1855.*—The Princess Royal and Prince of Prussia are going on very happily and comfortably, are much together, and taking very kindly to each other."

Lady Waterford came over from Ireland to spend the last weeks with her sister, whose bright spirit and animated interest about her future life and its duties cheered their parting.

<sup>1</sup> James Du Pré, third Earl of Caledon, Lady Waterford's first cousin. Miss Heyland's principal home had been with Lady Caledon at Tittenhanger.

In Lady Stuart's journal we find the sad entry :—

"*Nov.* 26.—Char. and Canning took leave of me at 6½."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Paris, Dec.* 2, 1855.—This would have been our real good-bye if you had come here with us, for we shall be off to-morrow.

"It seemed very odd to go to dine at the Tuileries yesterday, to this new dynasty. They live in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Empress has two drawing-rooms, very smartly done up with modern tapestry, silk, and bronze, not much to my taste, and very gaudy. The chairs and sofas are arranged as in common living-rooms, and rather comfortably. The dinner was in the Galerie de Diane. I sat next to the Emperor, and Canning next to the Empress. My cavalier was Admiral Frehouart, who is going to succeed Admiral Bruat—a charming old Breton, exactly like an Englishman, and very enthusiastic for the English navy, and all they are to do with us. Except the Emperor, he was the only man inclined to talk of the war. The dinner was of about thirty people, mostly household, and all the same who were in England—with Mr. and Mrs. Barrington. The plate was all silver, and suddenly—after being rather surprised at seeing meat *on* the table—a crab on a cover caught my eye, and I remembered your service. The Emperor afterwards

said to me he did not know if I remembered some plate which had once belonged to my father, and which he now had, so he evidently thinks a great deal of it. He did not know of its being from the moulds of the old Duchess of Orleans' plate. He asked a great deal after you and Lou, and talked of the Queen's visit, and India, and the King of Sardinia, and the Exhibition, and many other topics. He is very staunch in the alliance, and far more warlike than the country. After dinner, the evening was very heavy, notwithstanding many attempts to make it informal—seeing drawings, and the famous lace-flounce, the wonder of the Exhibition. It was bought for Eugénie, and she wore it for the *clôture*, on a high cerise velvet. It is of Alençon, and quite wonderfully fine. This, with its stiff inside, was brought down, and exhibited in the side-room next the door, a pretty sitting-room of her own, whither the Emperor takes people to talk at leisure. The Empress came in herself to show her gown. Later, people came for presentation, and there was tea in the next room, but it was altogether a very long affair. The Empress is strong and well now, and still very pretty.

“There are not many of your old acquaintances here now, but I have been to Mme. de Poix, and Mme. Delmar, and Mme. de Gontaut. The modern houses are wonderfully magnificent, and I found the little Walewska sitting in her gorgeous palace. Morny asked us to see his new collection of pictures, and gave us luncheon in the Présidence, where he lives in splendour. He has a number of ‘Meissonier’ pictures—very good.”

"*Malta, Dec. 8, 1855.*—After a very rough passage, the change to this southern climate is delightful, with the beautifully carved picturesque old houses in warm coloured stone, and real orange trees, and many southern plants, scanty in quantity, but so green and so characteristic in shape, that each has the effect of a little picture. I am writing in the old Palace of the Knights, and have just come out of a great room hung round with the Highcliffe tapestry! The arms at the top of each bit are the same as those of a picture and on the walls of the house."

"*Alexandria, Dec. 13.*—We have been received with the greatest honour here, and are quite astonished at the Pacha's magnificence—his barge sent for us, and a palace prepared, furnished, filled with servants, and supplying sumptuous meals, and now that the moment of giving presents has arrived, no one will receive anything at all. We were a little inclined to stay on board and go straight to the railway, but Sir D. Bruce was of opinion that it would not do to travel like private individuals, and that we must be ready for all the poms and honours they would wish to bestow. I shall send you, and Lou, and Grandmama, and the dear Aunts a bit of journal from time to time."

"*Cairo, Dec. 19.*—It has all been very amusing, so much more characteristic of the East than Constantinople, and we have revelled in the honours paid to us, everything having been managed for us from the moment we landed—carriages, dinners, &c. We came here in six hours by the new railway, a journey which

the Portarlingtons, in their boat, performed in ten days. The Governor met us at the station and brought us to this palace, just outside the town, on the banks of the Nile. It is a most gorgeous palace, enormously large, and fitted up with all the gold papers and silks and gorgeous chandeliers that could be got from Paris, at a cost of £150,000. The people of the inn are made to supply us with everything, and we are as guests, and certainly most magnificently treated. In the steamer all is to be done in the same way. . . . I was to have been received *en grande tenue* by the wife of the Pacha, but his old sister was so ill, that I was begged to come on a sort of private visit. This poor wife has no children, but is clever and very much considered. Her beauty has faded, for she is twenty-six! She was bought as a child from Circassia, and adopted by Said's old sister, who married her to him at fifteen. The sister—Mehemet Ali's daughter—was once the cleverest and the wickedest woman in Egypt, and busy in all political intrigues. Now she is dying. She had us in, and received us with a sort of dignity that was surprising in a poor little bundle of old clothes, buried in cushions, on a brass bedstead. I came away very sorry for these poor caged birds who do nothing but smoke the livelong day, and have no sort of interest or occupation."

"*On the Nile above Girgeh, Dec. 21, 1855.*—Our steamer is very comfortable, and holds as many people as could have been stowed away in two or three boats, but I am convinced that, with leisure, the boats are the really enjoyable way of seeing Egypt. The first

night we anchored near Memphis, to go next morning to the Pyramid of Sakhara and the Tombs of the Sacred Bulls. . . . They send with us janissaries, and old men with silver sticks and bells, and pipe-bearers, and coffee-bearers, who go with us wherever we go, some on donkeys, some on horseback—an endless cavalcade, more picturesque than anything you ever saw. The ride was for a time through beautiful groves of palm, and some fragments of statues and blocks of granite and mounds were shown to us as remains of Memphis, and a colossal statue lying on its face in a pool of Nile water. Then we wound along on a raised road over the plain. The water had gone down, and the young wheat and maize was emerald green on the fat land—so rich that it has only to be scratched up and sown. The desert joins this plain with an edge as defined as the water and the sand of a sea-shore. You pass in one step from the one to the other, and anything so dry or so hopelessly barren as the desert I could not have imagined. The Serapeon or Bull burial-place is a labyrinth of excavated corridors with vaulted chambers at the sides, and in each an enormous polished granite sarcophagus."

"*On the Nile below Minieh, Jan. 7, 1856.*—It would be tiresome to give an account of temple after temple, but it has been a very pleasant time. On Christmas day we were at Kenh, and a strange Christmas it was—really tropical heat, and except the hour of reading the service in the cabin, all was new and strange. At Dendera, the inner chambers of the temple were quite dark, and we crept through a hole



into a secret passage with very perfect sculptures, and were busy examining them till literally driven out by the cloud of bats. They hung like bunches of grapes from the roof, and came flopping about our heads to the light of the candle each person carried: and we walked in bat-guano, and breathed a double distilled perfume of bat, till it was impossible to stand it any longer: especially when I began to think I was treading on the killed and wounded we had disturbed and knocked down. I came out wondering if Aunt Mex would even stand hearing my narrative of this day's pleasuring.

"The same Christmas night, almost by full moon, we arrived at Thebes, where the moonlight through the palm trees delighted me most of all, then an avenue of sphinxes and the great pylon. There we left our donkeys and got rid of some of our train, and went round enormous ruins to the great temple. This is really like a work of giants—a grove of gigantic columns, and piles of stones and obelisks, one ninety-two feet high, and courts with pillars round them, and more and more of the great pylons, all magnified even, in the bright moonlight. It was quite magnificent.

"Next day, with the bluest of skies, and all the ruins of a rich yellow colour and the remains of painting, it was as fine perhaps, but totally different. We were there at seven in the morning, and stayed the whole day, resting and having meals in the shadow of the temple. Most of this building is as old as Moses, part probably of Abraham's time.

"Near Assouan we saw numbers of crocodiles, some very near, lying asleep on the bank. The two first

were as green as verdegrised-bronze. Assouan is a lovely spot—granite rocks, in beautiful forms, and the plain of Elephantina very green opposite. A little above are the Cataracts, and Philae is on the other side of them, with its beautiful island, temples, and palm-trees. . . .”

“*Cairo, Jan. 10.*—Yesterday was the great sight of Egypt—the Pyramids! We were mounted at Ghizeh on beautiful beasts, mine a white ass of Yemen with smart caparisons, and all the gentlemen on Arabs with velvet and gold housings. We crossed a tract of young wheat, as usual of that dazzling green I have never seen elsewhere. The Pyramids look enormous when far off, then diminish, for *all* seems so near in this clear sky. They stand on the desert of sand and rock, a good deal above the level of the plain. One knows the Sphinx so well that I felt as if I had seen it before. . . . Then, quite close to the Pyramids, one begins to understand their enormous size: nothing in antiquity approaches them, and we may really believe that Abraham saw them. . . . The most striking view was at sunset. We left them glowing on one side and already blue on the other: then they were cut out black against the lemon-yellow sky: then it was streaked with vermilion: and lastly the very first of the young moon appeared over the smaller Pyramid—*younger than one ever sees the moon in the north, and the whole moon showing distinctly in a glowing dun-colour.*

“The Pacha's two wives are here, with an enormous establishment of slaves, the whole concern in strict sub-



jection to the Pacha's mother. Mothers are the only people really respected or cared for: fathers there is not the least feeling for, and how should there be under such a state of things as 'Ahab had seventy sons in Samaria!'"

"*Jan. 12.*—We left Cairo . . . finding the air of the desert most delightful, dry and clear, like a fresh sea-breeze. . . . The skeletons of camels lie thickly dotted along the line of road: the maids say they gave up counting after 162 in the first four hours. The outrider pointed out five gazelles standing near the road quietly looking at us. . . . At last we saw the Red Sea, and then apparently blue, shining, glittering pools of water. I at once remembered the mirage, and was not deceived, but it was only by watching a particular spot and waiting till one actually saw it was only dry sand, that one could be really convinced. From the last station we could see Suez and the *Feroze* out at sea, and Moses' Well on the other side, and I spent that half-hour reading over 'Pharaoh and his host,' and wondering if I saw the exact spot.

"We were received on board the *Feroze*—a really magnificent frigate—with all honours, the yards manned, band playing, &c., and it was very imposing."

"*Aden, Jan. 20.*—The actual peaks of Horeb and Sinai are not seen from the sea, only the same range of mountains, looking bare and rugged and of very great height. I heartily wished we could have landed and had a few days in that wonderful country. . . . Yesterday morning I was awakened by a gun fired to

announce our arrival at Aden, and we found a guard of honour of Sepoys waiting for us—the first we have seen: they are dressed exactly like English soldiers, and their brown faces are often very handsome. . . . For scenery, if you will imagine an extinct volcano in the moon, I should think you will exactly figure Aden to yourself, with the one great omission of the very clear and very blue sea. It was curious to see all the different nations who were represented in our drive to the Isthmus—Indians, Arabs of various tribes, and Africans from the opposite coast, many of whom have long ringlets, and for variety have dyed their hair of a light flaxen or red tint, by bleaching away the colour by lime, which has the oddest effect upon their jet-black skins. The mountains are enormously high and nearly perpendicular, and the peaks of fantastic shape—very black and red and yellow, like burnt-out cinders, and as full of holes. The Governor's house is on the point, on a spot catching every breath of wind: it has neither walls nor windows, and is literally a cage of trellised reeds, with here and there a mat hung up to intercept the view. I have a bedroom in this style. It makes me feel rather shy, for I see the whole country, and do not quite see why I am not seen as well. The roof is the same, and mats upon mats keep out the sun. A little portion of the living room is walled, and has a second floor above it, and in this spot the inhabitants take refuge from *the* shower of rain, which occurs about once in every six months.

“Yesterday evening we drove over the pass into the crater-like valleys of the Cantonments and the town of Aden. The Sepoy regiment, the 18th, was reviewed,

and the 86th, the Queen's. The strange high cinder-like peaks all round, the mat houses, the brightly dressed spectators—Arabs, Indian children, Banyan merchants, Parsees, Africans of the Somalis, other Arabs from Mocha, pilgrims from India to Mecca, every variety of people looking on at the evolutions, made the most marvellous scene. . . . The moonlight drive home was beautiful, and we met the poor stewed *beau-monde*, about ten couples, riding and driving—every one out of doors, enjoying the fresh evening. At night they actually sleep in the open air: and the Brigadier told us that the spot where we spent the evening outside the house, overlooking the sea, was where, in summer, his bed was always carried out. . . . This morning we had service, at seven o'clock, in a church of mats and reeds."

VISCOUNT CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"Aden is a marvellous place. I have read somewhere that it is like Hell with the fire put out, and really the simile is not a violent one. The whole peninsula is a lump of dry, crunching cinders and ashes, not a blade of grass to be seen, with no natural beauties except the jagged outlines and sharp peaks of the hills, which are very high and striking, with numberless abysses and bottomless pits. The houses are of cane and reed lattice-work, with here and there a canvas screen for decency's sake, but in other respects like magpies' cages. Houses they call them, but they are in fact nothing but a dozen rooms or so, run up without any attempt at a preconceived plan, and then connected

together by cane-work verandahs and passages, as best they can. This does not sound comfortable, but it is not the reverse. The only inconvenience is, that from the flimsy and transparent texture of the walls, one must be careful of one's proceedings when dressing or going to bed by candlelight. I went out to smoke my cigar after the society had retired, and to my horror saw depicted upon the side of Lady C.'s bungalow (that is the right word) a sort of *ombre chinoise* going through all the forms of preparation for bed. Luckily I was in time to warn her, and she took care not to get between the light and the wall again."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter.*

"*Jan. 28.*—We hope to reach Bombay this evening. The journey seems nothing to look back upon, not to be compared to the exertion and trouble of a journey to Rome by land! Two days were grey and heavy, and so hot that the smallest exertion put one into a state of bath; but since that, the air has been clear and fresh. . . . I have got plenty of Eastern books, and try to learn all I can about India: it is rather overwhelming to think how much there is to learn."

"*Parell (near Bombay), Jan. 29.*—Here we are! really in India! it feels very like a dream.

"We steamed in rather slowly yesterday afternoon, with the bay unfolding before us like a panorama, a beautiful coast, with a great expanse of high odd-shaped hills, and a good deal of green at the foot: some islands, and the town itself on one of them—the greenest. It had an *air de fête* in the bright sunset sky, many sailing

boats about, and the ships dressed with flags, and yards manned and saluting. The instant we anchored, Lord Elphinstone<sup>1</sup> came on board, and Sir H. Leake, who is at the head of the Indian navy, and we went ashore in their barge. The twilight is very short here, and it was all but dark when we arrived at the landing-place. Lord Dalhousie had ordered that all the troops should be out, and that we should be received in state, so it was a very grand affair. I can really give no description, it was so very nearly dark: but I know we went through a grand sort of booth, round which rows and rows of spectators sate, and smartly-dressed ladies. The people in authority received us, and off we drove in a barouche and four, with a turbaned postilion and an escort of lancers, and the road was lined with soldiers for an immense way. Crowds and crowds of natives in their white dresses, and Parsees, and all sorts of picturesque people were outside, and bands playing, &c. The native town looked most picturesque—all open shops and verandahs, and the strangest figures scattered about and lighted up in their shops and houses.

“The Governor’s house is called Parell, and is five miles off, in a sort of park and large garden, and here it is we are living. I am quite charmed with it. Last night, with all its arches and verandahs lighted up, and

<sup>1</sup> John, thirteenth Lord Elphinstone (born 1807), had been Governor of Madras from 1837 to 1842. In October 1853 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, where he was distinguished by his promptitude and energy during the Mutiny, and was made a G.C.B. in 1858, and a peer of the United Kingdom on his return to England in 1859. He died in 1860.

rows of servants in scarlet and gold dresses or in white, it looked like an opera scene. The servants go about in little processions, as you have heard described, but I think one is not so incessantly guarded by them as I was led to suppose. It may be different at Calcutta. I was not prepared, on our first arrival, to hear four of them burst into a sort of chorus of welcome and grand titles.

“Everything is arranged for coolness, and it seems to answer, for I never felt a pleasanter atmosphere. There are doors in all directions, made like Venetian blinds, and broad verandahs all round the rooms. Punkahs are hung, but not used yet. Dinner was in a verandah entirely draped with white muslin, and, with those beautifully dressed servants to wait, and strange fruits on the table, and strange flowers, and a very good band of music outside, there certainly was an air of luxury that was agreeable. I suppose the heat makes people very quiet, and gentle, and low, for I had rather a feeling as if I was brusque and noisy, so very piano is the tone. Nobody looks sunburnt—boiled to rags rather than roasted, is certainly the effect of the climate.

“We are charmingly lodged. A tent of net, with a weight round the edge, defends my bed from mosquitos, and there is room for chairs and little tables within. . . . From my window I see groves and groves of cocoa and palm overtopping round-headed trees; then burnt-up ground; mango-trees in flower exactly like Spanish chestnuts; tamarinds in the style of acacias, but much thicker; peepul-trees, higher a good deal than the rest, with trembling leaves—very green, and pinkish stems, like white poplar; a teak tree, with



large leaves and sort of bunches of berries. Little green parrots fly about, and settle in the tamarind tree, looking like green peas, and hawks and odd crows—grey and black—flutter about. Very slightly clothed peasants fill up the picture, and sometimes beautifully draped figures in white. A bronze man, with only a tight very short sky-blue jacket, went by just now, whose appearance was very peculiar.

“Of course the newspapers are all to-day full of our landing. One gives my particular history, and I am rather distressed at being announced as a beauty, an artist, and an eminent botanist, besides many other things. I fear I shall be found disappointing in all these three lines. I am to be asked, I believe, to patronise the Photographic Society, and to receive an album, and that will be a *‘douce violence.’* C. is to cut the first sod of a tank, and he inquires whether there is such a thing as a sod? The Levée and Durbar will be to-morrow.

“The flowers are lovely—bougainvillia, oleander, jessamine, poinsettia, and there are old cypresses entirely covered with flame-coloured bignonia, like pillars of fire.”

“Feb. 1.—I shall never get through all I have to say. It is so amusing and curious, and I cannot tell you the strange feeling of such overpowering novelty. But it makes one feel absurdly helpless, not to know a person, or a word of the language, or manners and customs of the simplest description. Every plant being totally new to me is not at all the least strange part, and Mama and Lou will quite understand how it takes

up my attention to pass through these beautiful groves and jungles.

“But I had better try and tell the events day by day. I was supposed on Tuesday to want rest, and nothing was to be done—a pleasant arrangement, but not quite deserved, for I suppose I shall never feel as fresh again as I was, just off my sea-voyage, and awake from that superfluity of sleep I can never resist on board ship. The first drive was quite enchanting. Imagine the hot-house at Kew, and sort of ‘Robinson Suisse’ and ‘Paul et Virginie’ descriptions, and you may think of the groves and gardens along the roads. Cocoa-nut is far more beautiful than palm, but there are palms too, though less fine than those of Egypt. The cocoa-nut is very tall and slender and graceful; the palmyra too, which has fan leaves; and round-headed trees grow beneath them. We drove past Hindoo temples, and tanks with steps down to the water, and lilies growing on them, and this wall of beautiful trees all round. At every meeting of the roads, I was surprised to see a cross: they have left all those of Portuguese times, and there are numbers of Portuguese converts in this part of India—very ignorant indeed, but still neither Hindoo nor Mussulman. The end of the drive was by the sea, on the island of Salsette, which is reached by a causeway. The view was quite lovely, and the sun setting in the sea, and the vermilion sky, different from any sunset I have seen before—so very beautiful.

“Wednesday was a very busy day. I had a walk in the garden early, and looked over all the birds and beasts collected here. But at eight o’clock there was



an outcry to beware of the sun, and I was driven in. I am quite sure that people here are absurd in the amount of precaution taken, and also very inconsistent, but I am quite obedient. The manners and customs rather surprise me in some ways. There are gigantic tubs and baths of cold water always standing ready in every room, and people always go into them *after* exercise, doing exactly what we should think the most dangerous thing possible. In the same way, iced water is drunk all day long, and every possible arrangement is made to be always in thorough draughts.

"It *is* very hot in the daytime, but at night, or rather near morning, it is almost cold, and one is glad to drag a bit of thin woollen over one's bed: for the windows on the sea-side are all wide open. The land-wind is unwholesome and carefully shut out at night.

"Wednesday's business was a Levée and a Durbar, which Lord Elphinstone wished C. to hold. It took place at the Government House in the fort, I think they call it the town-hall. I was smuggled in to see the Durbar from a gallery. The Levée was first, and I believe like any other Levée. The Durbar was in another room, a very large and handsome one with pillars all round—a sofa at one end, and two rows of chairs and sofas all down the room. All the natives come to this. After going up to C. to be presented and spoken to, they go back to chairs, where they sit according to their rank. Then the chief 'Political' Secretary goes round, and sprinkles each man with some rose-water, or dabs otto of roses, with a spoon, upon him, and a little bouquet is given to him, with a

piece of 'pawn'—an arrangement of lime and betel-nut, wrapped up in gold leaf, and used for chewing. I saw most of the Parsees stick this little packet in a fold in their caps. There are no very great people in Bombay—no Rajahs or *ci-devant* Princes, only very rich merchants. It is the great place for Parsees. You may have seen a Parsee once in England, with an ugly head-dress of shining chintz like oil-skin, and a white linen sort of coat and sash.

"Sir Jamsetjee Jezeebhoy, a very rich and great Parsee, is very celebrated for his enormous charities. He has given above £250,000 to hospitals, tanks, and all sorts of works for the good of the people. His sons are very enlightened and well-educated. Other Parsees also have given enormously in charities and good works, and are strenuously helping on education: the Hindoos too are liberal about these things.

The Hindoos at the Durbar generally were dressed in white with enormous red turbans. A few had a good shawl, but no jewels at all, except perhaps an earring through the top of the ear. The custom is to cover their children with all the jewels they possess. Many of them brought these creatures with them, and they really looked very pretty, with little fanciful turbans on their heads, and white muslin clothes, and rows and rows of emeralds—like large beads, and pearls, and diamonds, round their throats. They have lovely eyes and eyelashes, and generally pretty features. Many poor children lose their lives from this custom: they are stolen, robbed of their finery, and thrown into wells. In all ranks, the children are as much dressed up as the parents can possibly afford. The women have

anklets and bangles too. They are very graceful in their long draperies, with nothing or very little underneath. Women are often in red and orange draperies, or white muslin with a coloured border: this is really beautiful, like the drapery of a Greek statue.

“After the Durbar, we went to the Elphinstone Institution—a great college, which, with its lower classes in the town, has 1700 pupils. It was set up in memory of Mountstuart Elphinstone, and the very best education is given to all classes, but chiefly to the highest. You will ask if they are taught the Bible?—No, they are not: only the Mission-schools teach religion. If it was taught in this, no one would come. They have, however an excellent preparation for studying for themselves, and even read such books as Butler’s ‘Analogy.’ *All* learn English, and read uncommonly well. The lower classes are divided—Mahratee language in some, Guyuratee in others: afterwards they come together. We heard several very good examinations. Within the last five years the education of girls has become popular, and I am to see all the schools, and, I believe, to give prizes, on Monday. The natives support this, and the Mission-schools have five hundred girls in their classes. Girls, of course, do not learn English, it would be useless to them.

“You will want to know how, with the dread of the sun, we managed to do all this in one afternoon. We went in a coach at 3 P.M. with Venetian blinds up, and the functions lasted till long after dark, when we had an open carriage to return. The natives do not seem to mind the sun now, for we had crowds in the streets

and wherever we went. That day was finished off with a dinner of English employés — seventy-four people: I had some difficulty in learning them. I rather want to mend the manners of the ladies, for they sit *clouées* to their chairs until one has them quite dragged up by force to come to be introduced. I am sure it is only stupidity, but they must be cured, and to arrive into the middle of this seated female circle was really the shyest thing I ever did. I would not sit down till every one had properly got up and come up to me.

“Thursday was another *journée bien remplie*. We were up at four, and in the carriage at five, to drive to some famous caves in Salsette—to spend the day there, and then for C. to perform the ‘sod-turning’ ceremony. The cool drive was most refreshing, first in bright starlight, Venus standing out like a little moon detached from the sky; then the most lovely cloudless sunrise. We passed through the valley of Vehar, where the new lake is to be. It is not a tank, but an embankment is to be made to catch the water of a stream which runs only about three months in the year. The hills leave a beautiful natural basin exactly fitted for the purpose. At the other end of this the jungle begins.

“The road was made smooth, but the carriage could not go all the way and the gentlemen went on horseback, and I in a *tonjon*. This is a sort of sedan-chair, with a single pole, carried by four men, like a Guy Fawkes chair. The jungle is like a sort of shrubby wilderness with pine trees and here and there spaces between—like Portlaw woods after one has passed the

fine oaks. We soon left palmyras and cocoa-nuts behind, but mangos grew all the way, and bamboos, and an immense variety of trees and shrubs all new to me. One lovely evergreen, with very white flowers like jessamine and daphne, called coringa, ought to be had in hot-houses: it is very sweet indeed and very common. There are some trees covered with scarlet flowers, but alas! they were high, and nobody got me a branch. Another tree was bare, but had large red flowers like enormously magnified *pyrus japonica* or small magnolia. Another has tiny green and purple flowers in large bunches, and seeds like a purple velvet starfish. A sort of creeping pea had dry pods full of the little scarlet and black seeds that used to delight us when we were children. Orchideous plants seemed to be hanging about, and a few had spotty insect-like flowers, but nothing very beautiful.

“The caves are cut out of the side of the hill, in a volcanic ‘trap’ formation. The flat tufa part is excavated. They are about 1700 years old, and all Buddhist. It was a sort of monastic establishment. There are numbers of cells and inner cells and little tanks: then a great refectory, and in another place a sort of basilica used as a cathedral. There are sculptures and, in some places, statues of Buddha twenty feet high—very hideous and uncouth. On the whole, it is a style even further removed from real beauty than the Egyptian, and I do not think people who have seen a great likeness between the Indian and Egyptian rock-temples could have observed them at all narrowly.

“This day’s picnic was curiously Indian. If we had come to live a fortnight in these caves, there could not

have been more elaborate preparations—carpets, furniture, crockery, looking-glasses, and an enormous bath ! a dressing-room for each of us, *batterie de cuisine*, plate, linen, and glass : and, in going round, I found all this luxury was not only for me and C., but really the same for every A.D.C. There are full a hundred caves. In one a fakeer has established himself : he seems satisfied with his good deeds without any torture, and keeps his cave wonderfully clean.

“Cow-dung, strange to say, is used in cleaning everything. All the last polishing touches are done by rubbing up with this strange decoction ! It kills all vermin, and is thought a nice clean wholesome material. I believe it is especially used in native kitchen-floors. It is also done up in another form for fuel.

“We could not wander about long, for the sun reverberated from the black volcanic rock, and it was as much as we could do to go about from one cave to another, up and down flights of steps. C. and his savants were over-venturesome, and he came back so boiled from some investigations, that I believe if his feet had not been even more burnt than his head by the hot rock, he would have rather suffered. As it was, he did not mind it. We stayed till after a second meal—‘tiffin,’ as they say—and then returned through the same beautiful jungle to the site of the new lake, where tents were pitched, and whither all the Bombay people had come out to see the ceremony.

“Lord Elphinstone made a very tidy speech telling of the great necessity of the work. There is a scarcity of water impending and the population increases



enormously—the numbers in Bombay have increased from 100,000 to 670,000 people in the last forty years. C. answered, and spoke very well indeed, and then we went out of the tent to the line of the embankment and he cut the first sod. If he had even been a gardener, like Lou and me, he would have done it in a very different way, but it did not much matter. As soon as this was finished, and a good deal of cheering, all the coolies rushed down with their pickaxes ready to begin: that was a curious sight, like the mob in ‘Masaniello’—hundreds of them, wild brown men, with only a rag of clothing, all charging down at full speed from a great distance.

“I was glad enough to get to bed after this long day, and I believe I was really the better for it, as I could sleep very sound, which the novelty and excitement of the first days rather prevented.

“I have been interested in hearing of the benevolent sect that will not take away life. We saw a man, who, when dogs were lately ordered to be killed at Ahmedabad, begged to cart them away in hundreds at his own expense to another part of the country. They brush away insects for fear of treading on them, and have a hospital for all sick and old beasts.

“Yesterday evening we were at a ball at Lady Yardley’s, the Chief-Justice’s wife. . . . I felt stupidish there in my efforts to remember my seventy-four new acquaintances, and Lord Elphinstone has seventy to dinner to-day, so I add largely to the number.”

“*Feb. 2.*—On Saturday we went to some cotton-presses of Sir J. Jezeebhoy’s, worked by men, and

wonderful were the studies of figures and muscles for a painter—for Lou! Thence we walked to the dock-yard, through an avenue of people, kept off by very picturesque policemen in blue coats and yellow turbans. . . . The society here seems to be of a homely sort of country-neighbour style, but very few people seem to know much about the country. The men are usually very shy. It is very difficult to remember so many new people, all much in the same style."

"*Feb. 3.*—Being Sunday, we have been to morning church at Bycullah, about two miles off. It was a cool fine pleasant day and the church large and airy, pews of rails, and every one in a separate chair. The fuss of punkahs was wholly unnecessary, but there they were going like mad! I never shall forget the effect! Imagine a bad dream, in which all the gallery fronts of a London church should detach and swing across to meet their opposite neighbours, all going backwards and forwards at a great pace and with no noise. At first, it was very difficult not to laugh, and then not to cry, the effect was so irritating, and one would have given anything to entreat them to stop. These odious punkahs of the church were solid, painted in stone-coloured panels, and a solid flap appended at the bottom. They pass within a few inches of one's head, and leave a sort of mesmerising effect that one feels inside one's head. To shut one's eyes is the only relief, and I suspect one would instantly be asleep if one indulged in it.

"We had a quiet Sunday afternoon, driving in the cool round the Mazagon side of the island, which I had



not yet seen. It is the most rich and beautiful, but all the large old villas are now left to Parsees, and every one builds his bungalow within reach of the sea-breeze on the other side. We drove there too, and saw the bungalows, to which Lord Elphinstone moves in the hot weather, on the extreme end of Malabar Point, with sea on three sides and black basalt rocks—very few trees. It was dark for the view, and some fires of burning Hindoos were glaring along the beach: it was a comfort to think that no poor live wives any longer undergo that dreadful death. In our drive we had seen at a distance several Parsee towers, where the dead are exposed. They lie in circles, radiating from a pit which is the final receptacle of the dry bones. The small circle is for children, the next outside for women, the outer circle for men. As soon as they are left, the vultures gather and demolish them. It is said that the bones are left clean in ten minutes! That I cannot believe. The vultures are so gorged, that they lose their health and appetite, and never breed, and new ones have frequently to be imported. The outer wall of the tower is higher than the platform, and no one can see over or look in. Lord Elphinstone says it is saddening to think of, when some good old Parsee, he has known quite well, is undergoing that horrid process. Good old Sir Jamsetjee must be there soon! They are left to die very uncomfortably, always being carried down to an open court as the end approaches, and left there, untouched and uncovered, and soused with water from a distance, till quite dead."

"*Feb.* 4.—To-day Carlo had a deputation of a Bom-

bay Reform Committee, and then the Roman Catholic Bishop. . . . The mornings are quiet enough, for breakfast is over early, and there never is any question of going out till half-past three, even in the shut carriage. I found there was such a wish that we should go to the great English schools at Bycullah, that I had it tacked on to our programme—a very large concern for the orphans of soldiers and sailors, and many other English children. Then we had to be at the Town-hall for an exhibition of the works of the Photographic Society, of which I was asked to be patroness. Then came the most interesting sight, which was a gathering of all the little girls of the native schools, who were collected together to receive prizes. This is an entirely new movement begun by the natives, and it flourishes to an extraordinary degree. . . . It was the most curious sight—little girls from five to twelve, with brown faces and great black eyes, and such gay clothes and quantities of jewels and gold; Parsee children, all in caps embroidered in gold or pearls; Hindoos, bare-headed or with flowers—buds of jessamine, or sometimes with the end of a long scarf twisted upon the head. They wore chains and bangles without end, very short open jackets, and almost always a quite bare brown stomach shone through between the necklaces and chains. *All* the Hindoo girls had a pearl nose-ring in the left nostril. They seemed to delight in their reading and singing, and greedily seized the book, and were enchanted to begin. They are married as children, and usually go home to their husbands at about twelve, and are then shut up, that is to say, if of high caste. The parents object to the girls learning

English, and thus it is a difficulty to provide them with reading, their own poems being so very bad for them.

“Returning home in an open carriage at sunset, we stopped a little while on the esplanade by the sea to hear the band play. A good many Parsee carriages were drawn up, and English people in ‘buggys’ and open carriages. There are no elephants at Bombay, and the carriages are nothing very unusual. The palanquins are clumsy horrid things, like the body of a small hearse carried on a pole. A sort of shutter in the middle is the door, and through that you see the inhabitants sitting crouched up in a most uncomfortable position.

“On Monday night there was a great ball, the prettiest fête, I really think, I ever was at. The garden was illuminated down every walk with festoons of lamps of cocoa-nut oil, with wicks that each gave a light almost like that of a wax candle. All the great bananas and palms and beautiful flowers were lighted thus. The house, with verandahs all round, and arches along the sides of the room, was cool and full of *dégagements*. There were about two hundred Parsee and Hindoo men, and all the rest of the company—about four hundred—were English; very well-dressed young ladies, and a great proportion of men in uniforms. . . . What a sensation such a fête would make if a number of one’s friends could but see it. Lord Elphinstone was charmed at our admiration of it. All the women are young, and only about twenty unmarried girls exist. An old lady of only seventy, who had danced with the Duke of Wellington, was brought up and introduced as a phenomenon, and looked upon here as we should

on Grandmama. Every creature goes back to England, and only this old lady and one other had courage to come back, fairly admitting that they could neither stand the cold nor their obscure position in England."

"Feb. 5.—This afternoon was reserved for Elephanta. This was a fête too, and a beautiful one. Only one part failed, which was seeing the island by daylight. A whole steamer full of the *société* had been collected, and a little dawdling on their part, and some evolutions of the Admiral's to make us hear an enormous quantity of saluting, brought us to that beautiful island just as the sun had dipped into the sea. Some people, fresh from the South Sea Islands, said Elephanta was exactly like one of them, and I can well believe it. All the hills are volcanic, and the rocks covered with beautiful vegetation—cocoa-nut trees, palmyra palms, bamboo and other trees. Landing was not an easy business, for the tide was low. We found an improvised pier built into the sea, and *tonjons*, or open upright palanquins, and an army of bearers. From the shore to the rock temple I preferred to walk up a broad stone stair lately built with money somebody left for 'repairing of temples.' I hope this may do the poor Hindoo's soul as much good, but I can hardly believe it was fulfilment of his intentions.

"A whole encampment awaited us at the temple—tents for dressing-rooms, the band to play, and illuminations and torches all through the wood. The temple is very curious, and not without beauty. The great, calm faces of the triad of gods were spared by the Portuguese, who had an impression of their being an

emblem of the Trinity. Many other parts were battered down with cannon. Parts are open to the air, and these quaint columns and the face of the rock are covered with trailing plants, beautiful under the dark blue starlight sky.

"Dining at a long table, spread out Indian fashion with everything you would find in a house, and in this scene of strange colonnades and illuminations, made one think of Belshazzar, or at least of the play of 'Sardanapalus.' All the Hindoo servants, and crowds of really naked coolies fluttering about at a distance, added much to the effect. The forty-five or fifty European convives alone looked out of place. The embarkation, with crowds of people and torches, and lights of all sorts, and boats of all colours, was perhaps the prettiest sight of all. We were very late getting back, for the hour's steaming was greatly lengthened by a succession of fireworks and lighting up of ships, prepared by the Admiral.

"At last I have seen the Southern Cross. It is in the same group of stars I had found out for myself. The stars are much farther apart and less bright than those of Orion's belt: but it is a good, well-defined cross. The effect of the moon passing perpendicularly over one's head was quite new to me, and the new moon consequently lying on its back like a boat I was not prepared for. It is visible from the narrowest thread of light, and the whole moon at the same time quite distinct."

"*Feb. 6.*—We arrived punctually in Bombay for our state departure. The troops lined the road, and all the

*société* was gathered in the dockyard under an awning over the steps. Old Sir Jamsetjee came to see us. He is a fine venerable old man, with a benevolent face, and we were very glad to see him. We took leave of all . . . and went off in the great barge to look at the *Assaye*. The sun set as we started, and just enough light remained to see the fine steamer, and to look over the lower decks. I rather prefer the *Feroze*, and am glad Lord Dalhousie chose her for us instead of the larger *Assaye*. All the Parell party came with Lord Elphinstone to see us off, and, as soon as they were gone, we sailed."

"*Feb. 10.*—The last three days have been very reposing, but very hot. All my thinnest garments have come into play. . . . The coast has been generally in sight, and very green, with a high range of Ghauts beyond. Now we are crossing the Bay of Menaar. In the night a drenching shower fell, the first rain I have seen for two months. This acted like a shower-bath through a hatchway, and really brought me to life again in a terribly hot night!"

"*Feb. 11, Point de Galle.*—We came in this morning as soon as it was light, and my first sight of the Cingalese people was in the pilot-boat—a boat of two planks about a foot and a half apart, and the balance kept by a board in the sea at a long distance. The coast is brilliantly green, with the perfection of tropical vegetation, and forests of cocoa-nut and spice trees. The little town has still a very Dutch look. We are to take in coal, and have landed for a few hours, and



are in a waste sort of house called the Queen's House: the old Bishop of Calcutta<sup>1</sup> is here, occupying the other part of it, on his way to Singapore. He is a tremendous talker. We are to have a drive before re-embarking, but have quite given up a journey to Candy. I am sure it must be quite lovely, but we have too much before us between this and Calcutta, and Lord Dalhousie has his hands so full with this Oude business that, being so ailing, he at last wishes for relief.

"We have just breakfasted, and not before I was ready, for I got up at five, and this meal happened at ten. The good old Bishop surprised us by putting a thanksgiving for our arrival and a little prayer for the future into his grace! We had wild pine-apple in great slices, and most brilliantly green sweet limes. A splendid bunch of scarlet hibiscus was brought in from the garden, and a branch of cinnamon. The men here cannot be distinguished from women unless they wear moustaches or beards: they are slim, small-featured, and wear a knot of hair *à la greque*, and a high tortoiseshell comb and long petticoat."

"Feb. 11, *Evening, Point de Galle*.—These breaks quite prevent the feeling of a long voyage, and at last will give one a sensation of wondering how we ever got to India at all. It feels now much less of an affair to start on a seven or eight days' passage than one used to think it to steam to Edinburgh or Waterford. The maids still go on being sick, but really for nothing. The heat is no joke now. Except two hot days at sea

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Wilson.

before reaching Bombay, I had not <sup>\*</sup>really felt it, but now it is unmistakable.

"We have here the height of perfection of tropical vegetation—so green, and so unspoilt by wind. It is always the same heat—eighty-four—and it rains every few days all the year round, a shower at a time. The flowers are beautiful, and I look upon a large tree of scarlet hibiscus in full bloom in the garden.

"I have never said half enough of all Lord Elphinstone did for us, making the time so pleasant, and his house so very comfortable, showing us all possible sights, and giving fêtes like the 'Arabian Nights.' We saw a great deal that was hopeful about the people—so much enterprise, and such longing for education: it must lead to great changes. The girls' schools, managed and supported by natives, are a wonderful innovation, and must much alter the habits of the people."

"*On board the 'Feroze,' Feb. 12, 1856.*—I never shall have done raving of the beauties (even from this glimpse) of Ceylon, and C. was quite as much delighted. It is as green as England, and when you look into details, you see that the whole country is covered with a vegetation like the perfection of a collection of stove plants in the most beautiful order and luxuriance. Then there is real short green turf, and the roads are of red gravel, which adds to the look of a perfectly kept garden, or hot-house turned loose.

"From the Talbots' house on a hill, the view is over a sea of cocoa-nut trees, and it is a wood of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, flowering trees, scarlet hibiscus, and a tangle below of scarlet lantana (the commonest of all the



weeds), ixora, ferns of the most lovely kinds, and a thousand shrubs and trees and plants, one more beautiful than another. In the distance are mountains of beautiful forms, and below the blue sea, and rocks, and little islands. The trees are so high that scarcely any houses are visible till you come upon them, and every moment we were reminded of descriptions in 'Paul et Virginie.' Then there are great rocks fringed with lovely creepers, some grey and volcanic, others like red sandstone.

"The houses too are quaint and pretty, with odd Dutch flower-vases, and walls covered with quaint scrolls. They always have verandahs, and the doors and windows all round are wide open. The native children darting about like imps delighted me. They are copper-coloured, and have blue-black beautiful hair and great soft eyes, and most lovely features and limbs. Two old men in authority came to see us off in full dress, which consisted of a sort of black dress coat, and a broad sword-belt or baldrick over it. With their combs and petticoats, they were laughable figures. They spoke very good English and had perfectly good manners.

"We sailed just after sunset. All next day we coasted along this lovely island, and saw a succession of curiously-shaped hills. One they call Westminster Abbey; another the Monk's Hood. Near the sea, the forest seemed interminable, and of large round-headed trees, evidently very fine ones. It was quite strange to us to see the sun set behind the land; we had not since the Red Sea.

"The current, expected to be strong against us,

turned the other way, and greatly altered our plans, for instead of arriving on the 15th at Madras, we did so quite easily on the morning of the 14th."

"*Feb. 14.*—At eight we were in Madras Roads, but the night's adventures must be detailed. As a preface, I should say we had all day expected to meet the Calcutta steamer, and the conversation had turned upon the very odd collisions that had so often taken place between steamers that had seen each other for a long time approaching, and, wishing to come very near, managed to run into one another from sheer awkwardness. After this, you will not be surprised to hear that on feeling a great bump and lurch at 4 A.M., I thought we were into the Calcutta steamer; but no, it was a rock. A second bump, and we were off again and all right. I heard a voice ask, 'How much water have we?' which at once explained it was not a collision, and my alarms, which had never been at all great, were over. It was very absurd to see all the cabin doors open, and the white figures darting out. I did not go on deck, for I knew so well it would bore people, who mentally would say, 'Those women are always in the way;' but very soon C. came down to tell me the news, and it was that we were rather too near the shore, and Captain Rennie, himself on the paddle-box and looking out, chanced to touch the fag-end of the Tripalore rocks. This common strongly-built teak ship did not care a bit, and two sheets of copper and a few feet of false keel were the whole amount of damage.

"The maids were tested on this occasion. West

fluttered about in her night-shift, with 'Oh dear, oh dear me!' in a terrible state, and yet was so tractable as to be entirely comforted and quieted at my merely saying, 'It is nothing at all: you must not be a goose,' and patting her to quiet her. Rain never said a word, but deliberately lighted her candle, and then came to say, 'Your dark dressing-gown's out, my lady.'

"Madras from the sea looks like a scrap of Brighton, except that the houses are very large: only a few offices and stores, however, are visible. A salute was fired as soon as our signal was heard and our flag seen. Then off came a country boat with the harbour-master, 'master attendant' as they call him, and a very Irish town-major, and in a very short time (considering that he lives six miles off), Lord Harris himself and his staff, he in a very fanciful edition of his old colonial uniform.<sup>1</sup>

"It was settled that we should not land till five, by which time people might safely be out to receive us, and the troops, &c., could be drawn up. Lord Harris stayed all day, and we had plenty to talk over with him. . . . At five we started, manned yards, and saluted all the ships, dressed with flags. The sun was still high and the sea blue, and it was a very gay scene, the shore crowded, and the natives in white flocking from all sides to the place appointed, and many catamarans, which are but logs of wood tied

<sup>1</sup> George Francis Robert, third Baron Harris, born 1810. He had become intimate with Charles Canning at a private tutor's in Bedfordshire, and was his contemporary at Christ Church. He was appointed Governor of Trinidad in 1846, and of Madras in 1854. He returned to England in 1859, was made chamberlain to the Princess of Wales on her marriage, and died Nov. 22, 1872.

together, with two naked black men paddling on each, ready to pick people up if their boats upset. But there was really no surf, not more than any day at Brighton or Highcliffe at high water. They turn the boat broadside to the beach after passing the broken wave. Then the two next waves shove it up the beach, which is very steep, and a chair is put at the edge of the boat, into which you sit, and are triumphantly carried away—looking most ridiculous. C. went first, then I, then Lord Harris. All the notabilities were ranged round, male and female, and a few were presented to us, and we bowed and curtsied a good deal, and then drove off, with an enormous escort of body-guard, bands playing, flags flying, and a fine crowd of natives. The white muslin dress makes the gayest crowd I ever saw, and the bright sashes and turbans, so different from the drab-coloured dirty look of an English crowd. By the way, nothing is so remarkable as the apparently clean look of everything and everybody—polished bronze faces and limbs of course look clean, and the white clothing is all really white and never the least dirty: then, at this time of year, mud is unknown.

“We drove across a bare esplanade, between rows of trees, past detached houses and the Fort and Government House, in a park close to the town. Here we dismissed all but the usual little escort of five of the body-guard, and Lord Harris doffed his uniform, and we drove on five miles more, to Guindy, the villa where he usually lives.

“Madras is an impossible place to describe, for now that I have been six days in it, I cannot make out where it begins and ends. There are clusters of

native houses here and there like large villages, then there are little parks with lodge gates and a large detached house in each, and this is still called the town, and so it ranges over an enormous tract, and has 700,000 inhabitants! The houses have a dilapidated look, and are ambitiously built with colonnades and arcades, all of the polished lime stucco called chunam; the soil is red, and the trees sadly dusted. All is dead flat, till you see a few detached hills—S. Thomas's Mount and others.

"As we were not due till Friday, we came in for a dinner not intended for us—officers and their wives and Civil Service. They are of the sitting-down fashion here, worse than Bombay. They all arrive very punctually, and every one was assembled when we came in, and I advanced into the circle with Lord Harris, and they just stuck in their foreheads and chins, and never stirred when introduced. I very *nearly* said, 'Oh, never mind, don't trouble them,' but I swallowed it down, for I thought it would sound cross. I know it was not dignity, only intense stupidity, and want of *usage du monde*. At Calcutta I shall have them drilled, for it is too bad. Next day Lord Harris told me he had mentioned it to his A.D.C.'s and certainly for two days the company got up. I believe they were of another sort—rather greater people, but they relapsed again yesterday, and remained *sur leurs séants*.

"Friday's drive was to S. Thomas's Mount Horse-Artillery Barracks, where we looked at models of guns, &c. They have some curious imitations of all the shells and fuses taken in China, showing how they

took pains to copy whatever our troops used. The cage in which Colonel Anstruther was shut up and carried about the country is shown there. He got his liberty first for a few hours a day, and then altogether, by drawing pictures for his gaolers. Saturday we saw the College, School of Design, and Museum, the most remarkable curiosity being some fossil crockery—a rock with a quantity of china plates and basins imbedded, blue and white willow pattern in dozens together. It came from Table Bay, and the case of china is known to have been in a ship lost there 200 years ago. The rock has grown over it, and it looks quite hard and grey. I believe it is a sort of sandstone.”

“*Feb.* 17.—We went to church at S. Thomas’s Mount. Nobody seems to think of kneeling, and I believe Lord Harris and I were the only people who did. In the evening we strolled about the garden, looking at the pet tigers and chetahs; the former in beautiful condition and quite ready to eat us up.”

“*Feb.* 18.—We saw the Medical College . . . and then a building like the Madeleine in small, a great native school built by natives and managed by half-castes. No Paria children go there. The boys were well dressed and fairer than the low-caste boys. At the examination, a number of rich natives who are by way of managers, sate round. There are none here as prominent as at Bombay, and there is no question of C. having a Durbar to receive them. The Nawaub [of Arcot] is just dead. He lived in a palace near the



seashore, with his very old and ragged regiment mounting guard, and a number of wretched retainers. His income was enormous, but he squandered and misspent it, and had all sorts of strange amusements, amongst them a very good circus. We dived into a narrow road behind his palace to look at a picturesque pagoda with a quaint colonnade, and a cool tank with green water and steps all round, and a little temple in the middle. A number of monkeys played about, and a great idol-car, thatched over, stood near, and the Brahmin houses all round were carved and picturesque. Then we drove to another tank, larger, I should think, than Grosvenor Square, with houses and cocoa-nut trees round it: a sunset sky of orange and lemon-yellow and green, with beautiful red streaks, was reflected in the water.

“Lord Harris, like Lord Elphinstone, always takes us out in a close carriage in the sun, and when it is low, another carriage—a barouche—appears, so that we are refreshed by the drive home: the air is quite charming after sunset.

“On Tuesday I stayed quietly at Guindy, to be fresh for a sort of breakfast in the afternoon. . . . At five o'clock all the *beau monde* began to arrive, about three hundred and fifty. They soon were moved on into the garden, and a crowd of jugglers performed their tricks, which they did uncommonly well, the curious part being that the performers were quite bare, all but the one rag round their bodies, and had no sort of apparatus, but a little basket or two, and two or three cloths lying about on the ground. Eating quantities of old nails, and scraps of cotton, and pulling it



out in a long thread ; growing a mango tree ; and turning a snake-skin into a live snake, are the sort of tricks we chiefly saw. Of feats of agility, the climbing up high bamboos waving about was beautifully done. . . . Some of the bronze-like figures are fine in their attitudes and beautifully made in their limbs.

“It is not extraordinary that the sort of English people who have lived all their lives in India are not happy when they get home to England again. They must feel so fallen in position—living at Maida Hill or Cheltenham, instead of in these enormous houses with great rooms twenty feet high, brilliantly lighted, with servants in crowds, and treated with a sort of pomp and circumstance unknown to anybody in England. They have very smart equipages—carriages for the day-time, with Venetian blinds all round, and barouches for evening. Their servants, in white, have pretty flat turbans, and sashes of the colours of their master. Two runners or Saises, with fly-flappers of horse-hair, keep up with whatever pace the carriage goes, and strange to say never look out of breath. Every horse has a servant of his own and a grass-cutter. Dogs have each their own servant. We saw a newly-arrived dog in his stall, provided with a night-light, besides his other comforts and his *valet de chambre*.

“Yesterday we went to a flower-show, and in the afternoon to the Free Kirk Mission Schools, which are very promising, and in many ways satisfactory, but the phraseology and manners of some of the missionaries most disagreeable. . . . There are five hundred boys in the school and several hundred girls, and all are taught the Bible and hymns, but very few are

converted. This plan of teaching is revolting in some ways, for, in the examination of the Bible, all the boys seemed to have religious knowledge and doctrine at their finger-ends, and answered in the very unconstrained manner of the missionaries, using their very words; and yet one knew they did not pretend to believe or think what they said. The right way, I think, would be only to allow these answers to be made by Christians, and the others always to be made to begin by saying, 'The Bible teaches this or that,' or 'The Christian belief is such and such.' The boys all delight in the Bible. How natural that is in the East! How many things we have to describe and explain in our classes that come naturally to their knowledge—all manners and customs and descriptions of Nature. The English story-books require interpretation for them.

"The girls were, as at Bombay, dressed in their funny little draperies and nose-rings and flowers, with bare little stomachs. Very few were in white, almost all in bright heavy colours. Such darlings some of them are! They all go away at twelve at latest."

"*Feb. 22.*—We came home early enough to ride, and I was glad to try on my new equipment before Calcutta; but, oh, how hot a habit is! I mounted an excellent hill-pony of Lord Harris's, and we went about the park. What sunsets there are, quite unlike any of northern climates—such green, and lilac, and vermillion, and lemon-yellow, and so clear. The park is full of the prettiest antelopes bounding about, and spotted

deer and little buffaloes and Hindoo cows. At night all the *société* came to a drum."

"*Feb. 23.*—Left Guindy and made a railway expedition as far as the line is finished. . . . Tents were pitched for us at fifty miles off, and, to our surprise, we found many thousand people assembled to see us: the head of a village of 2000 people said every man, woman, and child in the place had come. The women were beautifully draped in their cloths, many yards long, put on as on Greek statues, dark red, bright orange, rich green, like a Sebastian del Piombo or Raffaele picture. Generally the drapery had a little border of another colour. They carry their little naked children astride on their hips. Their heads are bare and their hair beautifully done with heavy gold ornaments, on the arms and ankles are bangles. Such fine figures and faces one sees, but a nose-ring generally spoils all.

"The crowd sate on the grass. It made one think of the loaves and fishes, and how unnatural a railroad is in such a place, but it will be an immense blessing to the country. The Madras station was made so smart for us, all arched with flowers, columns of cocoa-nut leaves and a background of plantain."

VISCOUNT CANNING to VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Madras, Feb. 24.*—At Bombay I had to hold a Durbar, *i.e.* a levée exclusively for natives, which was attended by about two hundred and fifty tidy, sleek, clean, intelligent men, perfectly well-mannered and decorous, and some very rich. Here, when I suggested the same thing, I was told it was out of the question,

that there was not half-a-dozen in the place who would not sell their tickets of admission to the first blackguard who would buy them, and that the consequence would be that none but the swindlers and bankrupt-money-lenders would be present, as it might be worth their while to spend a little money to be seen in good company. I found that there was good reason to believe that there was no prejudice or exaggeration in this, and therefore was obliged to be content with having it intimated to literally not more than six or seven Hindoos out of the whole community that they might attend the English levée. As to the Europeans, they consider that every Madras man has a natural standing grievance against every Bengal man, as being nearer to the Supreme Government, and much less worthy of having to do with it, and they make themselves quite unhappy with their ludicrous jealousies, and a sort of mock Radical tone. Bombay they utterly despise, though with very small reason to do so; for it beats their own Presidency hollow in some things, amongst which is education. Of course all this does not apply to the sensible uppermost men here, but it is very prevalent in the mass."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter.*

"Feb. 25.—We left Madras on Monday morning at six."

"Calcutta, March 3.—I must begin my journal again and tell you of our arrival here. For two days it felt all too strange a blank for me to feel much inclined to write an account, and now it is absurdly like the

very dullest of writings, and so it will continue to me for a good while, I imagine.

"I have no notion yet of my way of life and occupations, and after our long, pleasant, cheerful journey, all is unnaturally quiet and solitary, and I have not attempted occupations or comfortable arrangements yet. But you will like a regular account of our doings day by day, and almost hour by hour, till we are established here. Lord Dalhousie's letters at Kedgeree prepared us for a part of the day's programme. Deputation No. 1 of his household was to come down in the *Hugh Lindsay*, a very, very little steamer, to the anchorage. We remained in the same spot where we had been all night till they arrived;—Mr. Courtenay, the private secretary (whom you may remember singing in London), two or three aides-de-camp, the town-major, and old Colonel Felix, who is acting military secretary.

"By this time the tide had turned, and we steamed on the last twenty-five miles, so as to anchor as the clock struck half-past five. Another letter arrived from Lord Dalhousie with further details as to the way of landing, and announced that, according to precedent, I must land *alone*! C. of course agreed to whatever was proposed, but I don't think he admired the arrangement much more than I did, and it was not a pleasant addition to such an affair to have to make my public entry by myself. I did not feel at all good-humoured about it, I own. I had my choice whether to land before or after C., so I pocketed my grievance, and settled to land first, and see him arrive, instead of following after, quite privately, when the crowd had dispersed, and all his show was at an end. As we anchored above

Garden Reach (that pretty bit of river and villas), the secretaries who made the second deputation of congratulation arrived, and after speaking to them for a few moments, we left the *Feroze* and went on board an enormous kind of barge, the *Soonamuckie*, with a suite of rooms in it, towed by a steamer. All the huge ships lie here, and what with flags, salutes, and crowds of people, it was a beautiful sight. At the exact moment appointed we were opposite the landing-place, and I was sent off in a boat, with one of Lord Dalhousie's aides-de-camp. I walked through an avenue of triumphal arches, with flags and hundreds of spectators on each side, up a road of red cloth to our own little barouche, which looked surprised at itself, with four horses and Eastern postilions in dresses of red, black, and gold, and running-grooms to match, and an escort of four of the body-guard. I put the A.D.C. opposite to me, and was taken along part of the road prepared for C. through an avenue of troops, till I turned off through an arch into the garden, to the private entrance. Lady Susan came to meet me, and some of the household people, and we all went off at once to see C. arrive by the grand entrance.

"The great flight of steps goes up to the first floor, and on it all the official people were clustered, and the hundreds of servants down the sides and at the bottom. C. drove up in Lord Dalhousie's barouche, with two A.D.C.'s, and the whole body-guard as escort. Mr. Halliday, who is Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, met him at the lowest step, and Lord Dalhousie at the top with the Council; and C. and they all went off with all the crowd to the council-room, where he was instantly



sworn in. Lord Dalhousie came to the drawing-room, where I went and sat with him, and—oh how sad to see the change in him, and he is but forty-three!

“He has an extraordinary look of business and power, and he keeps up in the most courageous way. Nothing could be more cordial than his reception of us, and he has been most anxious to make all smooth for me, and to make comfortable preparations. He says he is very sorry indeed to go away, and the poor little girl is quite in despair, and owns she is glad to leave nothing but the mosquitos.

“As soon as the swearing-in was over, the guns fired, and proclaimed C. in office. We had a comparatively quiet dinner—at least it was of twenty-three people, but very few extras, only the Ansons and some officers. I was charmed to see the Ansons, and to meet with faces so familiar; and how odd it did seem to find them here!

“Dinner was in the marble-hall—a handsome room—but the flat canvas ceiling, inevitable here, rather spoils it. The heat of the climate is obvious in the fact that the marble floor feels to one’s feet about of the temperature of boards in another climate: there is not the least chill in it. We are lodged in the rooms Lord Dalhousie and his daughter occupied, and new furniture has been put into my sitting-room, all of a plain, useful kind. It is the strangest plan of a house I ever saw, and the most uncomfortable. I live on the second floor, over C., and they have built a winding staircase from his sitting-room to mine. But I send you a plan of the house. A sitting-room *au second* makes one



feel like recovering from a long illness. The second floor is exactly the same as the lower, only there is a very handsome ball-room over the marble hall. It is a good deal higher, and has an oak and teak floor. I am tormenting myself with plans how to live in the house to the best advantage. The long gallery drawing-room is newly furnished, and very handsomely done with red damask chairs, &c.; but it is quite a passage-room, and I don't know if it will be possible to arrange it comfortably, and put books and things in it. My own sitting-room is under a colonnade inhabited by numberless screeching birds, and I was about to complain of the noise, when C. told me to come and look, and I found there were about fifteen of the brightest, sleekest green parroquets, with pink rings round their throats. They make their nests in the capitals of the pillars and corners of the beams; and a number of other odd kinds congregate there too, and are so pretty that one must tolerate their noise.

"I like little Lady Susan very much. She has plenty of *aplomb* and character, and is as merry as possible, but *so* sorry to go away. I suppose after being shut up in old Dean Ramsay's house in Edinburgh, this was a very gay life for her. She has been the greatest possible comfort to her father. For a year and a half after Lady Dalhousie's death he lived quite alone, and never went out, even for exercise. He has a look of extraordinary decision and firmness, so much more than formerly, that it is quite remarkable. He is very agreeable, and has told me an immense amount of useful information, whilst I have sate by him at dinner. On Saturday there was a dinner of fifty

people—members of Council and their wives, secretaries, and military staff, besides the household.

“The Ansons are a great resource. It is so pleasant to find people one has known before, and who are out of Indian society. Sir J. Colville too is very agreeable; he is Chief-Justice and ranks next to the Lieutenant-Governor and before the Commander-in-Chief, so these are the people we shall have always in high places. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday, who come next to ourselves (he being the Lieutenant-Governor), are regular Indians. Mrs. Grant, my London acquaintance, came to see me the first morning: she is a very great lady, being ‘Member of Council’s’ wife.

“I am for following precedent in all things for a time, and as Lady Dalhousie received no morning visitors, I am to have none but their list of councillors’ wives. It would be hopeless to allow the whole society to come to call, so perhaps an evening reception once a week will be a good arrangement. At present my solitude and idleness are unbounded, and it is anything but cheerful. C. and I breakfast *tête-à-tête* as quickly as we can, for him to get away to his work. Then at two, there is luncheon with the staff. I suspect he will scarcely ever get to this meal; so when little Lady Susan is gone, I doubt very much whether I shall frequent it either.

“You have no idea how essential it is to get gentlemanlike good sort of aides-de-camp, for I foresee that they will be my constant companions for the next five years. They tell me I must always take one out driving with me; I doubt if I can stand that. Just imagine fishing out Captain Anybody from a regiment,

and going driving along the Serpentine every afternoon with him. C. must be forced out of an evening, and besides that I shall certainly take to riding.

"I have only had one drive yet—on Saturday, with Lady Susan, round and round the course, bowing to all the *beau monde*, and part of the way at a foot's pace. The river-side part of the course is very pretty in the setting sun, and with the great ships lying all along.

"There is nothing Eastern or picturesque here. It is like the Regent's Park—large and good houses, and, as far as I have seen, not a particle of Indian architecture. Only the black faces and white clothes tell where one is. The equipages are quaint: every creature has a carriage, and a turbaned coachman and runners (*syces*). Except going to church on Sunday, at the old—not Gothic—cathedral, I have only been that one drive. I suspect, as long as we have not our own establishment, it must be difficult to furnish so many carriages and four, and I have refused to go. Nothing surprises me more than the green view. A very pretty bit of garden exists just under my windows; then, as far as the eye can reach, I see the course, covered with short *green* turf, and quantities of small cattle, like the ugly part of Hyde Park. I have projects for improving and enlarging the garden, and no end of plans for the arrangement of rooms. We must be here for at least a year, except some time at Barrackpore.

"All is at this moment smooth, Oude quiet, and the Santals quiet. I think C. finds the work even more enormous than he expected. The electric telegraph brings questions at all hours from Oude, requiring immediate answers, which must be a very interrupting

way of doing business. Nobody believes that the King of Oude will go to England. He has given some remarkably good answers since the change in his affairs, and shown a dignity and *esprit de conduite* which could not have been expected from his former way of life.

"It is very hot indeed for many hours in the day. Usually the mornings are cloudy, and there is heavy dew. Then, from about six to eight, one is glad to shut the Venetian shutters. Later, the glass windows even are shut, and then I shall have to bear the punkah in my room: as yet the wind is not very hot. After sunset and all night every door and window (that propriety allows) stands wide open. The least exertion, such as walking up and down the colonnade, which I have done every evening with C. at sunset, puts one into the *nadando in sudor* state, and then it is difficult to cool for a bath before dinner, which is the really refreshing thing. I think we both stand the heat perfectly, and I never was better in my life, but I suppose I shall grow rather thin, for the climate makes one feel as if food was unnecessary, and one can do with what would be very severe Lent fasting in England, but plentiful meals here. I generally have a cup of tea if I get up very early, and then iced water for my real breakfast.

"There is rather less bother than I expected in the way of a tail of servants following me about. I do not think I ever have the procession described. I am not sure that I do not regret creaking footmen. These gliding people come and stand by one, and will wait an hour with their eyes fixed on one, and their hands joined as if to say their prayers, if you do not see them, and one is quite startled to find them patiently waiting

when one looks round. I have insisted on having my bed made and room swept by a woman, and one has been got, but she is quite of a low caste, and I have not got an ayah, and doubt if I shall want one.

“The showing up of visitors, and taking them away, and all that sort of footman’s work, is entirely done by aides-de-camp, which is a horrid bore. I have such scruples at giving them so many journeys up and down, and it *is* indeed far pleasanter to have a creaking footman in livery.”

“*March 6.*—On Saturday there was a dinner of fifty to welcome us—all the great official people, civil and military. The ‘oldest inhabitant,’ a good old Mrs. Ellerton, Dr. Jackson’s aunt, who lives with the Bishop, was there. She had been asked for the day before, but came with the large party by mistake. She is 85 or 86, which is an extraordinary age for India, and, having a good memory, she tells stories of old times up to Warren Hastings. She saw Sir Philip Francis carried home wounded after the duel, and she saw Nuncomar hung!

“She has managed a female school for a long time, and been a very useful person. I don’t think you can know many of the Indian names, but, amongst others, are Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence. He has done admirably in the Punjab, and carried out all Lord Dalhousie’s plans. Yesterday, the other brother, Sir H. Lawrence, arrived: there is also a third, all being remarkable men. Colonel Havelock is a name one has often read of in those north of India campaigns, and the quantity of medals he has, like five-shilling pieces, looks almost

ridiculous, and as if he carried his money tied up in a bunch on his shoulders. The Ansons seem quite at home amongst all the people here, but I think they and the girl regret Madras very much. This must be a sadly monotonous place to live in, and I feel as if I should never see, or know, or bear, or understand anything.

“The dinner was handsome-looking from the size of the table and quantity of things on it, and good flowers, but I am glad we have brought our plate and plateaux, &c., it will be such an improvement, and the cotton table-cloths do not look well at all. There is not a particle of linen in the house.

“Monday was the great ball. I had not seen Lord Dalhousie till then since Saturday’s dinner, for he is obliged to keep as much as possible in his room, where C. has had many long interviews with him. He advised me to have all the company brought up to me and introduced, and this was done, and I think it answered very well. After they had all arrived, we went into the ball-room, where there is also a throne. There are pillars all down it, and it is really very handsome indeed, and—with the draughts and punkahs—quite cool, and not full with 600 or 700 people. The Ameers and Seiks and old Gholam<sup>1</sup> and his son enlivened it by their costumes. The company was not as good-looking as at Madras, or as well-dressed as at Bombay. They are all very much older here. All the young ladies marry officers, and ‘go up country,’ as the expression is. The best places are all filled

<sup>1</sup> Prince Gholam, son of Tippoo Sahib, a guest, or prisoner, of the English from his infancy.



by people of twenty to twenty-five years' service. The supper was magnificent, every one sitting down in the marble hall under the ball-room, at five large tables. Some Amherstia flowers decorated the middle vases: it is a most beautiful plant. All the old people dance. They seem to think it quite strange that I do not.

"Tuesday was a thoroughly quiet day, though charmingly enlivened by the mail and eight letters; but I ought to have had a better harvest than that.

"Saturday, being Lord Dalhousie's last day, it was our turn to give him a farewell dinner—exactly the same list he had to welcome us, only with the Presbyterian chaplain, as he is a Presbyterian, instead of the senior English chaplain.

"I pity the departing people very much, all the leave-takings must be so very disagreeable. Addresses pour in all day to Lord Dalhousie, and it is impossible to say in what very great esteem he is held. He has had a very eventful time, and leaves India more prosperous than it has ever been, with more good and useful works in hand, and, for the moment, *peace!*

"He had an awful time at first, in that Moultan campaign and Lord Gough's battles. How would one live through such a time as that? Pray read his answer to the address of the Calcutta people: it is so good. To give you a notion of the sort of quiet of my room, that address was brought by the whole of the Calcutta society yesterday afternoon, and the reception was on this floor, and I never even knew anything was going on.

"*P.S.*—The leave-taking was very melancholy.

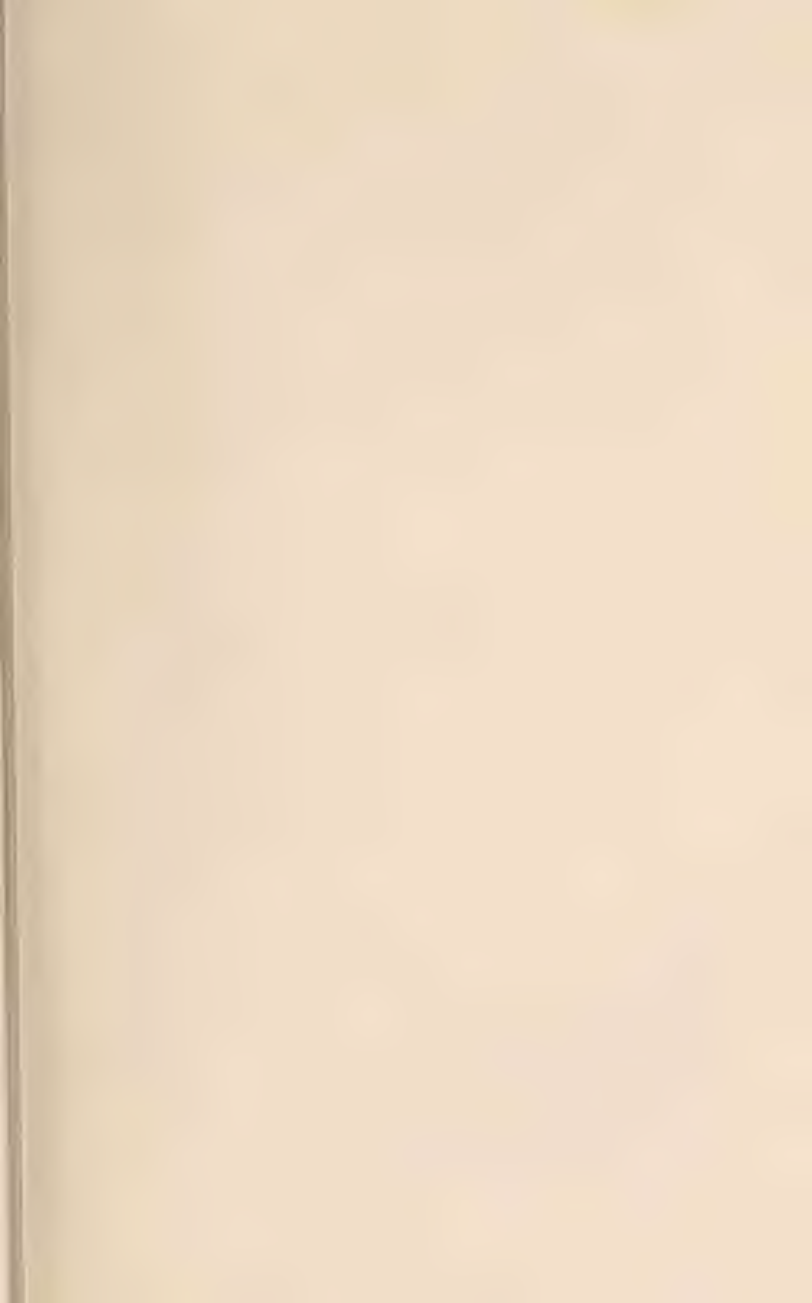


At five Lord Dalhousie went round and spoke to all the people who were assembled in the marble hall. You cannot think in what a touching dignified way he did it. Poor little Lady Susan was very unhappy at going away, and could not conceal it. All the troops were out, and everything the same as for our landing. They went down to the river by another *Ghât*, where all the ladies were waiting to see them off. Lord Dalhousie would not hear of our going farther than the top of the steps, according to strict etiquette.

“It was really sad to see them go, and one felt to long to look forward and know if our departure would be as satisfactory a one as he must feel his to be in all but the state of his own health.<sup>1</sup> He is certainly a very remarkable man, and has kept his subjects in very good order, and yet he was much beloved. Nothing could be more cheerful and agreeable than I found him, and, poor man, how he seemed to be suffering.

“The reality of our being established here for five years comes now vividly before me, and at last I begin to feel we are not on a tour! C. is very full of work, and I of idleness, but on Monday I shall begin to arrange the house.”

<sup>1</sup> Under Lord Dalhousie, the Punjab, Pegu, Nágpur, Satára, Jhánsi, and Oude had been annexed to the British territory: the Bérar territories of the Nizam of the Dekhan had been placed under British administration: the mediatised Courts of Arcot and Tanjore had ceased to exist: and the recognition of the grandson of the King of Delhi as his successor had been granted, but on condition of his always receiving the Governor-General on terms of perfect equality. By recent annexations, four millions had been added to the revenues of British India. See “Dict. of Nat. Biography.”





GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Jan. 9, 1856.*—Your dear Grandmama began the year well. She received the Sacrament, and at night she said to Maydwell, 'This has been a comfortable and blessed day,'—which have been precious words to us. . . . Your announcement of a cachemere from the Governor-General to his grateful *belle-mère* will make me sing the song of my youth, when I first saw 'Blue-beard'—'Tis a very fine thing to be mother-in-law, to a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, March 7, 1856.*—Here we are quite established in Government House. Lord Dalhousie is actually gone. It was a melancholy leave-taking—every one so very sorry to lose him, and he so sorry to go and so shattered in health. He has reigned here like an autocrat, has done vast good, and leaves this country improving daily. It is no wonder that he is so liked and admired. The last few days—receiving so many addresses, and leave-taking, and so much entertaining, must have been dreadfully bad for him.

"Canning is very busy, and I very idle. I have not yet unpacked or attempted to make the rooms comfortable. Next week I must begin, but this is a hopelessly difficult house to manage and—oh, there are deficiencies in Calcutta which no one ever told me of, but which are enough to deter any one from ever coming voluntarily to live here. . . . We have been here just a week: a ball and two dinners have made

us know most of the society, but I have hardly been out at all, thinking it must be inconvenient to provide so many carriages and four.

"We are very hot, but very well, and if I am rather moped just now, after our cheerful journey, it will not last, for I must have some interests in time. Now I am cramming all Indian subjects, of which I still feel deplorably ignorant.

"*P.S.*—I am sure I shall like being here. It will always be full of interest, but just at first it is *flat* to be such a fish out of water, to see nothing, to hear nothing, and understand nothing!"

"*Government House, Calcutta, March 11, 1856.*—After Lord Dalhousie went away, we had very quiet days, only the staff at dinner. We have never, however, given *relâche* to the band, because it wants work and to be brought into good order, it is so much inferior to the Bombay band, and even to that at Madras. We had a drive on Friday evening and saw a little of the country round. There are pretty villas in little parks, here called compounds; but it is not very pleasant to go about, for the dust is stifling, except where the road is watered round a space like the ring in Hyde Park, where the whole English population rushes out for half-an-hour at sunset. Yesterday we saw a little of the town. There are some good buildings, with columns in a kind of Italian style, but lime whitewash is wanted every few months, for the damp turns the plaster black directly, and gives a very *délabré* look to everything. The native houses of the poor are mat and bamboo, and here and there mud walls. Cocoa-nut

trees and peepul generally overshadow them. There is not at all the air of poverty of Egypt here, but where clothing is so little wanted it is difficult to judge of what people are. I have never yet seen people in carriages in that airy state, but they hardly call this hot weather yet.

"The Ansons dined whilst changing houses. They are leaving a pretty villa at Garden Reach for one at Alipore, two miles off. The river, they say, is a sad loss to them, but they own to having been much horrified by the dead bodies constantly floating by. They usually float so low that they are hardly seen, but by the vultures sitting on them—feasting! There is a great place for burning bodies near here, but the poor and stingy take advantage of the sacred river for cheap and easy burial.

"This morning I had an experimental ride to try a little Arab C. bought out of Lord Dalhousie's stable. Starting at a quarter to six, I had to be in at half-past, and oh, how hot I was! it took me an hour to cool.

"The evenings really are not very hot, the rooms are so very airy and the punkahs go incessantly. I have actually submitted now and then to one in my room, and it certainly *is* pleasant, when very quietly done. One must sit just under it. I still hate seeing the poor man who pulls it, whenever I go through the outer room, and so gladly give him a moment of rest. I doubt if I shall ever have it pulled at night.

"C. is very busy, but I do not think his work knocks him up. He went to-day to the Legislative Council for the first time. The other Council is the one like a



Cabinet, and the sittings are secret. The Legislative is in the style of a very small Parliament, not really that, however, for all the members are named, but they have regulations, &c., to prepare and to send in to the Government, and the different Presidencies each send a member to represent their interests. Their affairs are public and reported in the newspapers."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Barrackpore, March 19, 1856.*—The last ten or twelve miles of the road here are as straight as an arrow, and bordered all the way with beautiful trees, planted in Lord Wellesley's time, mango, banyan, india-rubber, peepul—like white poplars, teak—with enormous leaves, laurel of several sorts, mimosas, tamarinds, &c. But it all looks poisonously green and gives a notion of unwholesome damp, yet this is not at all an unwholesome part of the country. The roads are of pounded red brick, and the country brighter and richer in colour than anything European. We have a half-way house, to which our horses are sent, and where we change the escorts, and the red and gold servants and soldiers looked bright and gay at this place. . . . We passed some park walls, and fine gardens, and woods of cocoa, and here and there rice-grounds, and at last came by a short side-road to the park gates, and turned into the most English well-kept green park, of good rounded trees, I ever saw. It is too English for me to appreciate properly, being quite a matter-of-course-looking place like Sion, or any villa or park anywhere, short grass well-mown and smelling of hay, and not a cocoa-nut in sight.



The house is very unworthy of the park, and every Governor-General used to intend to build a new one, but now economy prevails. Lord Wellesley actually laid foundations, but the Company stopped his intentions short, so horrified were they at his expenditure on Government House. Some say he meant his villa here to be exactly the same: if so, I am very glad he did not persevere. . . . The servants' rooms below are liable to snakes, and Tomlinson met a very poisonous one, and killed it in his room. When (my second maid) West goes there, she is such a coward, that I am sure she will not stand it. I had to move her at Government House, and to put her in one of the best spare rooms because two musk-rats and a centipede had made life a burden to her downstairs. How Aunt Mex. will sympathise with her.

"We had a ride on the great elephant. It was very striking, when we were quietly going out just before sunset for our evening walk, to see the whole elephant stud, eight in all, drawn up in their howdahs and trappings to be looked at. The two largest came to eat bread out of our hands, and made their salaams to us. They are the most sensible gentle monsters. A little one is trained to play tricks and rear: his duty is to carry the silver ladder on state occasions. They are only used in camp and for state visits to native princes. We were tempted to mount and ride to the menagerie on the other side of the park. I was delighted to look well into the trees and be on a level with their flowers, but one has a constant panic of being swept off by the branches. The driver sits behind the car: then comes the howdah for two, and a

servant sits behind. When the elephant kneels for one to get on and off, the ladder is about ten or twelve steps high.

"The beasts of the menagerie are healthy and sleek, and in great variety. I did not see the rhinoceros, but found a giraffe, some tigers, leopards, bears, ostriches, tortoises, and monkeys. A bear was a pet in its infancy of poor Lady Dalhousie's, and lived in her room. It was Lady Susan's sole recommendation to me for kindness, and I am rather at a loss how to show it: I suppose a lump of cake now and then will do. They have a beautiful collection of water-birds, flamingoes, graceful white egrets, &c., living in gothic arcades over tanks, somewhat in decadence, but with creepers, and certainly there is something pretty about them. A blue Chinese bird with a great *huppe* on its head, like the bird in the fairy tale, is lovely. The wild parrots are just as good as those shut up, and I like them far better. We had a charming evening on the terrace by moonlight."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Barrackpore, March 19, 1856.*—Here we are at a *délabré* villa in a really beautiful park on the river, sixteen miles from Calcutta, just the place it would be so charming to invite you to come to in the style of Frognall visits. I hardly like to picture to myself the delight of preparing to receive you and Lord Sydney, and the Cowpers and Bruces, and a little collection of those friends we are not to see for so long, and that one minds most to leave. . . . I have begun no sort of occupation yet, and I really believe I never shall have

a single thing to do, but read, and write English letters, and ride. Fancy me going out at sunrise with an A.D.C. to try my new Arab! These rides do me all the good in the world, and riding is the really pleasant thing to do here. Dinner-giving is an affair I must attend to, but it is done wholesale by lists. We knock off a certain number of civil, and military, and mercantile, and deal out the *grande*es—Council and judges—in a fair proportion. We have had two dinners of fifty, and begin again after Easter with three (of twenty-five and thirty) every week.

“I am rather miserable at this exceedingly ill *monté* house; the dinner, with its cotton tablecloth and Bohemian glass and candlesticks, looks exactly like a *table-d'hôte*, and all my efforts are to try and reach the model of ‘Elphy’s’ establishment, but I hardly hope to succeed. Lord Dalhousie furnished a long room where we dine, and it is handsomely done, though with red damask and velvet-pile carpet! and it is a passage-room; but I am going to arrange another drawing-room and to chintz it, and make it habitable. There is a delightful garden here, and there are many kinds of birds and beasts, and a fauna, and the trees are beautiful. All the elephants belonging to the Governor-General’s camp are here; an array of them in their howdahs and trappings were drawn up at the door when we came out at sunset for our quiet walk. We could not resist a ride. It was not quite a pleasure, but I was glad to try the experiment. I believe one ought to trot along at a great pace: we only walked, and jolted very much.

“All the people here seem so afraid of me! and look

alarmed when I go and sit by them, and not one man has ever voluntarily spoken to me since I came to India, except General Anson and Sir J. Colville. I have actually to send and fetch them by force, and begin to think I shall have to go my rounds like the Queen after dinner, only that standing for one second is evidently thought quite indecorous here. One proof of this is that the punkahs are hung so low, that you cannot stand under them, so the men range themselves, standing, at the two sides of the room, and the women sit along the middle. The punkahs look horrid, but I begin to confess their merit, for they do make one feel very cool."

*Journal Letter.*

"*March* 19, 1856.—It is not very easy to keep to my old habit of going to church twice on a Sunday, and I have to give it up on Wednesdays and Fridays, it is such an affair. My equipage is always the carriage and four, and four body-guards, and runners, and a jemahdar by way of footman! It is a great plague, but C. is for following precedents, and my personal independence is quite at an end. . . . Riding is the pleasant thing to do here: the drives are very wearisome. . . . It is provoking to feel so utterly useless, when C. works like a horse. Mrs. Anson complains that she has not even house-bills to look at! that is 'le cadet de mes regrets,' but I should like to be good for something. Do not imagine I am growing fat. Quite the reverse. I shall soon be a skeleton, and very yellow, like everybody here. The poor children are like tallow-candles. C. grows thin too. All the

same, I never was so well before. My personal life is absolutely uneventful. Putting dimity in a drawing-room, or a new mat, is about the principal event I can look forward to : or choosing thirty names out of a list for a dinner, and ditto two days later, and so on three times a week. . . . My wardrobe arrived in the most perfect preservation, and proves to be very suitable, though I might be a little hurt at my 'elegant simplicity of dress' being remarked in a newspaper, when I thought I was the finest of the fine."

"*Calcutta, April 1, 1856.*—Our absolutely monotonous daily life passes wonderfully fast. There is cholera about, but the exact spots it frequents are known with the most curious accuracy. Europeans only have it in the Fort, and in one particular street. There are *no* drains anywhere, so no wonder it is never quite away. C. is out of patience when they talk of putting gas before this absolute necessity is managed. I have had four more rides, sometimes joining the Ansons: the bore is that one has so little daylight, almost all one's ride is in the dark: it is terribly hot till the sun is quite low.

"We make a good deal of use of our garden, or I should call it our 'compound.' Nobody knows how nice it is, for by this enormous house it looks small and like a London square. The flowers, however, are most beautiful, and there is no smoke to spoil them. Imagine Cape jessamine as high as shrubbery laurels and covered with flowers, scarlet ixoras the same. The roses are very lovely and of a kind I never saw before—very sweet for a short time, and in clusters of

six or seven on a branch. Then there are scarlet euphorbias, pancratiums, white bedechium, and scarlet amaryllis, many sorts of jessamine and palms, oleanders, double hibiscus, &c.

"C. is still against early exercise, but he always gets up and goes to his work at six. I think his military work comes heaviest upon him — such endless inquiries, and cases of misconduct of the most troublesome kind. Oude entails a good deal, but it goes on quite smoothly. There has not been one outbreak. The former army accepts its arrears of pay, and the whole population accepts the change quietly, and readily benefits by it in a contented spirit. We have had two dinners of thirty—a sprinkling of grandees, and a mass of official and military. The thirty-dinners are so much more manageable than the fifties, that we shall keep to them: we can speak to all the people, and remember them. You cannot imagine what it is to entertain such numbers of people, of whom one perhaps knows one by sight; they are all so dreadfully shy, and one's wretched topics never are the least added to.

"My maids prosper, and I believe rather enjoy their grandeur. Their carriage comes to the door every evening at six to take them out driving, but they are still rather shy about it, and do not much like going round in the ring on the course, and cannot stand being asked, 'Is that your carriage?' as it drives up every evening. Rain greatly delights in the command of the two tailors who work for me; a third even comes in to help, and they get through beautiful neat work in a wonderfully short time. They do not embroider: a 'chicken-wallah' comes for that, who works as well as



the Irish. Another man, called a 'pen-wallah,' comes every day to carry all muslins away to be ironed: so you can imagine that the maids live like ladies. All the same, I am delighted to have brought *two*, for I do not feel at all inclined to be at the mercy of an old woman and a young one, whom I have to do a certain quantity of housemaid's work, which I positively refused to have done by men. These two creatures go about with silver bangles and anklets and armlets, and are twisted up in white muslin, sometimes with orange borders. Lou would draw them, but they are not very good specimens. . . . I am very indignant at the enormous custom-house charges we have to pay: on our plate alone they will pass £400."

"*Calcutta, April 3, 1856.*—I have astonished some of the people here who were reading Macaulay by telling them that the Lord Balcarres left with Dundee in charge of Scotland by James II. was grandfather of my grandmama, who was still alive, and of whom I had a good account that day.

"We are beginning to feel real heat. The punkah on one's—usually damp—skin tells with great effect. I have not had it yet at night. It is 86° in my room now, 90½° when the windows are open at sunset: our dear old doctor goes about arranging our shutters and thermometers, and doing all he can to make us comfortable. It is rather a weary time, for I am so idle! and must be so. I never knew what idleness was before, but I cannot busy myself, even with books, as I used anywhere else. Even drawing is a great deal of trouble, and the room is dark, and one does not feel



much inclined. The evenings are like anywhere else. My clothes are nearly the same as in England, and we have all windows wide open, plenty of air, and a really good climate. The hot winds are never here, but up in the north, and the nights there are awful. . . . Here everything is done by the month, and I fancy 'living' will cost fully £1000 a month.

"*April 8.*—We get hotter and hotter, but I am disappointed in the skies, they are so very cloudy. C.'s room, the coolest in Calcutta, is only 81°; people think it must be chilly. I was promised to see no more mosquitos when the heat began, but I think they are worse than ever. We have dinners of meat killed in the morning, and everything that ought to be light and crisp is very bad. I believe the cook's torments are great, and it is a wonder how he manages dinner at all. There must be great waste too, for nothing keeps, and no servants, but the four Europeans, eat of our food. All the rest is given away, I believe. The mango-fish appears now: it is the great delicacy, and about as good as a whiting-poult. Fruit has disappeared, all but very dry oranges and bananas.

"We went on Friday to the Botanic Garden. It is unfortunately on the other side of the river, so it is quite an affair to get to it, a drive of four miles and the river to cross, the boats being sent down to meet us. We have to start in the sun, to have some daylight, and this entails the close carriage. The river-side is lined with really beautiful villas, standing in very large gardens. Usually the division from the road is only a balustrade, looking like stone, but really made

of pottery, and of very pretty effect. Of course you must remember that the greenness and vegetation are the only causes of beauty, for it is a dead flat. We had two of our large boats waiting, and forty or fifty men in scarlet and gold, merely for crossing the river. All these arrangements make picturesque beautiful scenes. The yellow sunset glow was like the most brilliant Claude, the river being quite still, and great ships, anchored, waiting for the tide to turn and to drop down. The gardens contain beautiful specimens of trees and ferns of all sorts, and many orchideous plants. . . . A small carriage had been sent for us to drive round the distant walks, so at dusk we went round the outer circle to see a celebrated banyan; it covers an enormous space, and the clear stems are most beautiful, and the long horizontal branches connecting them. I must go and draw it some day. That evening we were actually at a fancy-ball, given by the bachelors in the town-hall. We had an *estrade* and were made a great fuss with, and a bouquet in a bouquet-holder with my cypher was all ready for me at the door."

"*April* 16.—I have done arranging the drawing-room, and now have it to sit in, in one of the wings; a circular passage leading to it looks quite pretty, with a little furniture and some pots of flowers. It opens into a billiard-room and a small room leading into the drawing-room. This is now comfortably arranged with chintz, and looks pretty and cool and English. I never had such trouble in arranging a room. No chairs or sofas will ever be sat upon

unless they are under the influence of the line of punkahs along the centre; then there are three large windows and nine doors, of which all but one are always left open, so it was a problem to come to a comfortable arrangement; and I rebelled against the usual Indian one of round tables in the middle, chairs all round, and an ottoman beyond on each side. All the miniatures are up, and a few prints of friends and the royal children, and Swinton's portraits, and I flatter myself it is the most civilised room in India, and certainly nowhere else can so many bits of blue Sèvres be seen.

"We dined last night with the Ansons, a great event. They had asked all the nicest people to meet us, and the drive there in the bright moonlight was quite a treat. . . . It is quite odd how, in one instant, one traces out the women who are not Indian, and who come of some good English county family; the difference is quite extraordinary. The Indian families—I do not mean half-caste or of Indian blood, but those who are always connected with India, and have only been sent home to be educated and had out again quite young—are more insipid than words can express, but they say so little, and I have so little to do with them, that I ought not to complain. I own, however, that the whole society is much duller than I could have conceived possible, and I look forward to the filling up of our staff with great interest. We ride every day round what is called the Ellenborough<sup>1</sup> course, and back along the river, where the people go

<sup>1</sup> Edward, first Earl of Ellenborough, was Governor-General in 1844.

to hear a band play in a sort of garden, round and round which they ride—every day it is the same thing. Often the Ansons join us.

“Last Tuesday C. went to distribute the Medical College prizes and made a speech. I believe it must have been a good and useful one, and I am not sorry he had something to do in public, for there had not yet been any reason whatever for showing signs of life. There is a great hospital attached to the College, and as he was going over it afterwards, he saw two men brought in, in the last stage of cholera, and not likely to recover: it has been rather bad, but is going off. Last Saturday an officer who was to have dined here was prevented by being taken ill with it, and now his wife has it too. The old Bishop<sup>1</sup> suddenly walked in on Saturday as we sate at luncheon, just arrived from Singapore. He is an extraordinary character, and delights in saying startling things; but he is clever and charitable, and has done great good in his time. Another dignitary comes into my head, whom I had not seen till lately, and that is the great Dr. Duff; but Free Kirk is his field. He is a most excellent useful man. His school has 1200 young men, all receiving the best possible education, with the opportunity of becoming Christians if they choose, and none of them are of the low castes, so good must in time come from this. He is most sensible, and speaks very modestly of all his good works.

“Last Monday I went a long drive through the cocoa-nut groves to the Normal School for Teachers

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Wilson, who succeeded Bishop Turner in 1832.

—all European or half-caste girls training to be school-mistresses, or even to go as day-governesses into native families. They seem very well taught, but have all to learn the Bengali language: Hindoostanee they know, but that is not enough here. They can get no native children to practise teaching upon, but very low-caste children of Christians, and fifteen of these little creatures come in their tiny single rag every day to be taught. They are each decently put into a little shift, and go through translations of all the infant school teaching, and in two hours off goes the little shift, and the fat little bronze creatures run home. One had a cross on her forehead in tattooing, instead of Hindoo marks. Several had their nose-rings, showing they were betrothed.

“I believe the King of Oude is really coming here. He has got to Benares, and from thence the river can bring him along with ease. Anywhere but here he will be received with royal honours, but not here, as he comes uninvited. I suppose he will really afterwards go to England, and the people who have influence will lead him to spend great sums of money, and make a harvest of gain. He is going to some place near Barrackpore. He wanted to bring two thousand followers, but only five hundred are allowed, and really quite enough, one would think.”

VISCOUNT CANNING *to* VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, April 22, 1856.*—You have no notion how difficult it is to squeeze time, even for a note, out of the day’s work: until the sun drops, and the hacks are at the door, and every moment of light (in these short

twilights) becomes precious for one's ride. This lasts an hour, and then comes three-quarters of an hour to be spent in trying to dry, and cool, and wash, and dry again for dinner; and when dinner is over, I am not good for much.

"The heat is grown very severe, unreasonably so, everybody says, but, to my immense surprise, I mind it very little. By shutting up every chink of window from 7½ A.M., and the venetians outside, and by keeping heavy mats hung up against the outer doors into the court and garden ('compound' here called), just as you see them in Italian churches, we manage to keep the air inside the house pretty cool all day long, and, with the punkahs going, one's room is very endurable. But any attempt to go out, even in a carriage, makes one gasp, and dissolve immediately, and an open window or door lets in a flood of hot air, as though one were passing the mouth of a foundry. According to the calendar, we are not yet at the hottest: May and the beginning of June should be worse. At 6 P.M. windows and venetians and doors are thrown open, and in comes the strong wind, blowing one's paper off the table (which is performed by the punkah at other times) and making the chandeliers swing, and their glass drops jingle, all night long. But even at night, if one gets out of the draught (which we never do, for we dine in a gale which blows up the corners of the tablecloth, and sends the bills of fare and lists of the tunes across the table, unless a fork is put on them; we sit in a gale, and we sleep in a gale), one becomes what Shelburne would call *nadando en sudor* in an instant. All this will change when the rains come,



generally the second week in June. Then there is a downpour for two months, a cooler air, but less wind, and, I fear, still muggy, oppressive nights. You shall hear of those times when they arrive.

"Our cook died of cholera two days ago. The difficulties in actual cooking are great. The kitchen is 150 yards from the house, and no means of keeping the *soufflés* from collapsing on the way. All meat has to be killed not later than 4 A.M., and consumed the same evening. The temperature is such as to make all jellies, short of solid isinglass, impossible, and good butter almost unattainable, except just enough for breakfast, produced from our Barrackpore cows. 'Croyez moi, miladi, il faut être égoïste en beurre dans ce pays-ci,' the cook said to Lady C., who was hinting at some possible improvement."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter.*

"*Calcutta, May 1, 1856.*—I am quite delighted at the success of my journal in the family, but by this time I am afraid it has got so dull you will not care much for it. . . . General Outram is arrived from Oude. I fear he is quite broken down by illness. . . . The heat has not increased, but there are other signs of the climate. Insects are much commoner. Great cockroaches, as big as mice, are very common. They run along the floor, and now and then spread their wings and fly upon me! I let them alone, for I could on no account kill anything so big; but Rain has no mercy, and the other night killed five as I was undressing to go to bed. Some were moving away, side by side, like pairs of coach-horses. Small red ants are in such quantities



that we are obliged to put the legs of the dressing-tables into little saucers of water. Enormous spiders, earwigs with wings, and various curious specimens of nondescript kinds, make up the collection; but I do not collect, for the creatures I got at Madras for the royal children became so unsavoury that I had to send them away to be buried. We have taken to having the punkah pulled at night. I had slept very badly, and at last thought the world in general must have reason, and I need not deny myself what I find is a universal indulgence. The result has been that I sleep to perfection. It acted like magic. So now I am completely vanquished on the punkah point.

"We are charmed with the stock of books received, and I must say the A.D.C.'s fall upon them, and seem very ready to improve their minds; and the people waiting—as at a dentist's—to see the Governor-General, are devouring them. Not a book had ever been seen in this house before. I believe the rooms were as bare as the gallery at Buckingham Palace. I do not think there will ever be the least approach to 'society' in this house, but C. gets a little exercise sometimes by playing billiards with the A.D.C.'s in the evening, instead of poring over his papers till bedtime.

"*May 2.*—Major Phayre, from Rangoon, dined. He was ambassador to Ava two years ago, and has seen a great deal of this country. He told me of a silver ink-stand he had made in the shape of a pagoda, which stood on his table, and was frequently worshipped by his visitors (for a pagoda is solid, and it is the building *itself* which is worshipped). At last they began to think it very holy, as it was under a glass case, and

came in crowds, and he had to explain, but nothing would do but shutting it up."

*To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.*

"*Calcutta, May 3, 1856.* . . . I wonder how you would bear the constant thunder and lightning. It is very beautiful. Sometimes it is all of a pink tint, other days bright blue. We ride at sunset, and always come home long after dark; so on these stormy occasions I have been greatly relieved to find my horse did not mind.

'You cannot imagine the odd feeling it is to me to be so entirely and completely idle, and I am perhaps more idle than need be; but in the dim light (in my room shut up with venetians) I have no wish to draw, and all the open doors make me shy about playing on a rather bad pianoforte, and singing to the sentry, the semadars, six bearers, two bheesties, three punkah-wallahs, &c., and a great many more people than that, within hearing.

"Really no good clothes are wanted here. Muslin for ever and ever is the only comfortable thing, and white looks certainly the best.

"How odd it is to think of London going on as usual, and then of new topics and new people, and to be quite out of it all! Here one is isolated to a degree I never could have imagined."

*Journal Letter.*

"*May 6.*—We have so many enormous dinners now that I am beginning to feel quite intimate if I know

any one by sight. To-day I went early by appointment to the Central Native Girls' School, the one founded by the celebrated Mrs. Wilson, who afterwards became a Plymouth sister. There are many offshoots from it. It is very small, but well managed, though expensive. Under the European head, they have European teachers. Twenty-five Christian native girls are boarders, all dressed like ghosts in white shrouds; twenty-five or thirty small day-scholars the same—low-caste children, not Christians, but reading the Bible. I went by myself along the lines of children with the teacher, making her translate to me her questions and the answers. With the youngest set, who had a picture lesson of Joseph in the pit, I made the questions, and she translated them, and gave me very good answers from the little things. These brown children, with their beautiful black, animal-like eyes, are very touching—so gentle, often so handsome; they were quite pleased to be taken notice of. Then we went into the infant-school of the same concern. It would have charmed Lou—fifty children in a gallery, each in the smallest loose little shift, without sleeves. A few were wretched little scarecrows, but the majority had enormous fat, hard, beautifully-made limbs, like bronze *putti*. One was exactly like the little sister in Lou's 'Babes in the Wood,' only with a wash of burnt sienna or bistre over it, and brown rather than black hair. She was really a very handsome child, and evidently put forward as a specimen. I do not think she was more than four or five, but wonderfully clever. She told a story or poem, with action—quite the most amusing thing I ever saw, there was such expression in the

child's face, eyes thrown up, gesticulations, and little stamps. Others played off little tricks of the same kind, or sang infant-school songs. The coming on of a thunderstorm, with wind, rain, lightning, thunder, and all the noises, was acted. They go away young, but this infant teaching and good discipline saves much time when they get promoted to more important things. Yet these poor little low-caste girls can only marry bheesties, *i.e.*, naked water-carriers, or meter-sweepers, quite as low. The fact of a meter carrying a note from one English officer to another was supposed to be such an insult that the officer was cut, and a row ensued, till the case came up to Lord Dalhousie. He gave a right judgment, and would not hear of the act itself being an insult, but only to be reprimanded, if intended as such. I forget how it ended, but the officer got off, and Lord Dalhousie stuck to his opinion, and was much astonished to find all the officers the other way, and full of the Indian prejudice.

"Alas! my going to such places as this school makes such an affair, that I cannot do it very often. This time my A.D.C., Captain Bowie (such a good little man), was so amused that he said it was quite as good as a play, and would willingly be taken again. Yet I have quite made up my mind that I can only go about like an inspector at long intervals. The state appearance of the carriage-and-four and body-guard makes such a sensation that it puts a school quite into fashion in the neighbourhood. I got home by half-past nine to breakfast.

"We had another large dinner. The plan here is for every one to come very early, long before they are

asked, and no one to go till the greatest lady gets up to take leave; then all the others come up and bow in a flock, and off they go, and are all cleared away in two minutes, the A.D.C.'s handing the ladies. The A.D.C.'s also receive the ladies, and hand them in, but some shy ones still touchingly cling to their husbands and natural protectors, and look very absurd dragged up by two men."

"*May 10.*—It is hotter than ever;  $88\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  is the common range in my room, and  $85^{\circ}$  at night. I catch the body-guard sentries in the passages fanning themselves with hatchet-shaped palm-fans. It looks very absurd to see a great tall man, dressed in red like an English cavalry soldier, and probably covered with medals, fanning himself thus. The young wife of a lieutenant in the body-guard has just died of cholera; they had twice dined with us. She was very pretty, and just like Sarah Lindsay.

"On Friday I drove with C. along the river-side in the town, where I had never been. Smaller shipping and native boats lie up there, and there are fine large warehouses belonging to great merchants, and a few public buildings and beautiful flowering trees, one like a small lilac poinciana. The most curious place we passed was that for burning the Hindoo bodies. A high wall surrounds it, but a peep at the side of a screen-wall showed a smouldering fire. The sheds and walls all round were covered with rows and rows of horrible large vultures, and the adjutant-bird, a very heavy, ugly sort of crane. We drove on for at least two miles through the native houses and bazaars till

we got to the great Mahratta ditch, the fence against invasion in old times. The native huts are very thick together, and lie in all directions, not in lanes or streets, but often anyhow, amongst cocoa-nut and plantain trees."

"*May 14.*—Happily for me, after talking to visitors to-day the whole morning, I thought I would stay at home and not ride, for C. could not, and my A.D.C. would not have been amusing. So I went and sate on my upstairs balcony and read, as soon as the shutters were opened, and watched the people on the course. The sky to the south was grey and not stormy; but suddenly a wind seemed to rise in the east, the world all began to scamper away, and a dust-storm came on. All round the country the clouds of dust rose, and was carried along like thick smoke in violent east wind. It lasted a very little time, and the people who had not gone seemed to move about leisurely. Just before seven, I went to get C. to come and refresh himself with a walk in his colonnade. As soon as we got there, I found inky clouds passing as fast as birds from the north, and in a few seconds they came down from the north-west in a hurricane, which lasted twenty-five minutes. The house shook, windows crashed and smashed, *gilnils* (venetian shutters) were blown in here and there. In my bedroom the windows had been left open, and, though the shutters were shut, the rain came in horizontally and drenched everything, even on the far side of the room, and left it ankle-deep in water, which rushed down the stairs in a cataract. Two inches of rain fell in the time—not half-an-hour. The



blue lightning never ceased, but it was not forked, and I suppose not near, for I never heard the thunder—not that we could well have distinguished it from the roaring wind. It was no easy task to get dressed for dinner, and we expected a good many people. Only one woman arrived; the others either found their carriages full of water, or some adventure prevented them from appearing. I was horrified to learn that poor Mrs. Anson and her girl were out all the time, having just got off their horses into the carriage. Her account of it all is wonderful—the screams of her daughter, and the screams of her dog, and the terrified horses running away, and all the other carriages turning over, and the trees crashing. Colonel Curzon was with them and did what he could, and their carriage stood it. His horse ran away, dragging his syce (groom) after it, and was killed. Young Anson held by some rails, but, letting go for an instant, was blown away an immense distance. Every one had adventures of the most wonderful kind to tell, some really frightful. Whole families on horseback were run away with in different directions. Carriages without end were overturned, and the Grand Stand blown down. A thousand dead crows were picked up in the Fort. On the river the damage has been frightful, and no one will ever know to what extent amongst the poor native boats. A schooner disappeared bodily that was just laden, and to sail immediately. Native huts are blown down everywhere, but these large houses bear it, so it cannot really be like a West Indian hurricane.

“All next day the lightning was more beautiful than anything I ever saw. First it was white, as if strings



of silver were thrown through the air quite horizontally; then in other places like lightning from the hand of Jupiter; in others like trees—sometimes blue, sometimes pink. Looking out the river-way, there was a lurid brown, red, and olive sunset, and beautiful reflections, then ink-like clouds all round. On the grass, near one of our arched gates, I saw five Mahommedans at their prayers in a row on one small mat, and two others on another in front of them, all turned to the west (for remember Mecca is west from here). These people and the arch near them were every instant lighted up quite blue with the lightning: it was a curiously grand scene. In another direction a fire was raging, I suppose in native huts, but it blazed up with a great column of red smoke. Later at night, another fire appeared, a mile off the other way. After all the torrents of rain, I could not have believed it possible.

“We had the mail on Tuesday, and yesterday fired our salute in honour of the peace.”

“*May 20.*—Our poor cook, M. Crepin, who has been ailing for some time, died this morning of cholera. . . . Somehow one never thinks much about cholera here, but I must say I believe it has been rather worse than usual this year.

“I am shocked at being hardened now to the feeling of giving work and trouble, that at first I minded so much. Now it never occurs to me to think of the punkah-man pulling at his rope. I believe they go to sleep, and when awake, do not mind; but it is a change for the worse in one's feeling.”

"May 21, 1856.—I had made an appointment to go and see the European Girls' Orphan School, the one founded by Lady Hastings. All the committee ladies were there to receive me, and the good old 'oldest inhabitant' Mrs. Ellerton. The girls are orphans, not only of soldiers, but of all English people, and they are very respectably brought up, in the National School style. I asked some questions, *apropos* to which, it came out that each girl was expected to have her *eighteen* suits of clothes complete, from her white calico frock downwards, everything clean every day. How that would astonish poor children in England! Their food costs next to nothing and this cotton very little, so really it is all cheaply done: but what habits to carry to England!"

"May 23.—The telegraphic despatch has come in, and we have been most dreadfully grieved to see the 'death of Earl Cowper'<sup>1</sup> announced. I cannot bear to think what it must be to Lady Cowper: they had such a happy life: they were amongst the people one hoped to see just the same for years and years, and that if we came home again, Panshanger would be just the same. . . ."

"May 26.—We gave a ball for the Queen's birthday—1100 people. C. gave the Queen's health after a flourish of trumpets, and it all looked very handsome. After each dance, all the performers walk round, as at a county ball in England."

"May 27.—I dined with all the staff, and the whole

<sup>1</sup> George Augustus Frederick, sixth Earl Cowper.

of dinner-time our attention was completely engrossed by the wonderful insects on the tablecloth, of all sizes, shapes, and degrees of activity—as many as in the drawers of a museum, very many hundreds. We had silver covers on all the glasses, like little pagoda roofs: this is a sign of the real rains.”

“*May 31.*—We had a dinner of thirty-four, and discovered after it was over, that of the guests, six couple were not on speaking terms, and—as fate would have it—they were all paired together! Some of the more objectionable insects have disappeared, but numbers of immense cockroaches remain, as if made of chocolate.”

“*June 7.*—We had a charming ride in those lanes which had always looked tempting behind Alipore. There is a sameness in them perhaps, but I have never yet got tired of the beautiful wilderness of cocoa, mango, banana, and bamboo. I believe they are in sort of fruit-grounds, and here and there a few thatched and matted huts are hidden amongst them. The whole is interspersed with ditches, and the square cool ponds always called ‘tanks’ here. Very often one sees a half-ruined tomb or temple. The trees meet overhead, and the lanes are often quite narrow, the undergrowth most luxuriant, arum leaves everywhere, and often a sort of aloe or pine-apple. In one place we came upon a sort of camp of people bringing in hay, with little carts drawn by the usual bullocks with humps. It got dark long before we found our way back to the carriage by the intricate roads, and then the whole country was illuminated with fireflies, glancing about

amongst the leaves and on the grass, and to the top of the high bamboos and Indian figs. This little bit of variety was quite refreshing, like going away to another place. We cannot often manage it, for soon the lanes will be deep mud, where the dust kept us away before."

"*June* 9.—The light is certainly very intense. I observed in church, with all the *gilnuls* (venetians) shut, at the end of each bit of board, where a little gap exists, the spot of light was as bright as the illumination one sees in gas, and yet it was a grey day without sun."

"*June* 14.—Dunkellin<sup>1</sup> arrived—prosperous and merry and bearded and red. We talk by the hour, and it is very pleasant to have him here."

"*June* 18.—C. had a durbar in the afternoon of Thursday, for the reception of the Vakeel from Nepaul. I peeped and saw the ceremony. It was not a very smart affair, but it is always curious. The Vakeel sat next but one to C., the presents having been brought in and spread out on the floor in trays—gold coins, musk necklaces, arms, silks, musk skins, rather shabby offerings in general, but the best could not come within reach, being two elephants sent to Barrackpore and a number of ponies. A necklace was put on the Vakeel by Mr. Edmonstone, who also anointed him with perfumes, and after a few sentences of formal conversation,

<sup>1</sup> Ulick Canning De Burgh, Lord Dunkellin, nephew of Lord Canning, b. 12 July 1827 : d. 16 Aug. 1867.

he departed. He was rather like our old acquaintance from Nepaul—Jung Bahadoor.

“The Queen of Oude has taken her departure in the *Bengal*, with the heir-apparent and the King’s brother—thirty first-class passengers and seventy servants. It was kept secret, and at night they all took their places, and came on board. Mr. Ritchie, the Attorney-General, told me it was a most curious scene. He had taken his sister on board to embark very early in the morning, and found groups of weeping women and servants to see the poor Queen off. It is very brave of her to go, and I hope she will be very civilly received. But how miserable she will be! They have quarrelled with their second English agent, and the man they have got now was a Scotch gardener’s boy, who married the celebrated French banker’s daughter.

“Parrots are perpetually sent to us to be looked at. I never saw such beauties—rich brown, with sky-blue epaulettes, red heads, violet throats, crimson stomachs and tails. Some, smaller, are a mixture of every shade of scarlet, blue, and green, with velvety legs. Still, I protest against buying a number of them. We have screaming enough from the wild ones outside the window, and the crows, and all the birds and beasts and jackals at night. The bats are horrible: one evening I had five in the room flying about and squeaking, and worse in the night: I was glad of my mosquito net for protection. Lizards run about on the floor. Coming home from riding, I saw the first snake just under the feet of Captain Bowie’s horse, on the rough gravel walk in the garden. We must be cautious at

dusk on foot. The beast was trying with all speed to get away : he was grey and rather large.”<sup>1</sup>

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Government House, May 30, 1856.*—Our letters have grieved us sadly in the death of poor Lord Cowper . . . such a happy home broken up. From the Sydneys we have every detail. . . . No one could have been more cared for by his friends and in his home.

“We have a very unvaried life to record. C. was so unwell that I thought he would scarcely be able to appear at the great ball we gave for the Queen’s birthday ; but he not only came in ‘in state,’ but stayed till half-past two, and was not really the worse. The ball was a grand affair—more than a thousand people asked. Four hundred and fifty sat down at once to supper, and C. gave the Queen’s health. I sat next to him, for I am rather for putting myself into prominent places on these state occasions.

“On these great public balls Lord Dalhousie arranged coming in ‘in state,’ with a guard of honour to present arms ; the men with the silver cases holding peacocks’ feathers, &c., walking on each side, and all the State and body-guard officers preceding him. Lady Dalhousie came in later by a side entrance with an A.D.C. That would never have suited me ; I would rather have stayed away altogether ; so I came in with

<sup>1</sup> The register of those killed by animals in India in 1880, is—by elephants, 46 : tigers, 872 : leopards, 261 : bears, 108 : wolves, 347 : hyenas, 11 : other beasts, 1195 : and by snakes, 19,150 !



C. in what seems to me my proper place. The guests all stood up, and I think the procession was very creditable. The new-mounted tiara came in appropriately with a white tulle gown with Brussels lace, and a bouquet of magnificent real double-pomegranate to give one spot of colour. C. wore his smartest Cabinet Minister's uniform, which made such a splash of gold that we were quite fine enough.

"My love to dear Grandmama. How I wish I could send her some of the pretty little Hindoo cows, to add to the Tyttenhanger herd."

*To* VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*June 4, 1856.*—The rains now make everything spoil and hang in a forlorn damp state that cannot be described. The air feels like an orchideous-plant hot-house, but still it is less hot than before, and we can have open windows in the daytime. You would be wretched at the multitude of insects—all sorts of crickets and grasshoppers perpetually creeping up under one's scarf, and black beetles an inch long, cockroaches at least two inches. . . . The first day of the rains, the dinner-table was covered with creatures, as thickly as a drawer of them in a museum, and in enormous variety. Silver covers are put on all the glasses, and then people do not mind. . . . Our best privilege here is that of having behind us two men, each with long horse-tails flapping away insects: this goes on every day all dinner-time and is really a great advantage. Outside the house, the balustrades are garnished with rows of enormous cranes, called adjutants, hideous birds who congregate here in the rains,

besides all the hawks, and crows, and parrots usually established."

VISCOUNT CANNING to  
VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*June 17, 1856.*—I do not mind the rains. The sufferers are gloves, shoes and everything leathery. We have had to condemn dozens and dozens of gloves, and one's shoes get furry with mildew in a day, and the lining of one's hat is covered with a sort of eruption. Books, too, have to be wiped all over once a day, and despatch-boxes not opened for some time assume the appearance of a bottle of curious old port—white and fungus-y. If any one at home were shown into a room with one tenth part of the symptoms of damp which we meet with at every turn, it would be at the cost of rheumatism for life. Yet here it is not an unhealthy season of the year.

"Lady C. is become a perfect Amazon, considers it slow and dowagery to go for a drive, and when she gets on her horse generally starts off at a hand-gallop until she is too hot to bear it. For myself, I am rather ashamed to confess how much pleasanter it is to sit in a barouche than across a horse, but I don't indulge in the first luxury very often."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, June 17, 1856.*—I began a letter to you three weeks ago, but before it was finished came the sad news of which you and Sydney have since sent us the details, and I had not the heart to send it off.

. . . How many thoughts, from which I turn away, this sorrow raises in my mind. They are not the easier to bear from the distance which lies between us.

"Dunkellin has arrived in high spirits, and we are all the better for being so enlivened, and he seems ready to make himself perfectly happy, anywhere and everywhere.

"The damp is quite inconceivable, and our clothes and stores of all kinds are in a state of active decay."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta*, July 3, 1856.—So poor old Carlton Terrace<sup>1</sup> is sold. . . . I hope you will take a house in Grosvenor Place near Aunt Somers."

"*July* 4, 1856.—Two lovely parrots have been bought. When C. saw them at the gate, he could not resist them. The large one has a scarlet head and shoulders and sky-blue epaulettes and a chocolate back. The small one has all sorts of colours, but a *veste* and *culottes* of *gros bleu* and crimson, like velvet.

"My jemahdar, whose step-mother died a month ago after two or three days 'by the river,' asked yesterday to go away for four days for his 'mother's obsequies.' I suppose he meant some kind of feast, for she was burnt long ago: he had bought the spices and wood long before she died. The jemahdar has mourned by letting his beard grow, and eating nothing but one meal a day for a month."

<sup>1</sup> No. 4 Carlton Terrace—Lord Stuart de Rothesai's house.

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*July 17, 1856.*—One end of our great hall, as you call it, is our sitting-room, when we have company, but how can it be *comfortable* with nine doors and nine windows, and all furniture ranged within reach of the influence of the punkah and as a straight row down the middle? And besides, this gallery is a passage room, so I am always in the morning established in a wing, where we sit on common evenings and for small dinners of under twenty people, when, what with the undress, and the better management of furniture, we have an idea that they are managed in a more agreeable style than has hitherto prevailed.

"But even now nobody speaks to me voluntarily! and I have to find all the topics. It is really too exhausting."

*Journal Letter.*

"*July 27, 1856.*—The rains have redoubled, nearly two inches a day: but that is nothing to the rain in some hill spots, where they have 100 inches in a month; and 600 inches a year falls in some place, I forget where. The Thanksgiving Sunday was July 20, rather late you will say. The old Bishop ranged over every subject imaginable. He sits on a very high stool to preach, and wraps his legs round with a plaid, and he has a glass of water by his side, and with these comforts can go on any length of time. . . . I went first to church. C. then arrived, with all the staff, all in full uniform, and all the members of Council.

"Yesterday the Widows' Marriage Bill passed the Legislative Council, and is all done with and made into law. It will be very curious to see what effect it has, and how soon a widow will marry. Remember that a *fiancée* of eight years old, who loses her *fiancé*, has hitherto been a widow *for life*, so the evils of the system can be imagined. She has every hardship and indignity put upon her from that time forward. An old widow, with grown-up sons, who has property, is in quite a different case; she has immense power in the family and greatly bullies her daughters-in-law."

"*July* 28.—The Ansons came back from Barrackpore, charmed with their fortnight there, spent in hunting jackals, riding races, and gambols of all sorts. Their jackal stories are really incredible—how people and dogs were beset by them. Sometimes they go mad, which is not pleasant hearing."

"*July* 29.—Major Bowie, one of our A.D.C.'s, who has the charge of all the Princes here—Ameers, Mysore Princes, &c.—was very anxious for me to see some little Mysore princesses, whose father takes delight in cramming them with learning. He brought them, and the two creatures, of six and eight years, actually read five languages each—English, Arabic, Persian, Urdu, and Bengali. They were nice merry little things, and smartly dressed in red and yellow satin petticoats with silver borders, and sort of thin short gowns of brown and gold gauze down to their knees and bordered with gold, and red and gold caps.

The upper gown is cut like a shirt open on one side. It is the same dress as boys, and girls always wear it till full grown and shut up. I delighted them by making them play tunes on the piano, holding their hands."

"*July 31.*—The Bombay express brought papers, and I grieved to read of poor Susan Talbot's death. How very much Lou will feel it, even though she has so long expected it."

*To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.*

"*Calcutta, Sept. 7, 1856.*—I wish I could do any photographs here, but really I am cowardly about unpacking my goods, and I want assistance very much. It would be useless to try and work alone, as one used in England. Even drawing has been out of the question, but in the cold season I shall try and begin. Studies of trees and buildings would be beautiful, but they must be done carefully, and in the short time the sun is low enough to be out in comfort, one can attempt nothing elaborate. We shall, I hope, get to Barrackpore for a month or two soon. The thermometer is at 88° in the room.

"I am promised a collection of insects for the royal children. . . . I am very bad at killing them myself, but the maids are not troubled with such feelings, and I shall set them to collect for you."

*To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.*

"*Sept. 7, 1856.*—C. is bearing the climate wonder-



fully, but he does work harder than I think quite wise; his work is really too much for any one man. You laugh at me for saying I am better than in England, but nevertheless it is true. One never has a cold, hardly ever a headache, and I am never over-tired, which I used to be at least four days in a week. Then I think being so very thin as I have become has a light and pleasant feeling."

*Journal Letter.*

"Sept. 10.—The collection of insects for the Queen's children has arrived. It is a beautiful one, and has drawers of butterflies, silkworm moths, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, and all sorts of curious things. An insect, like a tiny turtle, with a shell on its back larger than itself, is very curious indeed. In an earlier stage, it is like a lump of cottony fluff. To compare it to a limpet would be truer than a turtle, for it clings to the bark of trees, and the birds find nothing but the hard shell to peck. There are other insects like dry sticks, and others of the mantis sort, exactly like leaves."

"Sept. 21.—Drove to Alipore to take leave of the Ansons."

"Sept. 22.—The guns fired at two for the departure of the Commander-in-Chief. All the army staff are in another floating Noah's-ark-like house, towed by a steamer.

"Gave away prizes at the Bethune School. The children were bedizened in gold and all the finery

they could collect, and graceful little things they are. Some wear very odd colours—a chalky sort of pale birds-egg green, edged with gold—nose-rings, bangles, and some quaint old ornaments of bad pearls, very picturesque.”

“*Barrackpore, Sept. 30.*—Had myself carried to the garden in a *tonjon*. The garden is a little away from the house, and I must reserve my strength for walking, for the mornings are hot. In the evening, rode with C. round the cantonments. I never knew before what the meaning of cantonments was, or what they looked like. I believe it to be the exclusively military quarter. The officers’ houses are exactly the same as other people’s, with gardens, being bungalows of various sizes and shapes, some thatched and some cemented, with columns and verandahs. The gardens are all much gayer than ours. The soldiers’ lines are small huts, and each regiment separate. A bazaar, of native huts, belongs to each. Only three regiments and a half are here now: formerly there were many more.”

“*Oct. 1.*—A charming ride to the ferry of the great trunk road to the north. It goes between beautiful bits of jungly gardens and fields, after leaving the open parade, and there is a broad grass margin on each side, on which the continuation of the avenue that reaches from hence to Calcutta is planted.”

“*Oct. 9.*—The evenings now are quite lovely, the moon growing every day, and beautiful sunsets.”

"The Doorga Pooja<sup>1</sup> holidays have been going on for some days. They are the greatest feast in the Hindoo calendar. Tom-toms and bells and gongs are beaten incessantly, and every one is out feasting and dressed in his best. The railway takes crowds into the country. All the offices but the Chief Secretary's are shut for eleven days, and even the Council does not sit. Mr. Talbot allowed himself the holiday too, and came with his wife to inhabit one of our bungalows: I made it as comfortable as I possibly could, and it really is very nice.

"The bells and tom-toms at Serampore, on the opposite side of the river, redoubled, and at last I went to look, and could distinguish crowds on the bank or on the ghaut or steps. At last, boat after boat was filled, and in time they pulled round to this side—boats laden with people, and a sort of pagoda enclosing a horrid idol. I am told the feast ends by throwing all these into the river. We met some of the holiday people, beating their drums, on our side. They all civilly stopped, and drew aside, which I did not expect."

"Oct. 14.—Mrs. Peacock was dreadfully afraid of

<sup>1</sup> The great festival of Kali. Doorga—the inaccessible one; Devi—the bright one; Parvati—the mountaineer; Annapûrna—the giver of good; Mahâ-devi—the great goddess, are all other names for Kali, the wife of Siva, and feminine impersonation of all his attributes. Animals are sacrificed daily at sunrise to Kali in her temple at Calcutta, on feast-days often as many as a hundred of them. Kali was so cruel, and slew such thousands of victims, that to stop her, Siva laid himself down among the slain. In her astonishment at seeing her husband there, Kali put out her tongue, and was never able to draw it in again. Her idol is always thus represented.

us when she arrived, and quite as much terrified of animals as Aunt Mex, but to-day her terrors were quite overcome, and she begged to ride an elephant. So five came round with howdahs or pads. I made quiet little Mrs. Peacock come with me, and a very frightened little lawyer from Gower Street, amusingly unlike the grandeur of his £10,000 a year and Member of Councilship. Dr. Kaye shared a pad with Major Bowie on a small elephant. We didn't go far, only to look at the menagerie beasts, and give some pudding to a bear, the former pet of poor Lady Dalhousie."

"Oct. 15.—I went for my drive with Dr. Kaye (Principal of Bishop's College) and Captain Baring, and took that opportunity to get full information as to all the S.P.G. Mission doings, which I have never before been able to hear about, the old Bishop always speaking in a very *dénigrant* tone of them. There is really a great deal doing. Many missionaries have been educated in Bishop's College, and are either 'East Indians' or natives, and of course stand the climate far better than Europeans. The latter are far more energetic, but often wear themselves out, and die quite young. A very able Mr. Street, also of Bishop's College, died 'quite worn out' last year, and quite young. Some Missions in Bengal remain as they were, but the Ryots who were converted have risen in position, and are now in a much better station from good character and steady perseverance, and some Brahmins were heard to confess that these people, of very inferior caste, were after all 'not a different species' from themselves.

“The Delhi Mission, lately founded, is working very well, the Chaplain there, an excellent Mr. Jennings, being on excellent terms with the missionaries, and great help given to them by the people of the station. The Professor of Mathematics of the College and a surgeon of very great promise have been quite lately baptized, and their families are following them. The Professor was converted by inquiring into the doctrines of Christianity, after being much struck by the earnest and serious demeanour of the people in the church. He was so impressed with it, that he thought there must be something in a religion that had such an effect.

“Dr. Kaye’s account of the underground Hindoo temples was awful. I can hardly, however, say it was an account, for he would tell me so little, but he said he felt as if it was the spot meant by the expression ‘the gates of hell’—the darkness, the stream of blood from the sacrifices, the wild priests with their knives of sacrifice, the idols, &c. . . . I am very glad we have made acquaintance with this good useful man, as he and the College seem to have been quite ignored during several reigns, and by the merest accident I found his name as having been at C.’s levée, and had him asked to dinner.

“From Monday to Saturday evening we went to Calcutta. C. had to see secretaries and be at the Council, and the arrival of a box to unpack was my chief excuse for going too: and a great treat that unpacking was, and all the nice little presents and surprises. Mr. Beadon came to give me a very kind little deathbed message from old Mrs. Ellerton, who

sent me her blessing, with a little prayer for us 'that the heathen might know they had a Christian Governor.'"

*To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.*

"*Sept. 21.*—Why will nobody in England turn their minds to the probable Persian war? With this hanging over us, the peace rejoicings sound rather flat and hollow."

"*Barrackpore, Oct. 22.*—I am getting so fond of this place, and I believe it would look rather nice even as an English country-house, so marvellously is it improved by 450 yards of rose-chintz, a great many arm-chairs, small round tables, framed drawings, &c., and flower-pots in numbers. The verandah is very nice, and I really think I have now succeeded in equaling Parell, and could invite Elphy himself. It was quite amusing to do all this, and I came early in the morning to prepare for C., who had rather doubted finding any improvement, and was enchanted. I have now a great deal to improve out of doors, for the garden is badly laid out, though there is a charming terrace-walk by the river-side made by Lord Ellenborough. This, and a little ground along the edge, is all we have for private use, the rest is open to the public. I do not mind that, for it looks cheerful to see people, and the regiments send their bands to play in the evenings, and it has quite a gay effect. We have now been here nearly a month, and a few people have now and then stayed with us. Some rather improve upon acquaintance, and I find



a ride upon the elephants has a wonderfully reassuring effect upon people who arrive very much alarmed at us. Another Arab horse has been bought for me, a beautiful black, who has the most easy canter possible: only imagine me the possessor of three horses!

"I am grown so thin, that my gowns now, as a matter of course, have to be taken in four inches in the body, if I have not worn them since I left England. But I am perfectly well."

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Lady Waterford's home life at Curraghmore was cheered at this time by her having the care of Adelaide and Alfred Talbot, the two youngest children of her sister-in-law, Lady Talbot, whilst their parents were absent in Italy for the health of their eldest daughter, Lady Victoria Susan Talbot, usually called Susey in her family. The illness of this most dear niece was causing ever-increasing anxiety.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to* (her sister-in-law)  
THE COUNTESS TALBOT.

"*Curraghmore, Jan. 18, 1856.*—The children are so well and happy, and I think are quite at home at Curraghmore. Alfred is no longer the least shy, and a great darling, and I cannot find a fault in Adelaide. People all think her like you. You cannot imagine how much interest the children inspire—'Lady Sarah's children,' as they are called. Alfred is wild about the baby-house, and had added twelve dolls, and talks about

it and his projects in the most amusing way. He has great fun with W.—‘Giant Snap-up,’ as he calls him. Theresa is very well, and we take great care of her, and Charlie seems to enjoy his hunting.

“You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear of poor Lady Elizabeth Reynell’s<sup>1</sup> death, the last of the sisters of her generation. But her death is so great a gain to herself, one cannot think of it as grief. My poor Aunt Mex’s constant annoyances and sorrows I do call grief; but a peaceful, painless end of one beloved by all her family, and looking with longing hope to a heavenly home, is almost a cause of joy and peace.

“We have very quiet, pleasant days, and read aloud a good deal: an interesting *Life of Goethe* is our afternoon book. Theresa is so domestic: I never saw any one care less for vanities.”

“*Curraghmore, Feb. 26, 1856.*—It is always a sort of jubilee in the house when a letter arrives from you. Adelaide rushes down before prayers to be the first to say, ‘A letter from Mama!’—and we all have a share in it. . . . Susey’s birthday is to be celebrated on the 27th by a dinner to the little Beresfords from Woodhouse, and a tree ornamented with bon-bons: I hope it will be a pleasant day for them all.”

“*Curraghmore, March 6, 1856.*—Charlie and Theresa leave us next Friday. We shall feel lonely without them, they have made our winter so pleasant and delightful, and dear little Theresa has been so

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the second Earl of Waterford, and aunt of Henry, Lord Waterford and Lady Talbot.

amiable and easily amused, and content with monotony and dulness. I never saw any one so contented as she is, with such a quiet cheerful spirit, yet such good sense, and such wonderful *dignity* for one so young. I think she seems perfect as a wife for Charlie. There is an honesty about her which he respects, and he is always willing to go by her judgment. . . . W. is well. I always fear I tell you little about him and Charlie, but they are cunning hunters, and we do not hear much else from them than of the run of the day. . . . How I should like to have seen Conzy in her veil and green wreath."

"*Curraghmore, March 14, 1856.*—Your two darlings here are very well. As I know a governess once wrote, 'Your darling little angel loves have had nasty little snivelling colds,' but they are well now, and as merry as the day is long. Adelaide is very sensible and good, and anxious to improve in all sorts of things. . . . Dear, dear Sussey! how I am longing to hear of her. . . . Char.'s letters from Bombay quite make me wish to go to India."

"*Curraghmore, April 2.*—Adelaide and Alfred are both very well, and I think very happy. They wind themselves about one so completely, that they are quite like one's own. Adelaide is a darling companion. I forget sometimes that she is not sixteen when I look at her, and find myself considering her as such. She often drives me. She and Alfred take it by turns, and sometimes we all go in the open carriage together. But I have not much time for reading with Adelaide ;

what with my own duties, and W., and the distances which make all affairs out of doors so long, I have but little opportunity. I come home about six, and get a bit of reading to myself, and drawing, playing, or singing, and—after their tea—they come down. Then Adelaide draws and we read a little. We all talk French at dinner.”

To LADY VICTORIA SUSAN TALBOT (at Naples).

“*Curraghmore, April 2, 1856.* . . . I am so glad you like Naples and have friends there, and can enjoy the drives. How well I remember the Chiaja drive your mother describes, and the views of Ischia and Procida, and how rich and lovely it must all look now, the ground covered with the sweet little pink cyclamen, and the beautiful green of the young maize, and the scarlet clover in full flower. How much to enjoy in passing along and looking at all this. I call it all up so well, even one’s *mind’s smells*, which one has quite as much as *mind’s eyes*. I could tell the old brown smell of Posilipo amongst a hundred others. How I should enjoy being with you, dearest Susey, and how I sometimes look for one word of yours: I assure you you are quite *constantly* in my thoughts.

“I forget if I told you I had tried to draw the scene described in ‘Fabiola,’ of the funeral of the martyr—the blind girl. It is a little like ‘I gazed on her form’—only very lurid and with several more figures.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Most of Lady Waterford’s finished drawings were dispersed in her lifetime, but she always kept this one. Constance, Lady Lothian, has it now.

To THE COUNTESS TALBOT.

"*Curraghmore, April 14, 1856.*—The letters to-day have sadly distressed us . . . and have damped Adelaide's and Alfred's spirits. It is my birthday, and they have each given me a little glass with flowers in it, and a pretty letter—Adelaide's in French, Alfred's in his own Saxon, promising to appear this evening in his best blue coat. . . . How I pray to God for you all, and my own Susey; but she is happy, I know, even in her suffering, and longs but for one thing—heavenly peace. How I wish I could comfort you, dearest Sarah, and come to you: could it be, perhaps?

"The tears are in W.'s eyes on hearing of your anxious days."

"*Curraghmore, April 22, 1856.*—I did not like the last account. . . . Yet, with all, I feel Susey is still upholding you all about herself, so trusting, loving, cheerful, resigned, and happy. How *true* her carelessness of the world has been proved by this trial borne as a blessing. When I look back to one year ago, it seems a dream that you were all so well and busy at Ingestre, Susey and Conzy so occupied with the Confirmation. . . . And still Susey is following her work, by active example of patience, and oh how much patience! I often think no one can understand when quite well what would be the loss of being unable to live amongst the works of God in the beautiful return of spring: and she prized it all so truly, and had such high and simple tastes."







"*April 23, 1856.*—How I feel with and think of you all, you may well guess, but do not be uneasy about the children here. Alfred is a perfect Beresford in the way Curraghmore air suits him, and Adelaide is very well too. I do not know her faults. . . . W. doats on her. He looks so like her father, as they stand together; the line of features is the same. She draws leaves from Nature with me, and seems always trying to please me, dear child, and reminds me often of Susey. Do not think I like Alfred less, but he is not such a companion, nor quite so tractable, and has his little naughtinesses like other children.

"My poor sweet Susey! How I feel for you and her father, the gnawing grief about her which must be at your hearts day and night. . . . We pray for you all."

To LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Curraghmore, May 3, 1856.*—I look forward to coming over soon. Waterford makes lamentation at my wickedness in leaving him all alone, and I never feel quite easy in my conscience in so doing, nor in leaving Mama for so long; so you see I ought to be treated like Solomon's child to be quite right.

"I am still anxious about Victoria Talbot, who is at Naples and weaker than she was, but I give myself up to hope. The children, Adelaide and Alfred, are a great pleasure to me, and I see a great deal of them here, walking and dining and reading with them, and it is very pleasant *to be liked* by them. Adelaide,

though only eleven and a half, is quite a companion and is a real darling."

TO THE COUNTESS TALBOT.

"*Curraghmore, May 7, 1856.*—I trust that dearest Susey is able to get a little quiet drive every day—a sort of reposing drive through those beautiful fields of scarlet clover and green maize, seeing all without exertion or talking, but drinking it in, in a dreamy sort of way. I hope still—not for recovery, but for quiet enjoyment of many years with constant care.

"The children here are very well—always darlings and interests. They were delighted with my school feast, and made cowslip-balls for it to decorate the maypole."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
THE VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*June 10, 1856.*—You know how dearly Loo loved dear Susey Talbot, and how constantly she was thinking of her. . . . Her angelic spirit has passed away, in really the most peaceful and beautiful frame of mind that one ever heard of! She had been insensible for two days, then revived sufficiently to say farewell to each and to send messages to all, and then she sang a hymn of praise and thankfulness, and said, 'Holy Father, receive my spirit. Blessed Jesus, support me. I come, I come!' and she expired with the Lord's Prayer on her lips and a most heavenly expression on her countenance. . . . She was buried in the cemetery at Naples the next day."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
THE COUNTESS TALBOT (at Naples).

"*Tittenhanger, June 16, 1856.*—How well I can feel with you and Talbot, and how you are ever in my thoughts! Alas! it has come at last, this heavy, heavy sorrow, yet tempered by God's mercy with glorious comfort—such comfort as only He could give when that angel sang forth those triumphant words of joy, already crowned with a foretaste of the glorious happiness she had ever fixed her whole heart upon. Those words are ever ringing in my ears, full of hope for all she loved, and full of earnest instruction where and how to follow. It is all comfort to look at this, and will guide us through the dark shadow of her loss, fixing our eyes on the light of her example through Christ. But poor Sarah! oh how worn down you must be, and how much you have gone through, my poor, poor sister. . . . She was indeed my chosen one: I never loved any one as well as her, and never can her image be effaced from my heart. She was bound up in all my thoughts and wishes, and now how glorious the thought of her *Home*, whither she yearned—a glorified spirit, living ever with Christ, on whom she leaned on earth. Could one wish her back to the battle of life, to the suffering of humanity? Oh, no—but ever think of her as she is in the joy she longed for."

To LADY CONSTANCE TALBOT.

"*Claridge's Hotel, June 29, 1856.*—I can think only of you and of her we all loved so dearly, and sympathise to the utmost in all your grief; for notwithstanding the comfort vouchsafed to us, and the certainty of her

happiness, we must feel it an irreparable loss and blank, for she was our very chosen, our dearest, our best, and she is gone for ever from our earthly sight, hidden for ever from our mortal eyes. And who could know her without feeling that benignant heavenly influence which her heaven-directed spirit seemed to shed around her? Oh, how holy was her influence! how blessed her prayers! how pure and lovely her thoughts! and one can dwell on and remember every word she uttered!

“ . . . I hear that the sad news has made quite a break in the thoughtlessness of London. All have felt real grief for the lovely pure young flower, the favourite of every one, and have heard of her truth and holiness, and been struck with more than common awe and regret at the event.”

*To THE COUNTESS TALBOT.*

“ *Curraghmore, August 10, 1856.*—I returned home on the 8th, and found W. waiting for me at the station. . . . I contrived to be at Ingestre for an hour, and oh how I felt with you all as I drove up to the dear old porch, where darling little Adelaide was waiting for me, and how much I thought of the pang with which you will see it again. It seemed almost impossible to realise what a cloud had fallen on that place since I last saw it, it looked so beautiful and calm and sunshiny in its summer pride, the trees in their fullest richness, and everything so gay and luxuriant round the house. The flowers in the garden were a mass of bloom, all looked lovely and happy, and—in the remembrance of her who had been the spirit and charm of the

whole, now gone to a lovelier, happier home—to be continually whispering to our memory not to weep for one who has entered the golden gates of which she often told me she had dreamed.

“It is certainly true that all those who saw her felt the power of her influence for good.

“Dearest Theresa showed such real sympathy, I feel I must love her ever more for it, and she said, ‘You would like to see her room:’ so I went there. Oh, how touching it was! The poor darling had hallowed to us every one of the things she had constantly touched and used. On the little stand, with the cross and prayer-books, dear Theresa has daily placed a jar of pure white roses, which—without a leaf of colour—reminded me of her: and her screen of ivy is in Charlie’s room, tended and cared for by them all. The baby will interest you much. It is a dear little thing, and poor Charlie (I have not told you about him, or how pale he turned when I first arrived, and I see how deeply he feels the blow) is very proud of the baby, and takes it in his arms and dances it about. It has his own fine blue eyes and is very plump and ‘well-liking.’ My two darling children are very well.

“Curraghmore looks so beautiful, and my dear kind man is so pleased to have me home: except for his fishing, he has been here all the time I have been away.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
THE VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Vichy, July 26, 1856.*—Our stay here has been monotonous, but Loo and I could keep very much to ourselves. Our greatest joy has been the arrival of



your letters, and I can figure your entry at the Birthday ball—like Agrippa and Berenice.”

“*August 1, 1856.*—I wish Loo and I could have been a little longer in Paris. As visits, we only contrived to get to the dear old Duchesse de Gontaut, who seemed enchanted and grateful to see us, as far as her blind eyes allowed.”

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Curraghmore, Nov. 2, 1856.* . . . I had a school-tea at Kilmacthomas on Friday. I never saw a more prosperous one, the children very happy and the room so gay with dahlias and marigolds. Good Mr. Parker helped them all to play, and was the life of it, and made a very short little speech to them all about the school. A darling child of three or four years old, in white and with a little angel’s face, gave me a bouquet after the tea; and their clapping and cheers for ‘Lady Waterford’ were quite deafening.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY *to*  
THE VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Dec. 31, 1856.*—I have heard of the death of Princess Lieven! one to be missed, perhaps, more than regretted! but I do regret her. It takes me back almost to my first ball, and to *your* first ball, and all the political interests of so many years of my life. You and Canning will be sorry for her, though you had not kept up the habits of intimacy with her.

“Imagine dear Loo’s anxieties from Waterford’s fall

from his horse, in her sight, at the door, and her horror at seeing him apparently lifeless. He soon came to himself, but she describes an awful gash, though providentially no fracture. . . . Now I am thinking always what a sad week she must be spending, and how I wish I could be with her."

"*Tittenhanger, Christmas Eve, 1856.*—We have been enjoying your most delightful chapter of journal—your Aunt Caledon, Aunt Mex, Pollington, and I. . . . I cannot be spared to begin the year at Wimpole, as I am the youngest playfellow the grandchildren have here. . . . Oh dearest dear Char., to think of the second Christmas since we parted having come round!"

Lady Waterford's increasing delicacy of chest made her friends greatly urge her going abroad. It was hoped that Lord Waterford might be persuaded to take her out to India to see her sister. "I do so wish you were here," said a letter she received from a relation who had gone out to Calcutta on a visit, "you would so appreciate everything, from the brown creature squatting in the sun, to the symbol of royalty—a large white cow's tail, which waves slowly and majestically over Lord Canning's and Char.'s heads at state dinners." But at first, owing to her husband's extreme unwillingness either to leave Ireland or to be separated from her, Lady Waterford stayed on at Curraghmore.

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 20, 1857.* . . . How often one sees dangerous illness sent as God's leading. Some one once copied for me (I know not what from), 'God leads us, and who leads us so gently as He does?' This is true, and I like it as a motto, and it happens to be Waterford's Delaval one, and all over the castle at Ford is 'Dieu me conduise.' So I try to take it as my own. There is no fatalism in it, I think, if one calmly goes through everything, feeling God is leading one, and so all is to be turned to account.

"I think Hope belongs a good deal to the temperament, but Faith is the best giver of it to those who have it not in their bodies by nature: and I think that the Hope which *must* come by Faith would be far better than the Hope which is more easily had.

"I quite agree with all you say of the two sad words, 'Too late.' There are two others that are equally terrible, and full of the harmony of sound, yet deeply melancholy—'No more.' Do you remember how strikingly they fall on the ear in that passage of Jeremiah xxii. 10, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return *no more*, nor see his native country.' I think the music of that 'no more' is quite exquisite, and in accordance with the whole feeling of the passage. Much the same might be said of the French 'Il est mort,' which conveys the sad intention far more than the word 'dead.' How well I remember the passage of Jeremiah being read the last Sunday my sister was here before going to India: it struck me so much then."

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 28.* — Your most beautiful cushion arrived last night. It is quite perfect, and reminds one of the richest Venetian church-brocade, or a magnificent missal, or a fresco with a gold background, or the golden cushion that Xarifa was working—'Lay the golden cushion down'—in short, of everything gorgeous, yet perfect in taste. I must bring it into a drawing: it would come in so richly with deep, warm, glowing colour, and perhaps a sort of Giorgione lady's head on it. How kind of you to give it to me! and how can I thank you enough for so beautiful a gift!"

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 30.*—I think people make a great mistake in making useful and good teaching dull and dully-worded, and, so to speak, unpicturesque. We have an example in the Bible *not* to do this, and our Lord never failed to exemplify His meaning by beautiful (oh, how beautiful!) parables, and scenes which were passing before His eyes. I think this seems so admirable, and strikes me as almost *hallowing* rural work. One can scarcely pass a sower without remembering that parable; and how full of beautiful images are the old prophets, and one knows well how a graphic image would awake attention."

To LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 21, 1857.* — I should have written before, but have been very ill—inflammation of the lungs—and am ordered abroad as soon as I can go. W. has been such a kind, good nurse. It grieves me so to leave him for a long time, but I think of Mme.

Guyon, who submitted to everything as best for her, and I think I see how all is ordered for the best. Perhaps even this, though, is a pang. But my going from all my work here, I know, is ordered for good, and I am led as a little child by the hand of its nurse gently along. W. takes me to London, and I go with Mama to the south."

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 31, 1857.*—I am much better, but not allowed to travel, though preparing for that undertaking by a first drive yesterday, and feeling what the old French Lady Tankerville called herself, 'an old ballast' (*un vieux ballot*). W. is to take me to London, and then we part for four long months.

"I like all you write to me, for, do you know, Jenny, I do not think I have a ray of High-Churchism left; my opinions on that head are entirely changed, and I humbly hope I shall by degrees, and the grace of God, learn better. I think 'Hedley Vicars' first led me to a more vital search in the Scriptures. I find many of my friends annoyed and distressed at this change, and scarcely meet with any one who agrees with me in what seems to me the great truth we learn in the Bible—to throw ourselves and all our sins at the foot of Christ's cross, and implore Him to fill us with His grace, His righteousness.

"I love the Church of England, and think it as pure as, founded on Scripture, and prayed and thought over by good men, it can be: I love to belong to it; I see great freedom in it, and for that I love it too; but with Arnold I think that we ought to hold out the hand of love and fellowship to all those who make the

Holy Scripture their guide, and the saving blood of Christ their doctrine. We must not consider that we alone are in a golden ring, out of the pale of which we have no concern, no brotherhood, but should feel others who are working out their own salvation as much our brothers in Christ as those of our own Church.

"I cannot bear to think that we are not allowed full freedom of thought (taught by God's Holy Spirit, and praying for it), or that our Church should imprison us in a circle. I think the beautiful Epistles show us such boundless freedom in Christ. Without presumption let us rest on that, and not on our ideas of the Church, which, though pure and holy, is man's arrangement.

"I wish to try and prove on Scripture what I read, and fear presumption. I believe the 'fight of faith' is the continual struggle of the natural heart against the spiritual, and the difficulty of emptying self away and continually praying *faithfully* to be filled with Christ's love and clothed with His robe of righteousness. Tell me, please, when you find me wrong in doctrine Scripturally. I hope I may not let go the hope I have found. Oh, the thorns and briars, and new scenes and different people! Oh, for a present mind intent on serving Him!

"Poor W. is very good about letting me go, for he owns he will be sadly solitary. I cannot bear leaving all the little readings with him, but I remember that I am only a poor instrument, and he is left in better hands."

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VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal letter.*

“*Barrackpore, Oct. 23.*—C. went to Calcutta on Thursday, leaving me under charge of Captain Bowles. I took the opportunity of a ride to explore lanes, and found some beautiful ones full of fern, and came out at the place where all the elephants live—an enormous line of these giants piqueted on either side of their stable, a great many more than I had seen before. One, with his howdah and scarlet trappings, was in the middle of the stable compound, with all the horses going round and round in a long string in procession, to get used to him. Next morning I made an attempt to sketch. It was dark when I got up, and dull and grey when I chose my site, and I felt ill-disposed; but when the sun showed itself, I was quite surprised at the wonderful beauty of detail—all the tangle, and great unbroken leaves, and creepers and stems, all lovely to draw; but a Ruskin-like artist would be wanted to do them justice.

“C. has made me do an abstract of a plan for the improvement of the great Botanic Garden. It is a fine establishment, but has been quite spoiled by the practice of giving plants to whoever wished for them. In ten months, nearly three hundred people were provided with, I think, above 50,000 plants, and it is therefore almost turned into a nursery. Next March this practice will cease.

“Yesterday evening there was expected to be a ‘bore’ at the turn of the tide. I had a great fancy to see this, and we all walked off in the bright moonlight, after getting rid of our dinner guests, to a ghât—a landing-place—at one end of the terrace. We had

not to wait long. The roaring was heard and the wave seen. It broke first on the other side, then crossed, and ran along the shore, and washed up the steps where we stood to such a height that we had a run, and a boat was lifted out of the water, and deposited on a low part of the bank. It is a striking sight and a very unaccountable one; it is always at the full moon, high tide, and for about four tides after, never at a new moon.

“I had a very amusing letter from Sir Arthur Buller, one of the three judges, Charles Buller’s brother. He dates 16,000 feet above us in a pass in the Himalayas. One of the curious things he tells us is of the whole party—or 103 out of 105—waking up nearly blind with ophthalmia after travelling all day in the snow. It came on with a sort of cold, eyes glued up, and the poor coolie women, with nose-rings instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, were in a lamentable state.

“The expedition from Bombay has orders to start as soon as possible. These are sent by telegraph, and the proclamation will appear very soon. So we are actually embarked in war again . . . a Persian war!<sup>1</sup> It sounds tremendous and may prove so, but we cannot but hope for the best, and that, before it comes to serious work, the Persians will have the wisdom

<sup>1</sup> In defiance of existing treaties, Persia had taken Herat, which led to a declaration of war. The preparations for it, under Sir James Outram, were made by Lord Canning, who followed advice given by Sir Herbert Edwardes in making a treaty with Dost Mohammed, the Amir of Cabul, and enabling him by grants of money and arms to succeed in driving out the Persians from Herat.

to withdraw into their own territories and raise the siege of Herat. The rumours of its fall we still believe to be false. There seems no trace of Russians there, but one must believe the Persians feel themselves backed by the Russians. C. always protests against the common notion of Herat being 'the key of India.' It is right to keep out the Persians, and it is best to let it be independent, but that not being possible, the Afghans are the next best holders of it, and Dost Mohammed may safely have it; but he is old, and when he dies the whole thing will again split up, for not one of his sons is likely to hold the whole country, or in any degree to succeed to his position. Esau Khan, the present holder of Herat, is a man little trusted, and we know very little about him, and it is uncertain whether or not the Dost is cordial to him.

"Another Afghan war is the thing of all others to be avoided, so we must hope the fight with Persia will be on any ground but that, and if they do not give in, they must be fought in their own country. Bushire and the Island of Karrach will be occupied at once, and it is expected it will be done with ease. This is a perfectly healthy season, and excellent climate for six months to come, so there is breathing-time. Very few people know Persia well here, hardly any one knows that south part and Shiraz."

"*Oct. 25.*—Mr. Grant and Mr. Le Geyt came, and the Talbots, and a good many of the Barrackpore officers and wives as dinner company. Mr. Grant said he saw all along the road people with torches groping

under the trees and picking up almonds, which get knocked off by the flying foxes perching in the tops to roost. These nasty beasts have heads like rats, and great bodies, and wings I believe more than a foot long each. They hang by day with their heads downwards, by the little hooks in their wings.

"Mr. Le Geyt is the member for Bombay of the Legislative Council and a very agreeable man. He has a great many stories of Parsee customs. He denies that Parsees like their dead to be eaten by vultures. He says the rich ones have a grating placed over the bodies, and their wish is 'to be absorbed into the elements.' To be hung in chains like the highway robbers in England would be their beau-ideal. A dying Parsee has a dog brought to lick his face at the last moment; that has something to do with an idea of keeping off evil spirits."

"*Oct. 26.*—We walked to look at a tree called pterocarpus. I had not observed it before, as it stands away from roads and walks. The foliage is like that of a weeping ash, only of far more beautiful quality, long flat branches of leaves shutting out the light, and yet quite thin. It is very beautiful and like one of Ruskin's specimens of an ill-drawn tree, so thick and even, and the stem like that of a beautiful chestnut.

"Mr. Le Geyt told me of a suttee he saw himself many years ago, before the law prevented widow-burning. The wife was repeatedly asked by him if she did this act of her own will, and he was present officially to do everything in his power to prevent her,

and use all arguments. She insisted, and said she had no fears, and had done it *eight* times already in previous states of existence ! At last, being determined, and as there was no legal power to prevent it, she was allowed to go upon the pile. It was on a heap of wood and mats, and like a small hut. She herself set fire to the four corners, and went and lay down beside the body of her husband in the midst, her hands crossed, and looking perfectly calm and happy. In a moment, the whole thing was in flames, and when they subsided, in a very few moments, she was quite dead, blackened and charred, but in the same position, except that the hands were opened out instead of crossed, as in the old attitude of prayer in frescoes. Mr. Le Geyt says he is quite convinced the poor creature felt no pain ; she never stirred except in that opening of the hands, and he believes the rarified air from the fierce flame all around instantly suffocated her. There is something very striking in this story, I think, and unlike all other such accounts."

"*Oct. 28.*—A large party arrived from Calcutta to stay, some of them at eight in the morning. These early arrivals have a most curious effect, and I think of myself, who used to wait at inns and railway-stations, rather than get to a country-house before six in the evening at soonest ! Mrs. Gilmore is a really pleasant woman, with the very rarest of qualities here—a little fun ! she also shows self-denial, which is equally rare here, and ever since her husband failed, has not had a carriage, but has her drive in his buggy, or a ride alone. Yesterday we had all the elephants out,

and invited the Ritchies and their children to join the rest of the party. The menagerie across the park is the best *but de promenade* on these occasions, for the ride is amusing rather than agreeable, and need never be very long."

"Oct. 29.—A squally day, the river covered with picturesque boats sailing up, and letting their ragged sails fly as the squalls come up. A charming ride round jungly lanes, with lovely trees and leaves, and tangles—very snaky I should fear.

"Hot days make us complain of having exchanged for the worse as to climate—the thermometer being 89° in my sitting-room. Still Barrackpore looks cooler and fresher than Calcutta, and the quiet is delightful. The high tides cover a strip of about fifty yards wide of low ground between the terrace walk and the water. When the river is over this, the view is beautiful. It is a sort of lake and covered with picturesque native boats. Yesterday I was at church close by in the cantonments at 10 o'clock and again at 6 o'clock—a neat little church, and attentive congregation of officers and wives, a few holiday people from Calcutta, and a very old half-caste woman and boys. Mr. Nicholson preached useful earnest sermons. The custom of short sermons has always prevailed at Barrackpore. I suppose Lord Ellenborough limited his chaplain to a quarter of an hour.

"This evening I had a most successful ride round a labyrinth of jungly lanes—so beautiful and green, more like an English stove-house. Here and there are brick walls and summer-houses, those modern brick



ruins which make such beautiful colouring in contrast with the intense green."

"*Nov. 1.*—To-day's *Gazette* will contain the proclamation of war.<sup>1</sup>

"Docquet, the French cook, went away, and left all his money in a box in his room, and in nobody's care, and it has disappeared, £150! He says there are two *factionnaires* close by. He was brought to tell me his tale clearly, for the stock of French in the staff is small. I inquired a great deal about the probable hour of the robbery, that the *factionnaires* might be found and questioned. This Docquet thought quite unnecessary, for he said—'On ne peut pas les reconnaître, ils se ressemblent tous'—and so he rates the Indian army really like a flock of sheep. Every one here gives all his valuables in charge to his 'bearer' or body-servant, and they say they may always be trusted."

"*Nov. 2.*—The air is quite charming, too hot in the middle of the day, but such clear beautiful evenings and glowing skies, and the grass so green and springy. I never miss my ride, and often have an early walk, and mark trees and shrubs to cut. With C. I rode round by some lovely paths through jungly groves. I can never describe the beauty of these—like Portlaw Wood, only of mango, bamboo, cocoa-nut, plantains, arums, &c., paths branching off in all directions, little huts, now and then small temples, ruined gardens; great sameness perhaps, but such beauty, and great variety of trees and creepers, tanks and ponds every-

<sup>1</sup> With Persia.

where amongst all these sort of gardens and groves. This ride is across the parade-ground, and, at a distance, we saw many elephants. They are always driven into the jungle if a horse with a European rider comes near, as unless horses are trained to go near them, they frighten them terribly.

"An immense new party of visitors arrived to stay. I think people are charmed to be asked, and rather improve on nearer view, but it is not the least amusing for them. We sit after nine o'clock breakfast for a little while, and dawdle on the verandah, and talk to the parrots, and look at stereoscopes. Then all disperse till luncheon. Some visit the neighbours, for all visiting is done at twelve. At two all come back, and we dawdle again, and perhaps some one sings, and all go back to their rooms till time to ride or drive: now that is five o'clock.

"Have I mentioned the improvements I am making? one being a bit of terrace foreground to rectify the crookedness of the long terrace-walk. The house faces a great reach of the river, and is crooked to the bank. I want to set it straight to the eye by making another walk at the same angle, and a bank down to the waterside, across a meadow which is overflowed at spring-tides or in the rains, and I should get a seat on the water's edge of the most airy description. I have opened to view a beautiful banyan, of late hidden by shrubs.

"Sir A. Buller says nothing can be seen more beautiful than Agra, and no description does justice to the Taj (pronounced Targe). It is the refrain of all conversation to rave over this. We *must* go and see

it all some day. If Lou and Waterford would but come too!"

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Barrackpore, Nov. 7.*—We have visitors now every week, but details upon them will not interest you. I am afraid they must be very dull at home, for they make the most of their visit here, and arrive at about ten in the morning, and some even at eight, to rooms vacated at six, which would distress housekeepers and housemaids in civilised countries. Here such people do not exist, and no one feels for the distresses of bearers, Bheesties, and Mehtranees! and their work is always done somehow or other. We can only lodge one guest in the house, all the others are dotted about in the park in twos and threes in the bungalows—thatched cottages, where each person has a bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom. They are fetched backwards and forwards in a sort of covered chair, called a *tonjon*, or by some a 'John Pon,' which name delights me. I am busy with garden improvements, and have a plan for a landing-place on the river, and a stone bench where I can go and sit and breathe fresh air in the evening. I have had a good deal of amusement in cutting down shrubs and opening out vistas. Such a beautiful banyan-tree, like a grove, covered with creepers and orchideous plants, is now exposed to view in sight of the windows. The flowers are all at their lowest ebb now, but there are still roses and many good things. Soon, I am told, all the beautiful cold-weather plants will appear, and heliotrope, and mignonette, and what are called English flowers.

"I am certainly getting to like India, and am now thoroughly accustomed to it. It is still *very* hot, but the air is lighter, and the mornings and evenings so very beautiful that it is a pleasure to exist: and I can *walk* when I go out before breakfast, which was nearly impossible before. The shorter days are a great advantage in that way, for I need not go out before half-past six, and can stay till half-past seven, and two or three times a week I do this, and potter about the garden, as I might in England. Four or five servants follow me, and one will hold up a scarlet umbrella with gold fringes, like one in a pantomime, but I really hardly observe it."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Barrackpore, Nov. 8.*—The skies are now quite beautiful, not cloudy, but a sea of glow, unlike anything I have ever seen before. Generally it is very yellow, seldom pink. C.'s piles and pyramids and columns of boxes of work beat all I have seen yet, and he seldom gets out. The rice-grounds are all green now and just coming into the ear. The roots are in water, but one can no longer see it, and the country is in great beauty. The pools and edges of the rice-grounds are covered with water-lilies, a smaller kind than the English. The dark red one is beautiful, and we have it in our tanks, but I have not seen it wild, though I am told it is so, and so is the very large pink one, which is like the great Chinese peony. Solid massive flowers are not common here: we want large roses and camelias and peonies very much; jars full of odd-shaped light kind of flowers never look half as well. Then, with the

whole country covered with arums, the common white sort is unknown.

"The last time we went to Calcutta, I saw two men, with a pole over their shoulders, carrying a flat basket, suspended to it by strings, with a white cloth over them. The sun was very bright and quite low, and one could see a graceful little female figure sitting *accroupie* in the basket. It was something very slight and young and veiled, and looked most romantic. A little farther on in a tank was a man fishing, on the bundles of reeds one hears described, with an empty earthen jar or two at each end, in his way delightfully comfortable. One might have such pretty drawings of manners and customs. I believe I shall take to the dot system: nothing else can give the effect of the slimness of the people: in the boats passing on the river, they look, against the light, like skeletons."

"*Nov.* 11.—We have had another large party. They are all such busy people, that a visit for Sunday suited them best, and I believe that going about in this fresh green park, and sitting in a comfortable room full of new books, is in itself an agreeable change, otherwise it is sad how little one can do to amuse them. I keep to my English habits, and never ride or drive on a Sunday, but this punctilio about driving is not likely to be appreciated by the very strictest keepers of the 'Sabbath' here. They will not see visitors, but they never miss their drive: only, in Calcutta, they go up and down the 'Old Course' instead of the 'New.' I am so amused at the distinction.

"You will be tired of my rhapsodies on sunsets and

clear skies, but they must go on, for the sunsets have quite altered in character since the rains. Now the sun shines all the day long, and the whole sky is in a glow at night, no clouds and white, but stars shining—at least such great ones as Jupiter and Venus. The twilight is shorter than ever, but that glow is perfectly beautiful for the half-hour it lasts. Now it is really cool; old Indians shiver and we stop the punkahs. Last night the minimum was  $70^{\circ}$ , but next week the punkahs come down.

“Colonel Baker, as Board of Works, is to consider my projects for improvements. He thought the ideas very good, and sent for the executive engineer to come and survey the ground. The result is, that an old plan has come out, with pencil alterations suggesting the very identical projects I want, so exactly the same in all particulars that one would guess that my paper had been copied. ‘There is nothing new under the sun;’ but I am not sure that I am flattered to think how little original my ideas have been.

“All our guests went away this morning before breakfast. Those early departures are a great comfort. The early arrivals I do not much like, but I believe people wish to get their three country drives and rides, and so they make their three days complete ones.

“It was almost chilly last night, and I was glad of a chudda. I had no sheet even all the hot weather, then a light cotton upper sheet when it grew moderate, and then no punkah, and this chudda is now the fourth stage. I do not foresee coming to an English blanket yet.”



"*Nov.* 12.—On our water excursion we saw the collection of huts where, last summer, three men were carried off by tigers. One pulled asunder the light mat and bamboo wall, and put in his paw, and pulled out a man and carried him off. The rest strengthened their walls, but very soon the tiger came back, and this time sprang up to the straw roof and made his entrance there, seized his man, and when the others, in consternation, ran out by the door, he rushed out, carrying his victim through it too. The third was seized out of doors, and then the tiger was killed, and the huts seem to have been deserted. A man-eating tiger never returns to other food, they say.

"Mr. Riley told me he was out surveying one day lately, and the man with him said a tiger was tracking them along a narrow path. He disbelieved it, but the man persisted so much that he turned about, and very soon found the mark of a tiger's paw on every one of his own footprints! and had he sat down, as he meant to do to eat, he would assuredly have been pounced upon.

"The newspapers say we made our expedition to lay the first stone of the city of 'Canning!' Do not believe that, pray. C. is not at all the sort of man to wish to be godfather to a new city, and I should protest against such a 'dismal swamp' for a namesake. I mention this, for it is exactly the sort of piece of choice intelligence likely to be transmitted to England, and to go the round of the papers. . . . C. has greatly enjoyed these scraps of half-holiday, not but what he carried a good pile of boxes, and had Mr. Beadon to do business with.

“I forgot to mention a most extraordinary story of a murder on the uninhabited Cocoa-nut Islands. Two boats, containing about six men each, went to get cocoa-nuts and fish. One set demolished its rivals, all but one man, who fled wounded, and threw himself into the sea, and remained there till night, and then crept back and hid about in trees, living on roots and cocoa-nuts for months, till his enemies went away; then he got or made a canoe, provisioned it with cocoa-nuts, and put to sea, and came to Singapore to denounce the murderers. The case has come to be tried here, but as the Cocoa-nut Islands are not inhabited, there is a doubt whether they are in our jurisdiction, and indeed there has been a question of our right to them and to the Andamans. If they are not ours, they certainly are no one else’s. I have forgotten the details of the story, but it was as good as ‘Robinson Crusoe.’

“We came back to Barrackpore on Saturday. It happened to be a great Hindoo feast, and we met gods and goddesses in crowds, carried on people’s shoulders—horrid sort of yellow dolls of all sizes, dressed in tinsel, and invariably riding astride on peacocks with enormous spread-out tails. Sometimes twenty of these were carried along at once with music and drums. They usually voluntarily stopped their drumming as we passed, but not always, and I thought the horses very patient to bear such sights and sounds. I observed the gods all faced one way, in whichever direction they were carried—such dreadful creatures—I cannot imagine how any human being can respect them. The streets were full of people, dressed in their

cleanest and best muslin, and now and then a woman in a bright cloth, but hardly a woman appears."

"*Sunday, Nov. 16.*—A very quiet day, with morning and evening church, and a quiet stroll in the garden and park with C. There is such a beautiful red shrub now in flower—clusters of little scarlet cups at intervals, quite unlike anything else."

"*Nov. 17.*—The event of the morning has been the pulling down of all the punkahs throughout the house. It makes the rooms very much larger and better, and really now we can do very well without them; and now and then, when I have begun to feel hot, and looked at the thermometer, I have found only from 75° to 78°, and at night down to 70°. People are buying merinos in the shops, and I see all officers appearing in black cloth continuations, a very wintry sign. They actually put dogs into clothing here in winter, which seems very absurd. A spaniel, like our old Dash, belonging to one of the A.D.C.'s, has his winter suit at night, as a matter of course. A large party arrived to stay. Mrs. Drummond brought her maid. Only about four people in all India have one, though a few have an English nurse for their children."

*To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.*

"*Barrackpore, Nov. 21, 1856.*—I am beginning to hope the day will arrive when every A.D.C. will have his bungalow here furnished with new chintz and a Minton jug and bason, and when the whole is over, you may think I shall be happy; but no! for I cannot get the

chintzes washed. . . . I am always hearing of the superiorities of Ceylon, where they are said to wash, and mangle, and *calendar*, so I am thinking of sending a dobie (washerman) to be educated there. I have, however, accomplished a good deal. The dinners are improved, cotton tablecloths extinct, and there are many reforms, but we are rather barbarous still.

"We have made a curious and amusing little excursion by water in the Sonderbund to see another way to the sea by a river as great as the Hoogly, but deeper and without its dangers. The jungles there are full of wild beasts, and tigers abound. We had a short ride on elephants over the ground kept by Government for the heart of a future town. At present, only the top of a dyke of earth was hard enough for them to walk upon, and, from that elevation, I admired the country, and employed people to gather ferns and weeds for me. We had to turn on this very narrow space, and I was more than ever charmed with the wise beasts, who gather their feet into a ridiculously small space, and swing round where a horse could not turn."

"*Dec.* 18.—The evenings are now quite cold, and the thorough draughts, and sometimes raw fogs, make one more chilly than I could have believed possible. I shut eight out of the thirteen doors and send for a shawl. Arriving, after a drive into Calcutta, at eight in the morning, the waste white rooms look wretched, and the cloud of mosquitoes taking refuge there attack one, and the miseries of climate appear under a new aspect."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, Dec. 18, 1856.*—It is quite a mistake to suppose that the society here is *bad*. Even flirting is very rare and of the mildest description, and I really believe hardly any woman but *me* goes out riding without her husband. It is really a very proper place; its greatest sin is its intense dulness, with some frivolity—of a dull kind too. . . . People here are not inclined to toady; on the contrary, they are rather independent and more like republicans; but still the influence and example of the Governor-General is very great, and 'Government House' is looked up to as the authority for everything to a degree which is astonishing. People, you say, tell you that I have done good and have influence. I am not in the slightest degree aware of it, and not conscious that I have done anything but lead a more idle and selfish life than I ever did before in all my days, but that it should ever be *said* rather shows what I mean of the way this establishment is the centre of everything.

"We call this a large society, but it really is not so. Every one knows who everybody is, except just the new-comers and people passing through. It is unlike even Dublin in that. Every really white person, except a very few shopkeepers, and sailors and soldiers, is by way of a gentleman or a lady, so there is little difficulty in knowing every really white face in the whole town.

"That is one of the curious things—never to see middle-class or poor people, except very dark half-castes and natives. A white woman on foot is almost an unknown sight, in a street quite unknown: on a

cool evening a few, but very rarely, walk a little way on the course. So no wonder we all know each other's faces, and everybody knows what everybody does. Gossiping and evil-speaking is very common, I am told; so if there is bad to tell, it comes out soon enough. No one is intimate enough to gossip to me, so I cannot speak from experience.

"I trust we shall get away before the heat begins, but I look forward rather with dread to journeys, for the river only serves when high, so that is out of the question, and travelling *dāk* is our resource, each person alone in a small carriage drawn by a wretched pony for a seven miles' stage. Only about five carriages can travel at the same time, so C. and I shall most likely travel at a week's interval, which will be detestable.

"Drawing is one's best occupation here, for it does not matter how full one's head is of anything, one's hands can always go on and on."

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LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Highcliffe, April 4, 1857.*—Not having been well, I am on the keep-quiet tack and stay here over Easter, though with some compunction at leaving your Aunt Caledon alone, whilst your Aunt Mex is at Eastnor. Canning's autograph to his *belle grandmère* made a great sensation at Tittenhanger, and your letter, of two days later, was also most precious to them. . . . As to the war in China, I do not choose to take rumours as *vrai*, but it has something *vraisemblable*."



"*Easter Monday*, 1857.—These seasons bring us near together, for we feel that the same thoughts and the same prayers have been in our minds and on our lips, whatever else distance and change suggest, and your letters and journals do bring us very much to the spot you are in. *Our* journals would be very monotonous. I have seldom done less in the way of variety. London has offered '*une vie douce et paisible*' to the full as much as Tittenhanger, and I have been early to bed and to rise, without exactly being more 'wealthy,' but certainly more 'wise' in saving my eyes at night.

"It has been a loss to me to be forbidden evening visits, as neither Lady Granville nor Mme. de Flahault can be found of a morning, and I wanted to forage for news for you.

"... I am to render an account of myself. It is, in fact, that I feel neither better nor worse—like my Aunt Yorke's answer till ninety years old—'Indifferent, thank'ye.'"

"*April 9*.—I begin again with a heavy heart, having heard of the death of poor attached Louis.<sup>1</sup> . . . He has expressed a wish 'to be buried in our little churchyard, as near as he could to his beloved master.'"

<sup>1</sup> Lord Stuart's devoted valet, Louis Robin. This faithful servant and his wife were of the kind who could turn their hands to anything. Mrs. Robin survived her husband many years, and was greatly lamented by Lady Waterford—"the last person who knew all about the hordes at Highcliffe." Mr. and Mrs. Robin are commemorated by an upright stone near the church door which opens into the Highcliffe pew.

"*Highcliffe, April 25, 1857.*—At Gloucester House they are in a most anxious state of waiting. The Duchess of Mecklenburgh had been summoned over, and had seen the Duchess, and taken her little boy in also. Alas! Lady Scott's illness terminated fatally on Monday evening. I reproach myself with having seen so little lately of that best of people. As I wrote to Loo, we lose in her another of the shrines and pilgrimages we have all been accustomed to, looking forward to the days at Sydenham and Petersham, both patterns of worth and practical goodness, while few had such powers of mind as Lady Scott, such almost romantic warmth of heart under a cold exterior. I knew her from my own early youth, and she belonged especially to Lady Louisa and the Berry's, and was endeared to us by her constant attention to poor Granny Stuart. Lady Montagu, at seventy-eight, has the inheritance of an immense fortune, which goes to Lady Hume after her.

"I am low about the cliff. Its general sinking sinks my spirits. The falling off of the row of old thorns and oaks near the temple has let in glimmerings of sea where there was quite a thick screen: thus the line of sea from the windows is much wider, but one pays for the addition to the beauty when one knows it is from *consumption* that the view is derived."

"*Highcliffe, May 1, 1857.*—We know to-day of the death of the Duchess of Gloucester<sup>1</sup>—a peaceful, tranquil end."

<sup>1</sup> Mary, fourth daughter of King George III., born April 25, 1776; married, July 22, 1816, her cousin, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, who died Nov. 30, 1834.

"*Tittenhanger, May 9, 1857.*—The Duchess of Gloucester's funeral has thrown its gloom over the opening of Parliament. How far it carries one back to think that but three years were wanting to complete the century since her father began his reign! I wonder if the Queen has thought that the same time will have passed if 'Beatrice Mary Feodore Victoria'<sup>1</sup> should, in eighty years, be laid in the same vault. I hear the Princess Royal will be one of her godmothers."

"*June 3.*—On Friday I dined with the Clanricardes, to meet your Indian friend, Sir Robert Hamilton. It was a comfortable little party of eight, but I was reminded of what you say of your dinner company, that it is not easy to put well-informed men into easy table-talk. Still, even question and answer elicited a good deal, and he never tired of speaking in high terms of you and Canning, though he gave you the palm in the matter of taking proper healthy exercise, and said that Canning would never take it enough till he made it his *business*, which it would be when he went to 'the Hills' and Simla."

"*June 9, 1857.*—Loo arrived at Tittenhanger on Saturday, and looks well again. . . . Her drawings are quite lovely."

"*June 19.*—The only evening I have been out was to Miss Coutts's, merely the tail of an odd dinner-party, which one may call 'black and blue,' being clerical and literary. Hans Andersen was there—a long, grave

<sup>1</sup> Born April 14, 1857.

man, and Ranke of the Popes—a short, merry one, just reversing one's notions of what each would be like. . . . The whole Yorke family have been to Dyrham Park for the marriage of Miss Trotter to Mr. Hanbury. . . . Last night something led to a quotation we could not help your Grandmama out in, and as it turned out to be the 'Death of Hector,' I said it was like the boy's question of 'Who dragged who round the walls of what?' and she laughed heartily, and was a little proud of having the lines at her finger-ends. Then she repeated passages of Milton, and said 'These are thy glorious works' with admirable emphasis."

"*June 24.*—Loo went to the Drawing-Room, looking very well indeed—slim and pale and young. The Primate sent his coach in state, with cocked hats and bouquets, and Lord Breadalbane got her the *entrée*. We four sisters are all in London now, and Bell reigns alone at Tittenhanger."

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VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, Jan. 9, 1857.*—We have had a race-week, but, though I began the new year by going with C., Ascot-fashion, up the course, to see his cup run for and won by Nero, an Arab, I was at church by ten o'clock, and could not feel it the least like dissipation. The crowd of natives makes any sight gay and pretty, especially now that they are chilly, and bring out

shawls and gay wraps of bright colours and gold. We had a really beautiful ball, the people so well dressed, and now punkahs are gone the rooms looked light. Supper for 450 sitting down always makes a fine show; 1050 were invited. I mean to have two small balls and no sitting-supper, only a buffet. I wish I had a female friend to consult on my arrangements, for I see no one enters into my little projects, or even understands what I mean."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Barrackpore, Jan. 8, 1857.*—On Monday I went off, while the sun was still high, to finish my sketch of the temple near the burning ghât. It was soon in the usual yellow glow—sky and water all the same pale golden colour, an effect quite impossible to give—the trees like green tinsel, or green flies, or enamel. The great pair of scales near the spot turns out to be for weighing wood to sell for burning bodies, and the little three-roomed building for dying people who have a chance of life, and are allowed to take advantage of it. If carried quite down to the water's edge, they are not allowed to recover. If they do, they are treated as outcasts, the idea being that the river rejects them, and that they are utterly cast away from salvation. Kind friends and relations in this way commit many murders.

"Dr. Leckie has more than once prevented people from being carried to the water's edge. A Ranee of Benares, who was in a fit of cholera taken to the palace near the water, was recovered by him, and has kept up the greatest friendship ever since. If she had actually touched the water-side, he would not have

been permitted to do anything for her; as it was, he had great difficulty. This Ranee he was allowed to see; but the Queen of Oude he used to prescribe for less easily, only a hand poked through a hole in a curtain was permitted, or, if he made a push to see more of his patient, she was allowed to show her tongue through the hole!"

"*Calcutta, Jan. 16, 1857.*—On Thursday we had an enormous dinner and a regular drum in the evening. This sort of thing is rare here, and I saw nobody could understand how there could be an evening without music or dancing; and when the list was found to be of about 350 people, of whom 54 dined, the rooms were not expected to contain them. But it all went well, and they talked, and were well dressed, and not nearly so formal as usual. It began rather badly with rows of women seated, and men standing like waiters behind, but moving to another room set it to rights.

"Friday I went again to the Botanic Garden. It is certainly unlike a 'garden,' but a beautiful pleasure-ground, and full of large rare trees. Mahogany grows very well, and many Central American trees, and others from Africa and Australia. Vanilla grows and flowers: it is a real parasite, and the original stem dies. The Amherstias are in great beauty and health, and just coming into flower. Mr. Duff dined with us: very full of the Swinging Festival, and evidently with the hope that it may be put down by authority, which I wish it may. The men swing with hooks passed through the muscle of the back: they are supported also by a band, but still it is true that the hook passes



through flesh. They also walk about with swords and knives run into them, and it seems that it is done for money, and the rich people order men to be found to do these things for them. It is put down in Bombay, and here it only goes on much for two or three days in April at the Chasruk Pouja. Many Brahmins are ashamed of it, and respectable people would be glad to see it put down by authority. The respect for authority is one of the things most difficult to understand here. It is so intense, and the natural tendency to bow down to it and obey so strong, that often they cannot understand why Government does not order a thing to be done whenever they care for it.

“There is a very holy spot on the Ganges, low down, I think, where many thousands of people go for a particular feast, and where they used to *give* their children to the river. This has long been prohibited, so they dip the children and put them on the bank, and take a cocoa-nut or some little offering, and make earnest prayers that it may be received instead of the child, saying that the authorities will not let the child be offered, that they would wish to offer it, but as they cannot, the blame is to the Sirdai, and not to them, and they beg pardon most heartily and give the cocoa-nut.

“Saturday we expected the Ansons, but ‘a telegram’—a new Yankee word for a telegraphic despatch—arrived, saying they would not come till this morning.

“We have had Lady Selkirk’s friend of the electric telegraphs here—Lieutenant P. Stewart; he has been mumbled by a tiger, hugged by bears, kicked off by wild asses, and lately had the cholera.”

"*Jan. 29.*—I had my second little ball, which was very successful. Full five hundred people were asked, and all came but about thirty, who were away, and it was very gay and pretty, and even the serious gave themselves dispensations to come—I don't know at all why, unless that they had no sitting-down supper."

"*Feb. 4.*—My private history now gives very little to tell. I have my usual dusty rides or drives, and there is almost an end of any novelty in the sights that naturally come before me. One drive round by some native bazaars on a feast-day, I remember thinking rather worth mentioning, for I saw the poor people at the wretched little ghâts or landing-places all along the canal, putting up little illuminations, and preparing the tiny floating lamps to launch out on the water. I had often heard of these offerings, but had never seen them before. There were also that day some quaint groups of musicians seated upon high little stages on the top of very high bamboos, drumming and puffing at instruments with all their might. The dust now covers everything with a thick dark-red surface, and only very new leaves come out fresh and green. I have at last found some one who admires the plants and flowers as much as I do; it is Mrs. Seton Karr, *née* Cust."

"*Feb. 11, 1857.*—The General at Barrackpore made a good little speech to the Sepoys of the regiment, who are supposed to be rather disaffected on account of the new Minie cartridges, of which they complain on the ground that the grease used in making them up is

beef-suet, and that they cannot touch. There have been mysterious fires at all the places where detachments of this regiment have been quartered. It is not brought home to them, but they are strongly suspected of causing them, and they were overheard to grumble at the cartridges. Another rumour arose that the five men ordered from each regiment to Dum-Dum to learn Minie rifle practice, were brought there to be baptized. There seems an end now of these delusions, and they have leave to use their own grease, and it is all right, but it shows how very little gives offence.

“The China letters give an uncomfortable account of the great want of troops and ships to watch so much coast and to overawe the Chinese in Hong-Kong. They want enormous help from India in men and ships, actually asking for more Europeans than are gone to Persia in the first batch and the reinforcements together, and we have not a European to spare, or a steamer. The madness of beginning such a war without the means of carrying it on is quite unpardonable.

“The English papers seem to think the affair rather a fine thing, and not to understand that they have only yet heard of the first act of the drama, and that, to carry it on, enormous help from England is required. If the Chinese had a particle of courage, instead of only cunning, we might hear of some horrid massacre. As it is, I suppose the poor merchants and inhabitants of Hong-Kong may sit quietly on the watch for any number of months till help comes from England. Five hundred men have been generously spared by

the Governor of Singapore. Lately also a regiment was sent off from Madras, and Lord Harris got it under way incredibly soon; another regiment is to go, and a little artillery, but there is the greatest difficulty in sparing a steamer. . . . It is too hard for India to be expected to carry on a China war, as well as that in Persia."

"*Feb.* 14.—I appointed Mrs. Mason, wife of a Burmah missionary, to come and see me, and was much pleased with her simple, energetic, and business-like ways. She was thirteen years in Burmah, and has travelled hundred of miles amongst those wild tribes, and knows their language as well as English. They have a craving to learn. They worship evil spirits, or the spirits of the air they call Nats, but they believe in a Creator or Great God, and they have a tradition of the beginning of Genesis.

Some chiefs implored her to teach their sons, and at last she consented to take some. She made the chiefs mark out a rude map of their country on the ground, then, with a stick, she divided it into twelve parts, and undertook to take a boy from each, provided he would afterwards go and teach what she had taught him. The chiefs went away not liking this, but returned next day with the twelve wild youths of from seventeen to twenty years old, all speaking different dialects. With a native assistant catechist, she taught them to read and write the Gospel of St. Matthew, and now she says they are all teaching, and most of them Christians. She wants to set up a girls' school in Tonghoo. . . . I told her to send in her application

to Government. . . . Now you will all wonder at my taking up Baptist missionaries in this way, but I am sure it is not wrong. Here are these people, who were in the country before it belonged to England, who know the language, and have devoted themselves to teach and improve these strange people, and we have not yet *one* missionary there. We have chaplains for the Europeans, but they have work enough of their own, and it is a wide field, and time should not be lost. Mrs. Mason's husband translated the whole Bible into the Karen language, and he has been twenty-five years there—in Tonghoo. I am sure it is quite as good for Government to help mission-schools as to set up its own, and I hope it will always be done in new places.

"C. hardly rides once or twice a week now, and the other days he paces round and round the garden at a speed very good for him, but out of the question for me. I suggested a drive and a walk in a different air, not fresher, but changed. But it answered ill, for there are only dusty road-sides even in lanes three or four miles off, and such bad smells intermingled with such heavy sweet ones. The cotton trees are now in full flower—large high trees, without a leaf and with quantities of red magnolia-like blossoms."

"*Feb.* 19.—I went again with C. last night to walk in the Botanic Garden. In a wild part we found a straggling plant of the *Beaumontia* in full bloom. It is a sort of creeping *Datura* with bunches of enormous white bells. I never saw anything so lovely. It was

nearly wild, in a sort of boundary hedge of high bamboo."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Calcutta, Feb. 5.*—I wish I could send you a bough of the *Butea frondosa*, which came yesterday from the Botanic Gardens. It is a tree common in jungles of the other side of India. It always reminds me of pictures of the flames of a Phoenix Fire Office, or a fresco of souls in Purgatory—no leaves or branches show, and the colour puts one's eyes out. I must send home a drawing of it. I have a great wish to do a series of drawings of trees and flowers, but I have few to boast of at present. If I do them, I think I shall send them home to be mounted and kept in a portfolio, for everything spoils and fades so here, and you and Mama will like to see these wonders.

"Dr. Thomson, at the head of the Botanic Garden, is the man so often referred to in Dr. Hooker's '*Himalayan Flora*.' I squeeze out of him all the information I can, and he is most amiable in getting plants for me. Did you ever see a mangrove?—the sort of bush or small tree that covers tracts of land overflowed by salt water. It is an evergreen with a good large leaf like that of a *Kalmia*. I think the flower is white and not very remarkable, but the seed is curious: it germinates before it falls off, and it is so weighted as to fall neatly off, point downwards, at once into the soft mud, and grows directly.

"Mr. Grote—brother to the historian of Greece and *ci-devant* Radical member—is a great amateur of scientific things, and has lately sent me a most marvellous



collection of portraits of moths, grubs, caterpillars, and butterflies, drawn by a native artist, with pictures of the leaves they eat. They required to be looked at with a magnifying glass, so wonderfully are they done. He promises the creatures as well as their portraits, and has made many discoveries. If you wish to bespeak any microscopic curiosities, tell me what, and I shall ask him to get them."

*To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.*

"*Calcutta, Feb. 20, 1857.*—I am delighted with all my letters, and send Grandmama a scrap of thanks to herself, but to dear Aunt Mex and Aunt Caledon I can only send them to-day through you, for I am behind-hand with my letters, and my Royal one is still unwritten.

"The public seem curiously well content with this unnecessary Chinese war! but I think it has not dawned upon the people in England that the English in China can do absolutely nothing, and have no hope of finishing off the war and compelling the Chinese to accede to their demands, until an army comes from *home*, and plenty of steamers and gunboats. We can, with difficulty, spare a few Sepoys, just to enable them to keep a better watch at Hong-Kong. As to Persia, we must fear it will be a long business and a great one, but, depend upon it, it will be of more lasting value than an advance upon Herat. How very stupid people are in still talking of Herat as 'the key of India,' when five hundred miles of the most barren mountains and inhospitable country lie behind it. There are only about three passes in the whole chain of mountains where an

army can get through, and Herat does not command any of them."

*Journal Letter.*

"Feb. 21.—Yesterday was the Durbar for Scindia, the Maharajah of Gwalior, who has been here on a visit for some days, and a very grand affair it was. I believe about six hundred people had tickets to come to it—all official people and natives of a certain rank. The Maharajah went to the town-hall, and was fetched in our carriages by some of the staff, the road lined with soldiers, and a salute fired, and bands and everything to make it look gay. The Marble Hall, before the people arrived, looked as if it was prepared for family prayers on a magnificent scale—rows and rows of chairs down the sides, and even down the aisles behind the pillars. At the end were gold chairs for C. with Scindia on his right; the sirdars with him and his suite of fifteen people, also on the right, and natives all along. All the chief Europeans were opposite and behind in rows. Mrs. Talbot and I had a screen, with holes in it to peep through, and saw pretty well. The ceremony began by C. going to the end of the carpet to meet Scindia, and leading him up the room to his chair. Then every one sat down. A sort of conversation was carried on by interpreters, Mr. Edmonstone, the Foreign Secretary, and Major Macpherson, the Resident. Then the presents were brought in by servants. It looked very like a scene in a pantomime, for they came in as fast as they could, bringing jewels, and shawls and brocades and stuffs, and silver things, and clocks, and pistol-cases, and boxes like medicine-

chests, and all sorts of things, filling fifty-one trays. These were laid in two lines before Scindia till they reached nearly to the end of the room. Then the necklaces were put on him by C., and on the three chief men by Mr. Edmonstone and on all the rest by the Under-Secretary. After that, all the natives who have a right to be at the Durbar came up making their salaams, and always bringing a gift of a piece or two of gold in a handkerchief. This is merely touched and goes back again into the original proprietor's pocket, but the fiction of never approaching a superior without an offering is kept up, and so is the custom of leaving shoes at the door. The whole concern ended by the usual giving of attar of roses and a lump of pawn done up in gold paper."

"*Feb. 27 (?)*, 1857.—It is very good of you all<sup>1</sup> to be amused by what I have written to you, for it seems always the same over and over again, and very dull, but it may gain something in its long journey. I told you of peeping through the screen to see the Durbar for Scindia. Next day I was so weary with standing so long (for it lasted nearly an hour) and moving about to windows, that I took a quiet drive, not a very long one and round the circular road, leading past several burying-grounds. At one there was a stench so very bad that I thought the neighbours must get cholera: but we trotted by. That night my poor postillion, who rode the leaders, fell ill of it, and died in a few hours!

<sup>1</sup> Her mother and sister, with her grandmother and the aunts and Miss Heyland at Tittenhanger.

“On Monday night we had the great ball for Scindia. A good deal of thought and consultation was expended on the arrangement of seats, and at last we copied a precedent of Lord Dalhousie and had him received in state, saluted at the end of the ball-room by a guard of honour, and led up to a sofa on the right of the throne. Then we went in after the same fashion, talked to him a little, and established ourselves on the opposite sofa. He came to the ball in the plainest white silk suit, with only a few rows of pearls round his throat. Still he held a bundle of pale pink muslin. What that signifies, I cannot discover. Some of his sirdars carry bundles too. It is supposed to be a well-bred humility to go in humble *tenue* to great people's houses.

“He sat all evening in his stockings, and some of the sirdars barefooted. These up-country people always naturally take off shoes in rooms. He is greatly amused at sights, especially anything military: the steamers, and above all the railway charmed him. By supper-time he went away, and we had it downstairs, five hundred sitting down, and the Queen's health given: it was a very good showy ball, with a thousand people asked: and so ends the Carnival, for they are ready to admit, even here, that Lent is not the right time for balls. We have now had nine since we came from Barrackpore.

“On Ash Wednesday, C. went with the Council to return Scindia's visit. They all came back in pearl necklaces of different degrees, C.'s very large and showy, but of rather misshapen pearls and emeralds, with a barbaresque flat diamond ornament, and the youngest A.D.C.'s very poor and small, in the same

pattern. The officer of the body-guard, trotting along, broke his thread, and his pearls were scattered on the road. These fine things all go at once to the treasurer."

"*March 1.*—The anniversary of our arrival. It is difficult to believe it is a year, and yet I always feel as if it was a lifetime, and I had never been anywhere else. It is very monotonous, and sometimes very dull, but not without a great deal to interest one too, and a great deal to see with one's eyes, when one has an opportunity of looking. But day after day I ride the same way, and see the same people and the same carriages and ships and buggys, and say 'How Mrs. This is looking,' and 'How Miss That's horse goes,' and it is very dull. C. gets so bored with his ride, I can very seldom get him to come, and he walks full speed round and round the garden instead, at a pace I cannot attempt."

"*March 2.*—The strange feeling about grease in the cartridges is not over. It smoulders on, and some invalids of the 19th regiment at Berkhamptore were taken back to the regiment by some men of one of the two regiments first disaffected, and a mutiny nearly occurred. It was put down, but it will have to be taken notice of. The whole thing is evidently put forward mischievously, for no new cartridges were used, and the men were distinctly told when the new ones came they should grease them with grease of their own furnishing. In this Berkhamptore case they broke by night into the place where their arms were kept and took them. A few other troops were called

out, and they returned to their barracks, and put down their arms at their officers' orders, and the matter is now subjected to a court of inquiry. Some people think Oude men tamper with them, but it is not very probable."

"*March 3.*—News came from Bombay of a most successful march to surprise a Persian camp at Baza-goon. The Persians had fled before our troops arrived, and found their stores of all sorts. Returning, the Persians attacked the rear at night, and were afterwards driven off and dispersed utterly by cavalry, and seven hundred left dead, but only nine killed on our side. The march was made by General Outram only six days after he arrived, and he did the forty-three miles in forty-one hours. He had afterwards a very bad fall from his horse. . . . We have only telegraphic accounts of this success, but it is good news and may have an effect on the Shah.

"For two or three evenings I have found driving out to Garden Reach cool and pleasant, and the road watered. The yellow glow and green leaves are most lovely. C. rode yesterday, and as we passed along, there was Scindia taking a drive with three of his men and six more of those truculent-looking courtiers following in another carriage.

"Yesterday Major Bowie, who takes charge of the Ameers of Sind and other fallen princes, had notice that one had accidentally killed himself when out shooting the day before in a boat in the Sonderbund, where he used to go to shoot tigers and all sorts of game. His gun, charged with slugs, went off as he was



doing something to it, and he was dead in a moment, his little boy of seven years old standing by him, being covered with his blood. I have seen that poor little child—a most spirited little creature, with a strong will, who never would be left behind, so that when his father came here to balls, he would come too. Major Bowie says the scene was most tragic when he got to the house at Dum-Dum—men howling and tearing their hair, some sawing planks and making the coffin, and all the Sinde people about in consternation, the brother hastening on the funeral, and complaining that nearly twenty-four hours had passed and the corpse was still unburied, the other Ameers looking greatly horrified. The Ameer will be sent to Sinde eventually in a coffin sewn up in waxcloths.”

“*March 11.*—Mrs. Lushington came to see me and amused me much by an account of a puppet-nautch exhibited to her children, in which C. and I were represented by little dolls and took the prominent parts—getting in and out of carriages-and-four, sitting down in arm-chairs to see performances, &c. How Lou will be amused at this !”

“*March 14.*—Scindia’s fête was happily got over on Monday. It certainly was very pretty and exactly like something on the stage—landing in boats at an illuminated garden, where his people and servants made most picturesque groups, and the tents were full of gay company and uniforms. We had to sit by him, and C. went hand in hand with him, I following with Sir J. Colvile, who was sadly regretting being taken

away from his *fiancée*. The fireworks were tedious and long, and like all other moderate fireworks, except in two things: one, that everything being bamboo, the frameworks swayed and rocked about; the other, that numbers of imp-like figures, nude and slender, were skipping about, lighting and managing it all, and fluttering in the sparks and flames, instead of the sort of grey and drab jacketed workmen one would see in England. . . . Scindia sends two lacs of rupees to Juggernaut, to spare himself a journey there, but all his suite are gone on to perform their religious duties."

"*March 21.*—The heat has set in much more seriously than last year—hot winds such as I never felt before, and the thermometer at 91°.

"My birthday was celebrated pleasantly by the successful ending of the panic about the disbanding. C. was certainly very firm and right, for many people were for changes and new suggestions, and took fright at what was being done.

"On Friday Major Macpherson gave me a curious account of a celebrated male singer—'our Mario,' as he called him—how the King of Oude bribed him away, giving him 6000 rupees (£600) a month! and then promoted him to leave off his beautiful singing and to beat a little drum when the King danced, which highly improper amusement he indulged in every evening. At times the musician sulked, and wouldn't drum, and gave himself airs. I forget all the details of how Scindia paid his debts, and tried to get him back, and how men of Oude, with drawn swords, opposed his

departure, so that he stayed drumming in Oude till the fall of the monarchy. Now Scindia has him.

“He also told me curious things about the Madras Sepoys (a regiment there has refused to march, not having carriage provided for the families). He says each regiment is a colony, and the whole families travel about, so that each man has probably six souls to take care of—mother and grandmother perhaps, as well as wife, &c. When the day’s march is done, the poor man starts to go back, half way at least, to bring them up.

“All these days I have drawn flowers without end, very roughly, but still like.”

“*April 3.*—A great deal of nonsense is being spoken and written about the deficiency of the number of European officers in Sepoy regiments, so many being on staff and civil employ; but many of the most competent judges say this is entirely visionary as a cause of the present disaffection. No regiments are better than the irregulars, which have much the fewest officers, but always good ones, who care for their men and their work. The regular Sepoys, in time of war, know their officers’ worth, and have much to do with them, and value them enormously; but in time of peace they have little in common and little to do with each other, and their habits are totally different, so they get estranged. Many say that where there are few officers they have more to do, and those regiments are the best. In war, the full complement is required to lead their men, even a European sergeant has his value, and they count on being entirely led by Europeans; but in peace the

numbers are not wanted. Colonel Wheeler of the 34th is terribly given to preach ; so even if he does not actually preach to his men (which some say he does, telling them they must inevitably become Christian), he must keep alive the idea that they have not full liberty of conscience. Old General Hearsey, who has the language at his finger-ends, on the other hand, has again and again made his speech that our religion is in our *Book*, and that he would not have any one be a Christian who does not know what is in our Book ; that loss of caste goes no way towards Christianity, for they must know and believe what we do before we could receive them as Christians."

"*April 8.*—The great event of this fortnight has been the disbanding of the 19th regiment—rather an anxious business. . . . They marched quietly about nine days' journey down from Berkhamptore, but the regiments they were to meet at Barrackpore were not wholly sound: two half regiments, the 2nd and 34th, were known to be much disaffected, and some native papers were writing articles to excite them. The 34th men had originally instigated the mutiny of the 19th by telling them of the grease, &c., when marching back some invalids to Berkhamptore, and it was well known that they were in bad order and much disaffected. C. had sent for an English regiment—the 84th—from Rangoon and some artillery, and he was particularly anxious that this disbanding should be where the mischief began and act as a warning to others. It all answered, and was admirably done. But I ought to say that on Sunday (March 29) the

panic had greatly increased. A 34th man at Barrackpore made himself drunk with bang, took a sword and musket, and regularly 'ran amuck.' He wounded a sergeant, then stabbed the adjutant's horse and killed him, and wounded the adjutant, who was still entangled with his fallen horse. Some of the guard refused to seize him, but General Hearsey came out, and the man, who was raging about quite mad, was at last taken, having just at that moment shot himself. The good old General, in his wish for speedy information, would not put off an inquest till the man was dead, but held it at once. He has since recovered, and will live to be hanged, and the guard are all imprisoned. The disbanding passed off very well, and General Hearsey's speeches, they say, were very good. He was told, while some of the disbanded men were being paid, that some of the 34th had come with their muskets loaded, and some one suggested that this should be ascertained. But he would not allow it; he said all had gone quietly, and he would not have any reason given for disturbance. Of course the men who without orders had loaded would have resisted, and there might have been bloodshed and uproar. The force was large enough to have made resistance quite absurd, but as there was neither panic nor resistance, the giving up of the arms was a really impressive sight. It is a very great punishment to the men, especially to the native officers, who lose their pensions, and the (for them) high pay, which they can gain in no other way. The men were marched to the ferry, and while waiting to cross, ten men died of cholera. The doctors were left with them, and their tents, and they were

allowed to wait for their baggage and families, all of which favours they were touchingly grateful for. C. sent Captain Baring to see and report it all to him, and it was indeed good news to hear of it all so well over.

Since that, the two bad regiments have rather altered. One has come back into good-humour, and the other is worse than ever. The Colonel is said to be a great distributor of tracts, and to be in the habit of preaching in the bazaar (market), so they may have excuse in pretending to believe that they are compelled to become Christian. All mutinies have been on that idea—the one of Vellore, long ago, was on no other ground. Any tampering with their caste would be most dangerous, and a mere vague and untrue rumour of such a thing is enough. The story of the greased cartridges is still spreading; the General Order, it may be hoped, will stop it.

“There is an odd, mysterious thing going on, still unexplained. It is this. In one part of the country the native police have been making little cakes—‘chupatties’<sup>1</sup>—and sending them on from place to place. Each man makes twelve, keeps two, and sends away ten to ten men, who make twelve more each, and they spread all over the country. They all think it is an order from Government, and no one can discover any meaning in it.”

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, April 22, 1857.*—What a commotion you are all in, in politics and elections! but Lord Palmerston comes out again as the most popular Minister of modern

<sup>1</sup> Scones.



times. I admire his backing up his distant public servants, and teaching them to bear responsibility and not to shrink from it. . . . When he applied here for a *European* army, and not a single white man could be given him, he certainly seemed to us to have chosen his time ill. A regiment of Sepoys was sent at a moment's notice, and, with some troops from Singapore, they made Hong-Kong safe, but with the great population of Chinese, they must have been in great jeopardy there. I am rejoiced at the news of peace being true. The last event of the Persian war, the taking of Mohuma, must have been announced by the last mail. It was a most neat and successful performance, and I hope the Persians have learnt that we were in earnest, and so that much trouble may be spared in future.

"All our Sepoy troubles are over. People here were very cowardly about the whole business, but now one regiment is disbanded, and the other (the 2nd) has returned to a better state of mind, and it all seems ended. C. was very firm, and kept to all his arrangements, though many alarmists tried over and over to make him change them."

*Journal Letter.*

"May 5.—The fate of the 34th is disposed of. Seven companies are to be disbanded on Wednesday—the rest not, for they were at Chittagong, and the individuals who showed any signs of wish to do their duty remain.

"Last night we went to a ball on the Sardinian frigate. They had dressed it up quite beautifully, and it was delightful to look out upon the silvery river in

the bright moonlight. They have often 120 degrees of heat on deck.

"The telegraph of Mr. Denison as probable Speaker is a great surprise."

"*May 7.*—A most stormy dun-coloured sky. The intense black and wild thick brown clouds are quite unlike those of any colder climates, and really look awful sometimes. There was quite a sea on the river, and ships towing up with their topmasts struck, and some with signs of damage. We had a large dinner at night. . . . My pearls<sup>1</sup> made their first appearance, and I thought how my English friends would exclaim; but here none of course would think an observation respectful, so it fell flat. The most fearful thunder-storm came on as the people went away—rolls of thunder never ceasing, every now and then a flash like a shower of fire, and a deafening crack close by, the instant after.

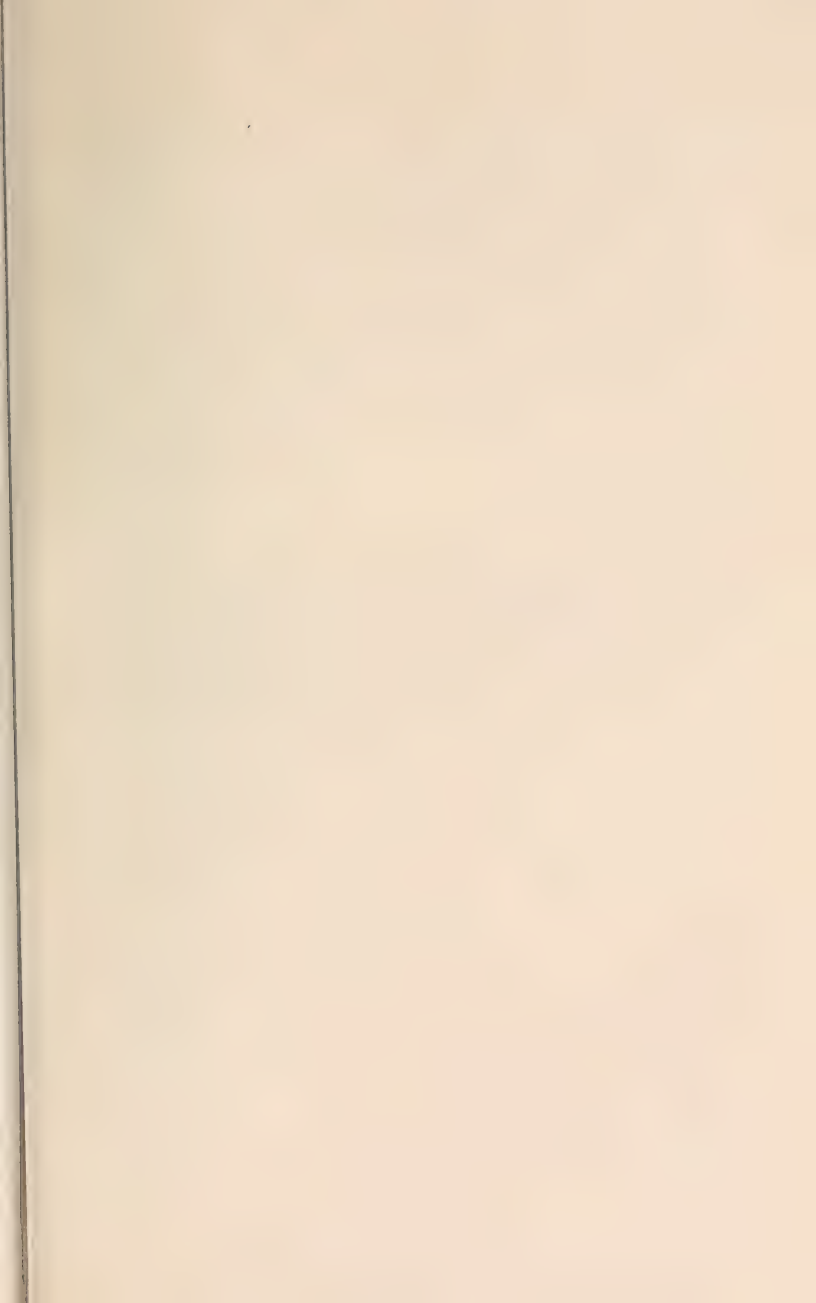
"The old Bishop has lent me a number of books, which he says are 'religious, but sober.'"

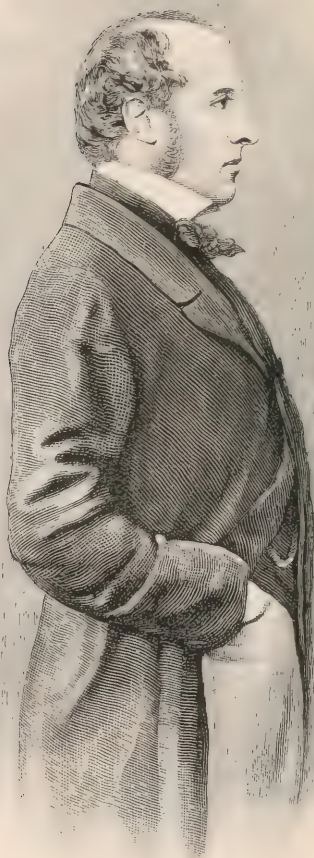
"*May 11.*—The park is in a charming state for riding, the grass a bright emerald green and the tamarind leaves all sprouting. . . . A report was brought in of a dead goat and kid. The first death was not accounted for till the kid was found carried away by an immense cobra! Happily, I have never yet seen a snake in my walks—only once when I was on horse-back.

<sup>1</sup> These five rows of fine pearls are now the property of Lord Canning's niece, Emily, Countess of Cork.

"I have seen a good deal of General Hearsey, and C. and I are to stand god-parents to a baby born during the disbandments. He is proud of his speeches, and well he may be, for the soldiers always obey them. When they were told to seize the Mongul Pandey, the Colonel could not make them stir, and poor Colonel Wheeler gave it up: General Hearsey they obeyed directly. The man knelt down and levelled his musket at the General. His affectionate sons were on both sides, and one exclaimed, 'Take care, papa. Papa, he's potting at you,' a modern piece of slang, meaning shooting a sitting bird, hardly by fair means. C. laughed so at this.

"An outbreak has occurred at Meerut. The 3rd cavalry has broken into the prison, and released eighty-five comrades imprisoned for mutiny; others have burnt houses and killed people, and were fired into and escaped."





CHARLES JOHN, VISCOUNT CANNING  
(From a Portrait)

## VI.

### THE INDIAN MUTINY.

“ Does the road wind uphill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

“ O may I join the choir invisible

Of those immortal dead who live again

In minds made better by their presence, live

In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

For miserable aims that end with self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,

And with their vast persistence urge men's search

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :

To make undying music in the world.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter to  
her Mother, Grandmother, and Aunts.*

“ *Calcutta, May 12, 1857.*—I returned this evening from Barrackpore, having gone there for two days, a little grumbling at C. for not giving himself even that change of air and semblance of holiday ; but I found things not so quiet as when I had gone away. A telegraph had come telling of a violent outbreak of the



3rd cavalry at Meerut, after the imprisonment of the eighty-five men who had refused the cartridges dealt out, and been tried by court-martial and sentenced to be publicly put in irons, imprisoned, and sent to work on the roads and ten years' hard labour. I never saw this telegraph, but it told of burning houses and fighting, and that the telegraph wire was cut, and the men escaped towards Delhi, and that they had released their comrades. It is by far the worst outbreak that has yet occurred. All the prisoners are also released, desperate characters, and I believe at least fifteen hundred of them."<sup>1</sup>

"*May 13.*—In the morning a merchant brought a quantity of native ornaments for us to choose from to be sent to the treasury for presents. C. came up to breakfast, and quickly made a choice and sent the man away, and soon put all such frivolities out of my head by showing me a terrible telegraph from Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor at Agra. It was vague, and one hoped exaggerated. The reports came chiefly from an engineer who had escaped from some place on the way to Delhi, and he spoke of the revolted troops having gone on there; that the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser, and Captain Douglas were murdered, and all Europeans said to be massacred; an artist named Roodes certainly killed, and firing all night heard at Meerut.

<sup>1</sup> The incompetency of the officers in command at Meerut was to blame for the success of the whole insurrection. After massacring the European population, the insurgents rode off unchecked to Delhi, forty miles distant, where, in one day, every European was murdered or put to flight, leaving the town in the hands of the Sepoys, and severing the line of communication between Calcutta and Peshawar.

"A council was held in order to empower court-martial sentences to be at once carried out without reference to other authorities.

"Later came a far worse telegraph, saying the King of Delhi<sup>1</sup> had sent over to Agra to say the regiments had sided with the insurgents and that the town was in their hands. The report that all Europeans were murdered was confirmed. Things were still quiet at Agra and Meerut. Regiments were ordered down from the hills, and messages sent to the Commander-in-Chief. Martial law was to be proclaimed in the Meerut division.

"I had a quiet drive with Major Bowie, and learnt much more than I knew before about Delhi. There never is a European regiment at Delhi, and yet the arsenal and magazine are there. The civil lines are four miles from the town, the powder-magazine is between the two on a hill, but the arsenal is within the walls: only native artillery guard it.

"There are very few European regiments. After Barrackpore, there is only one at Dinapore, in the valley of the Ganges: none at Allahabad, Patna, Benares, Cawnpore. Meerut is the greatest strength of all, and yet that has been unable, in the suddenness of the outbreak, to prevent burning and murdering and horrors."

"*May 14.*—The telegraphs from Meerut and Agra,

<sup>1</sup> Bahádur Shah, stripped of all active power, had been permitted to reside, with the pomp and ceremonial of a sovereign, in the palace at Delhi, though both Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning had exposed the danger of such an arrangement.

or rather telling of Meerut, are good. The Lieutenant-Governor writes with confidence. The Commander-in-Chief is begged to send down all the force that can be spared, and he is expected to head them himself. The Council sat, and sent on the Act about courts-martial to the Legislative Council to be passed and legalised at once.

"A package of shawls arrived from Delhi, sent to me by the poor man, Simon Fraser, of whose horrible murder we heard two days ago! We have no details of the massacre or list of names. The Lieutenant-Governor of Agra says the absurd stories of the wish of the Government to break caste and to convert are propagated everywhere and *believed*, and he is anxious that another Proclamation should be circulated. The General Order on disbanding the 34th has not yet reached those distant parts.

"C. and I drove round the Maidan. We had Captain Baring with us, and I made him tell us a great deal about his unhappy regiment. He says two-thirds of the men are Mussulmen, and would be most fierce if roused, but he has a good opinion of many of them. A letter he had some time ago gives the impression that the explanations given to them about the cartridges were never understood, and they were to be taught to tear them open with their hands, which, on horseback, is not easy. The new sort of Enfield rifles were never even brought there, but the men took objection to all cartridges. Only fifteen men of each company have carbines, or were intended to have the new rifles. The telegraphs come in constantly—all quiet around Agra, and Scindia entreating to be allowed

to send his troops, especially his dearly-beloved body-guard, and choicest horse-battery. As a testimony of good-will, they are accepted, and gone to Agra. This siding with us, in the present state of things, is of value in a Hindoo, Mahratta though he be."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"May 13, 1857.—We have no news by which to begin and tell you we are out of our troubles. . . . We are well, and keep in good heart, notwithstanding all the cares and dangers round about. I think it is all going better now, and it is really a comfort to feel that, though we thought the beginning so much less important than it proved, not one thing was omitted or put off that would have been done for the largest scale of insurrection; and now that the largest scale has arrived, there is not a thing to look back to with regret—all efforts were made at once.

"The Press, that lauded C. to the skies, and was really fulsome in its praise, now thinks him ungrateful and wicked, and full of every fault, and promises him the indignation of England. I think and hope people will be just, and see that he has done all that man could do. We shall not lose India. But it has been the worst shake it ever had, and, with the means at command, one could not have foreseen how it could possibly not have gone still more to the bad than it has."

*Journal Letter.*

"May 15.—We have had two days of *crise* and *coup-d'état*, of which I will give you a short history.

"At Friday's council C. announced his intention of

stopping the Press for a year, and only allowing it with Government licenses, and next day, at the Legislative Council, he passed a bill to that effect, all the members unanimously agreeing in the necessity for it. The native Press is more than seditious, and the climax has been the reprint of the rebels' proclamation at Delhi. The editors of two of these papers were prosecuted. . . . The English Press has been very bad—civil enough usually to C. himself, but running down others. That, however, is not the mischief: it points out all sorts of imaginary reasons and grievances as causes for mutiny, it spreads alarm, and shows up weakness, and gives information, which, translated, may do untold mischief amongst the natives. *The Friend of India*, a weekly paper that thinks itself as great here as the *Times* in London, one day gave a long detailed account of the position of the whole of the English troops and the tracts of unprotected country, and told exactly how vulnerable we were, and must remain till such and such reinforcements could arrive, and that they could not be here for a certain time. And this was put forth at the most ticklish moment, three weeks ago, and no doubt was instantly circulated and studied all over the country by the seditious. Treachery is not worse than such exceeding folly.

“A report of an intended rising when all Europeans were at church was brought to Mr. Talbot on Saturday, but we have heard so many reports, that it made no sort of impression on us. One cannot feel afraid here, where there are so few Sepoys and so many Europeans, and where the ships are full of strong hearty

sailors dying for a row, and the Bengalis are so weak and cowardly. I believe a class or two of servants—porters especially—are of the same race as the Sepoys, but on the whole there are few who are likely to think of rising here. The great jail is full of horrid characters, but a guard of Europeans is stationed there. We took a drive, and C. gave himself the relaxation of reading over my English letters, for we thought the ordinances against the Press enough for one day.

“At dinner, three officers of the 37th came, and the town-major. The latter arrived late, having taken a man who had been trying to tamper with the Sepoys in the Fort, and wanted to bribe one away, and enlist him for the King of Oude. The man informed, and was immediately promoted to be a havildar, and the King of Oude’s friend imprisoned. C. has been looking out for positive evidence to convict the King’s people, if not himself. It is clear they are taking advantage of the troubles, whether they originate with them or not.”

“*May 15, later.*—I went to-day to see if C. would come to early church with me in the Fort, and found him resting after having been up nearly all night. About 1½ A.M. there had arrived from Barrackpore General Hearsey’s son, with a letter to the Military Secretary, Colonel Birch, to say he had positive information that the brigade was to rise next morning. It was to be at four, and they would probably march on Calcutta. After all that had occurred elsewhere, he felt bound to take all precaution and give notice, and he had sent off a steamer to fetch the Highlanders from Chinsurah,



on the other side of the river a few miles above, and sent his son to give us warning. Colonel Birch had the Fort roused, and ordered down the body-guard to the house. The General's note was brought to C., who made all the staff get up, and sent off one of them to prevent the body-guard from coming here, ordering it off instead to Barrackpore, where it might do good and would cause no panic. The 37th was also sent there, and then—nothing happened! I found the congregation looking placid and undisturbed, but the two colonels were called away in the sermon, and when I arrived at home again, as I expected, they were shut up in conference with C.

“Some great strokes were impending. First, all the native troops at Barrackpore, Dum-Dum, and here, were to be disarmed at five; and next the King of Oude was to be seized and put into the Fort, if the prisoner's evidence sufficed. As to the disarming, it was a most distressing necessity. General Hearsey wished it, and certainly a very bad regiment—the 2nd Grenadiers—was at Barrackpore; but the 43rd, partly here, and part there, was excellent, and the 70th, the one that volunteered from Delhi, and was complimented by C. himself. They had not yet been moved, because the river had not risen enough to send them up in country boats, and steamers could not be spared: besides, natives do not like steamers, and to march the whole way, at this season, was too cruel to the officers. I was very sorry about this long delay, but they say it was well understood, and could not be helped. Now people will have it that they wished to go clear of the place, and, at three days' march, to murder their officers

and go on to Delhi. I cannot believe this. The 2nd mounted guard here till quite lately. We knew it to be bad, but believed it overawed, and so it was. Now we have a really good set.

"The disarming was very quietly done. The men—the 43rd and the militia—were told that there was no want of confidence in *them*, but that, after all that had occurred, it was necessary; and at first it seemed not so distasteful to them. Several small guards brought in their arms of their own accord, and it seemed to be quite a protection to them against their bad brethren. But it was really a melancholy sight to see even our poor sentries give up their muskets, and mount guard with only an iron ramrod. We keep them, and have the body-guard, who are still armed, as usual. All the evening C. saw the different people to be employed in getting hold of the King of Oude. The prisoner's evidence was quite sufficient, and he and his Ministers were brought away from Garden Reach and shut up.

"One of the officers who marched towards Barrackpore in the morning died of apoplexy. It was really the most sudden of all the deaths I have known here. He dined with us on Saturday quite well, and at dinner next day (Sunday) they were all talking about his funeral, which had taken place in the afternoon. His name was Captain Clutterbuck,<sup>1</sup> of a Northumbrian family.

"It was such a relief on Monday morning to hear how quietly and well the great exploit of the night had

<sup>1</sup> Son of Mr. John Clutterbuck of Warkworth, by his wife Mary-Anne, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Lyon.

been performed, and that the King of Oude<sup>1</sup> and his people were safe in the Fort. A large force of the 53rd and two guns, and some police, surrounded the villa at Garden Reach, about four miles off, and the boats of the war-steamers were on the river under the house: the steamers dropped down and anchored opposite. Mr. Edmonstone, the secretary, and several officers and two of our A.D.C.'s went with the force, and stationed it all round the place. Then at day-break they went quietly to the gate and asked for some of the people, put a guard with them, and then went on for others. The inside of the compound is now a town of matted huts, and a multitude of people were just beginning to wake up at the sound of the Muezzin calling to prayer. They certainly had not the least suspicion of what was coming. The very bad and intriguing Nawaub Alee Nukee Khan was with his harem at prayer. In time he came and was detained. Then they desired some of the people to ask the King to let them in. He sent word that he was in his bath. After half an hour he admitted them, and was found sitting on a low bed with gilt legs. He was told why he was sent for, and I think, from the account, he showed courage and answered well, denying having anything to do with seducing the troops from their allegiance, but said he was ready to go, as he was sent for. He was told to choose who he would take with him, and then the carriage was brought and he was driven off to the Fort, with Mr. Edmonstone and one of his own people. The others were taken in boats to the steamers.

<sup>1</sup> There has been no evidence since that the dethroned King of Oude had any part himself in the mutiny.

The King complained of being ill. They say he is a very horrid-looking man, bloated and of most unpleasant appearance. He became very low and cried like a child in the carriage, but they say he certainly showed no fear when he received his captors. Some dishevelled women<sup>1</sup> were rushing about, but on the whole the people seemed quiet, and not to have the least fear or idea of resistance, and the number of the King's followers has been greatly exaggerated. It is clear that they are deeply implicated in the plots; but the evidence is not easy to get at.

"The prisoner who was to be hung, I mean the man who came to tamper with the Sepoys, has escaped! He was put under an English guard, and wisely let them put on some of their own manacles, and, at a convenient opportunity, he slipped out of them with ease, and got away. I believe he pretended he had more to tell, and so the execution was delayed."

"*Saturday, May 16.*—C. was roused at night by a telegraph much more definite and particular than any. All was true, and more than we knew. The four regiments sent out from Delhi to meet the insurgents at once

<sup>1</sup> "The King of Oude had four wives and four hundred concubines. Whenever he saw a woman whom he fancied, she was sent for to the Zenana, washed and dressed. If she did not then please him, she was drafted into the female regiment who mounted guard there. He had female bheesties (water-carriers), sweepers, &c., and was rowed on his tank in a silver boat by women—strictly *en déshabille*! When he was dispossessed, all these four hundred women were left on our hands; he would not take or provide for them, so Government did, and deducted their keep out of his twelve lakhs' allowance."—*Colonel Stuart's Journal.*

fraternised and killed their officers. The 3rd had with them two other regiments, the 11th and 20th N.I. from Meerut, and some country people. All the Europeans in the civil lines are believed to be killed. There is said not to be one European left in Delhi. They set up a king, taking one of the old King of Delhi's sons. Lieutenant Willoughby blew up the arsenal himself, rather than let it fall into their hands: we hope he has escaped.

"Sir H. Lawrence writes spirited messages, as sanguine as possible in such ticklish circumstances. He wants full military powers, which meanwhile he has had sent to him, and he is now made Brigadier-General. I have been getting one and another to come and talk to me and tell me all they can, but there is really nothing to know but our telegraphs. From morning to night they come, and require instant answers. As no papers can wait to circulate, C. acts for himself at once, but has had the Council each day, both to see what has been done, and to determine on such measures as require the sanction of all, like those powers of life and death to courts-martial. Hitherto five native officers had been required, but now it is made legal for either Europeans or native officers to be convened.

"The messages from here have urgently pressed that not an hour should be lost in retaking Delhi. It seems it cannot be done so quickly as we hoped, as the force from Meerut will not suffice, until much increased by regiments from the hills. The anxiety here for friends is very great. The Lows have their son-in-law, Sir T. Metcalfe, in Delhi, and a poor grand-

child. Mrs. Gilmore, whom I like very much, a merchant's wife, has, she believes, a brother with a young wife on a visit there.

"I was told a story of a man up-country asking Mr. Money's son if he knew the new Lord Sahib. He said, 'No! what did he hear of him?' The man answered that every Lord Sahib came to do something—Lord Ellenborough to re-conquer Afghanistan, Lord Dalhousie to annex countries; I forget what of all the others, but that this Lord Sahib had come to convert them all. This wonderful notion prevails far and wide, and we have not a guess how it has arisen, but it is generally rife among the natives in the bazaars, and we have heard of it for about three months. We had a few people at dinner. I think the tone is that we are in a bad pass, but that it is not likely to last long. The Bhurtpore and Gwalior and Patiala and Jind Rajahs all loyally send their contingents."

"*Sunday, May 17.*—At church we had the prayer 'In time of war and tumults.' It is much more suited to our present troubles than in such a war as that in which we last heard it. C. did not go till the evening service at half-past six, which was illuminated by a storm as bad as any of this year. It burst just as we went into the church, out of clouds like ink and sepia, bordered with dust-clouds burnt-sienna colour. Happily one's nerves here are well trained by habit, and the preacher preached and the congregation sat listening as if a gentle breeze and drizzle went on, instead of sounds like the storm in operas, and rain like



shower-baths. When I came home in the evening, C. had just finished a Proclamation on the conversion topic: I hope it will have some effect in quieting minds.

"From Meerut we hear that the Roorkee sappers and miners, brought down as the most trustworthy men (who had given up an emissary sent to tamper with them), when they got to Meerut, suddenly rose, killed their captain who was in command, and tried to get off to Delhi. Fifty-six were cut down, and of the rest, many laid down their arms. Two companies were staunch.

"Of troops coming, we are to have the 35th Queen's from Rangoon in the *Oriental*, the Madras European Fusileers, and all that can be had from Bombay of the Persian army. More names of escaped people from Delhi are mentioned from Allyghur, and twelve officers and women and children."

"*May 18.*—An officer's letter from Meerut, written just after the attack, has been read to us. The poor man is quite unnerved, and expects to have to fight for his life and be very soon killed. They knew little from Delhi, but that some of the women and children had been heard of in an enclosure protected by two guns; and the same names occur in the lists of saved.

"Agra and Meerut and Oude are all quiet.

"The public here begins to be foolish and frightened: merchants in the bazaar hide their money and do no business. I pity the poor friends of the people at Delhi with all my heart. A Mrs. Johnson will sail

to-morrow without knowing if her brother, Lieutenant Thomason, is saved or not. His last letter to her was to say he was engaged to marry Miss Jennings. She, poor girl, and her father, are certainly killed. He was the chaplain, and the very man who was mentioned by Dr. Kay as the best chaplain in all India. A Semindar has protected the fugitives, and brought in three officers: five are reported as killed by a fierce tribe of Goojahs.

"Dr. Leckie tells me many stories. People come to him all day long with all kinds of tales, and they seem to be getting very much alarmed for themselves, and there are projects and petitions for arming and drilling on all sides. Dr. Leckie knows the natives well. He says as to grease, all animal substances *killed* are objectionable, unless the animal is killed in sacrifice. Goats and kids or anything killed before an image of Kali may be touched and eaten. *Ghee* or butter is the only animal grease they would willingly use. As to the cartridges, only in the schools of musketry, of which there are only three in all India, have greased cartridges yet been issued, and only to those who came to learn the new Enfield rifle practice. Each regiment sent up five men to learn, and the novelty of this arrangement certainly made a sensation amongst them. Reports were spread at one moment that they were to be baptized, and it has been the means of widely spreading the delusion about conversion, the moment the idea took root, that caste was to be destroyed by these cartridges. Then *all* cartridges came to be suspected, of whatever they were made, and the 19th at Berkhamptore refused the old blank

cartridges left by the last Sepoy regiment at that station.”<sup>1</sup>

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (separately).

“*Calcutta, Monday, May 18, 1857.*—I feel sure that a terrible telegraph will have shaken the nerves of all England about India, and yours amongst the rest, and you must be quieted by my true accounts. We have a very disagreeable state of things and plenty of anxiety; but every one is in good heart, and we trust all will be right again soon, and things put into a wholesomer state than before. We have thought this country so very secure, that the number of English troops has been allowed to dwindle, and spread over such a wide surface, that in many parts there are none at all, and we never dreamt of the good quiet Sepoys suddenly becoming so unmanageable.

“All our troubles down here in Bengal were quite over, and we did not think much of some fires in the North-Western Provinces, only one refractory cavalry regiment, of whom eighty-five men refused the new cartridges for English or Minié rifles. Remember always that the cartridges had no grease at all on them, and the men were to put on what they pleased, and to tear them with their hands. Either they misunderstood this when it was told to them, or it was merely a pretext. It ended in disobedience and imprisonment. This was the beginning, and from about

<sup>1</sup> The impression had spread through the Sepoys that the British Government meditated a wholesale conversion by the simple process of rendering them, by pollution, outcasts from their own religion.

eight days ago we have only telegraphic accounts, of which alone I can tell you. . . . The prisoners were rescued by their comrades, and then were joined by others, and by two regiments, who killed their officers and got away from the large station of Meerut, where English troops are, to Delhi, where there are none but Sepoys. Firing went on at Meerut all night. Then for a time the telegraph was cut, and we only heard round by Agra : it was restored on Saturday.

“At first, rumours of a massacre of Europeans at Delhi reached Agra, and soon after real information arrived that the Sepoys, sent to meet the insurgents, joined them and murdered their officers. The other regiments joined them, and so did the native artillery, and the arsenal and magazine were blown up by a young Lieutenant Willoughby, to save them from falling into their hands. We have since heard that some women and children were put in an enclosure protected by two guns, and it is hoped they were saved, but many lives were lost.

“The town is nearly four miles from the cantonments, and there are not many Europeans in it. Still some say there were nearly 200. Just now the escape of some is reported, and by degrees we may hear of more saved ; but no doubt it was a dreadful slaughter, and a most sudden and unexpected one. A few merchants, some missionaries, and a newspaper editor and press were there, besides the magistrates, judge, doctors, assistant-magistrates, and officers of Sepoy regiments, &c. Many people here are in great anxiety.

“I was forgetting to say that these insurgents actually

set up the son of the King of Delhi—the shadow of the Great Mogul—who lives there, as king. The old King, I suppose, wishes to keep well with both sides, and wrote to complain he was in the hands of the insurgents.

“Regiments are moving down from the hills, and I suppose the Commander-in-Chief will go with them towards Delhi as soon as possible. It is most fortunate that he is in that upper part, amongst all the troops, and ready to act. Umballa, where Sir H. Bernard is, is close to Simla.

“The accounts are good from other places, but some time must pass before there is a feeling of security against the flame bursting out elsewhere, and we must be prepared for horrors when the English troops meet those traitors who killed their officers in that terribly murderous way.

“I suppose all is sure to be published, and you will know just as much as I do: indeed, more will be telegraphed across by Bombay. A regiment is coming up from Madras, some from Burmah, and now Persian peace is ratified, more will come from thence; and there is always the possibility of laying hands on the troops bound for China. C. sends an officer to meet Lord Elgin to prepare him for it.

“He has put forth a Proclamation contradicting the absurd reports of the intentions of Government to tamper with religion and caste: this being not only for the army, but for the bazaars and the whole population. Oude is, as yet, all right, and Sir H. Lawrence stout-hearted about it: it is an excellent thing that he is there.

"The season is very bad for moving troops—Europeans can march so little these hot nights, and the river is so low, and distances so enormous. The telegraph is an immense help, and must have effect on the people, who must feel so surprised to know how soon their misdeeds are heard of and acted upon. Martial law in the Meerut division, and additional powers to courts-martial, were proclaimed everywhere at once.

"C. is happily quite well, but looks worn and very tired; indeed, these telegraphs at all hours keep him perpetually at work; but he keeps up his spirits very stoutly. Scindia has behaved very well, offering all his little army, and the moral effect of these Hindoos must be very wholesome on the cartridge side of the question. Other Rajahs are giving their help too. I believe some days must still pass before Delhi is attacked, and every day is of importance; but it cannot be helped. The Meerut force alone is too small, and the 6th Dragoons are not mounted.

"Do not for a moment fancy *us* in any danger."

"*Calcutta, May 19, 1857.*—The *Assaye* is saluting, so we shall soon have news. The whole European population has been out this morning at the volunteers' first public parade—such a force of buggies and carriages as might overawe any number of natives: it must have been a most amusing review. It came across me that if the 'Budmashes' had any sense, that was the right moment for plunder; every man, every sort of arms being, for an hour or two, at least a mile away.



"The mounted volunteers have been patrolling every night for a week, much to their own amusement and satisfaction. I am told it has a reassuring effect upon many nervous minds.

"I find a whole heap of telegraphs from interior stations: very bad indeed in general. All Oude seems risen. Only Lucknow and Cawnpore and Allahabad are held. In Bundelcund there is alarm, and I cannot tell how many poor people implore the help of a hundred or two of Europeans. But, till the Delhi force is released, there is no possibility of giving more help. Every man is pushed up who can be sent—by bullock-trains, steamers, and dâk carriages, and the small detachments are often reported as cut off, though happily! I do not believe such a thing has happened yet anywhere.

"I am so sorry to hear of the death of such a very fine-looking brave officer, a Colonel Ficher, a man born in the country, *not* half-caste, but who had never been out of India, and knew the language exactly like a native, and was supposed to have been adored by his men. His murder at Sultanpore is true. He had an Oude cavalry regiment, I believe. A Sir Norman Leslie and two or three others at a wild place in the jungles called Roonee, when quietly sitting at tea at night, were suddenly fired into and killed: not by their own men, however, but by some of the marauding Sepoys.

"In short, the horrors are universal. I am sure they will make a great sensation in England, and I hope no effort will be spared to send help. I think some Malta troops might come very quickly, if we

could send ships to meet them at Suez. I want C. to do this. The China force may begin to drop in soon. We have already got all else that is available—four whole regiments, two more than half ditto, and three or four detachments of artillery, and one regiment has gone up the Indus. That is a good deal to have collected from a distance in a very short time, none from nearer than Madras or Rangoon: we are dreadfully short of horses.

“You will see plenty of savage articles in the newspapers, and they threaten, of course, that much worse are sent home. That is natural enough. I am sure C. was right in dealing with the English Press and the native alike. One paper alone is sensible and satisfied, and that is a native paper, written in English, called ‘The Hindoo Patriot.’ It is often much the best written paper here, and the language is surprising, as it is all written by Hindoos. It makes no pretence of liking English dominion, but looks on it as a necessity, and makes the best of it. I suppose it does not know if it would be classed as ‘native’ or ‘English,’ and prefers to keep well with us, so approves of what is called ‘the Gagging Act.’

“General Havelock dined here last night. He is Adjutant-General of the Queen’s troops, and fresh from Persia—a wiry little old man, covered with medals. It is a great pity he was away from the army in the north-east: he goes up to it at once. General Grant thinks the whole thing will quickly come right after Delhi falls. And here is the 19th of June, and we do not yet *know* it, though it probably happened on the 9th.

“You may like to know that General Grant brings up a very good account of the Madras Presidency, and letters report the same. The army there is perfectly sound and loyal, and longing to be used up here. In Bombay, it is not quite so certain, for there are many Hindoos, but still it seems well affected. The riots at Broach and Surat are purely local, and between Parsees and Mahometans, and not political. They happen rather often. Parsees are rich fat merchants and peaceable as Quakers. They are provoking, and a good excuse to fall upon them and plunder them is not likely to be neglected. One of these riots originated in strong provocation on the Parsee side. I believe they polluted a mosque by throwing in some abomination, such as a dead pig.

“The salute I mentioned was for the Persian peace. What an old story that seems now. I suppose the ratification has only just now officially arrived. Sometimes one wonders what would have happened if that war had lasted. I do not feel sure that we might not have been spared the mutinies, if the Bengal army had begun to be moved and to volunteer. As it was, till lately, only three regiments could be ordered to general or foreign service across the sea.

“The Nizam lately died, and the Resident at Hyderabad had instructions to put his son on the Musnud instantly. This has had excellent effect, and stopped all rumours about annexation: a few days’ interval would have been enough to raise the idea, but there was not a moment’s delay.

“I have little to say for separate letters, so I hope

Mama, and Lou, and Harriet Clanricarde, and Eliza Stratford, and the very near circle of Tyttenhanger, will read this, and I need not tell our sad and weary history over again."

*Journal Letter.*

"May 19.—All the reports are quiet.

"An officer is sent to Galle with letters to Sir H. Ward, asking for what European or Malay troops he can spare, and his mission is also to waylay Lord Elgin and General Ashburton, for C. sends an urgent request for the Chinese army. They have waited so long at Hong-Kong that three or four months more cannot much matter, and they have great reinforcements already arrived at Canton. Ours is a much more urgent case.

"The panic here becomes more foolish, and revolvers are bought by every one, and the Freemasons and clerks, and employés of all kinds, want to be formed into regiments and yeomanry. There is not the least cause for fear here, and it is quite absurd to see how people who ought to know better set an example of fear, which must have a bad effect on natives. Many people wish us to put off the ball on the Queen's Birthday—the 25th. I would not for an instant suggest such a thing. It may not be a cheerful ball in this time of anxiety, but we ought not to appear in a state of mourning for this temporary outbreak, and above all things not to seem to give in to the Indian notion of Delhi being the capital, and belonging only to the sovereign. It is uncomfortable to think that the rebels will certainly have it a fortnight. But their reign ought not to be longer. Some say three weeks.

"Very Pickwickian remarks are sent in, such as a report from an officer that he 'saw no soldiers bathing this morning.'

"A very bearded Captain Rattray arrived from the Santal jungles to say his corps of Police Seiks begged him to come and ask for leave to go up to Delhi and kill all the mutineers, offering to go all the way by double marches. Their offer is hardly to be accepted, as it would take them two months to get there, but they will be made use of, and sent probably to Patna."

"*May 20.*—Meetings and loyal addresses are taking place every day, and personal services offered. The writers are thanked, and begged to give their names and addresses to be enrolled as special constables, but told that their services are not required at present. There are stories of prophecies of Brahmins of our rule lasting a hundred years (Plassy was June 25, 1757), and other stories about the fall of Brahminism, and that Jupiter and Venus were this year foreboding its last chance. For the ball to-night they have all sorts of foolish tales of danger. It is the end of Ramazan, and on that night—the first of the new moon—the fast ends and the feast begins, so I say they ought to be in good-humour. The Hindoos have a feast too. Some people come and ask if we go to sleep every night in the Fort, or if we have a hundred Europeans to guard us. We do everything as usual, and have the body-guard and the 2nd Grenadiers. The last was disaffected, but is said to be cowed and penitent. The body-guard, fine tall picked men, with three or four

medals apiece, are, I am sure, entirely trustworthy, and they laugh at the cartridge stories. There is a whole English regiment in the Fort.

"Just coming into the garden from my ride, one of the dust-storms overtook us, and it really felt like a violent blow, so suddenly and with such force did it hit one: the cold of it was very pleasant.

"The last invention is that the Governor-General wishes to pollute the bathing-places by throwing in beef. So the story of yesterday was perhaps true: but the police magistrate says people are bathing as usual to-day in the river. The Commander-in-Chief has at last been heard of. He is two hundred miles from the telegraph at Agra, and has not thought of sending messages that way, so his letters are very old. This is of the 13th, only knowing of Meerut. He had ordered down two regiments, and would go himself when he knew where it seemed best, and was in fear for Delhi."

"*May 21.*—Ascension Day. Went to early service in the Fort. The details, now that letters begin to arrive from Meerut, are terrible. The poor young bride Mrs. Chambers was murdered by wretches from the bazaar after the soldiers were gone on. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald were cruelly murdered, but a faithful Ayah huddled up their three little children and carried them in a shawl to the bazaar, and kept them there till some one heard of the poor white babes, and inquired whose they were. Some servants behaved admirably. A Mrs. Greathed, sister to Mrs. Edmonstone, the wife of the Foreign Secretary, was alone,



and her servants would not let her run away out of the house, but begged her to go to the top of it, and they opened all the doors and windows, and received the Sepoys, and said the 'Mem Sahib' was not likely to have waited for them, and had run away, and so got rid of them (after they had set the house on fire), and brought her down in safety, and hid her all night in the garden. We have heard that the servants threw the man—a butcher—who killed Mrs. Chambers, into the burning bungalow and would not let him escape, but this story is contradicted, though I believe it is true that some of the wretches have been seized and hung.

"There is no doubt now that poor young Willoughby, who blew up the arsenal, lost his life in the act. He piled together all that could be collected, and they say 1000 people were blown up: but really and truly nothing whatever is yet known of Delhi. The Benares news is good. We have never believed a report of a massacre there. The telegraph must, if it brings news at all, bring it faster than any other way. Some of the Queen's 84th go by fast *dâk* in small detachments to Benares—eighteen a day only at first, and afterwards twenty-four a day; but they travel fast. The bullock-train carries a hundred thirty miles a day—faster than marching, but deplorably slow for such long distances. The river is little use, for it is necessary to go round by the *Sonderbund*, now that it is so low, and the distance is immense. The hundred miles of rail from the present line to the Ganges will not be finished for long, for the contractors are bankrupts, and it does not go on, and the bit of

country about there is difficult; but when that is finished, it will be an enormous benefit.

"Allahabad is one of the most anxious cases: it is very important and there are no Europeans. Some invalids from Chunar have been sent to it, and there are some very good Seiks."

"May 22.—A difficulty about firing the *feu-de-joie* on the Queen's Birthday is rather absurd, but continues, and many wise heads warn C. against it, because blank cartridges must then be served out to 250 of the native regiment in the Fort. It seems folly to expect any difficulty, as this regiment must know the rights of the case so well, that it would be merely for the sake of disobedience if they refused them, and with such a number of Europeans by their side, this is not probable. Any mistrust shown or difference made, C. thinks would be most unwise.

"Allyghur is gone. The 9th mutinied quietly and did no mischief, but its officers could not stop the men, and they went off to Delhi. Four companies at Mynpoorie have since done the same. This is the regiment that went all over India with Lord Dalhousie and was believed to be one of the very best. This last business cuts off the Meerut telegraph; we only have it now to Agra.

"A most remarkable letter has come from the Benares Commissioner, Mr. Tucker. He and Colonel Gordon, and the judge and magistrate, all agree that their safety lies in a show of perfect confidence, and not a suspicion of alarm. They have a good Seik regiment and a shaky Sepoy one, and no Europeans, and the

town is one of 400,000 inhabitants of the most fanatical Brahmins and Hindoos. They have coolly and deliberately determined to sleep in their bungalows, and go about unarmed, and do exactly as usual, and they only beg it should be known, if it fails, that this line was determined upon deliberately and as the best, and that it is not apathy and thoughtlessness that takes them unprepared. Allahabad is far more important, and the measures there do not seem quite so wisely taken, but one cannot well judge. Cawnpore is very important also. Sir Hugh Wheeler, a most admirable general, commands the division: they have but fifty Europeans from Lucknow, and three native regiments. Sir H. Lawrence is most stout-hearted and doing quite admirably: he says they have only external influences to fear. The Madras Fusileers are arrived, at least as many as the *Zenobia* steamer could carry.

"The Meerut letters are said to be full of fear. It is very strange. They have artillery of all sorts and two English regiments, yet the mutinous Sepoys get away, for the lines are straggling. The 11th did not wish to join the mutineers, but they had not their arms, and their Colonel would not let them have them: then some of the 20th fired two rounds into them, and killed the Colonel, and they went off towards Delhi.

"Some of the disbanded 19th have now become police, and Sir J. Colville hears from a relation that a good old native officer of that deluded and repentant corps says they are all subdued now at Barrackpore, that the 43rd and 70th are quite to be trusted, and that the predominant feeling is a superstitious terror of

General Hearsey—and no wonder, with his voice of thunder and old giant figure ! ”

“ *Sunday, May 24.*—Went to early church in the Fort, and again in the evening with C. The telegraphs are good, Cawnpore apparently the most anxious place. . . . The heat is really dreadful between the storms, and there cannot be a worse time for Europeans to march. The 27th is the most reasonable day to expect troops to get to Delhi. It is 120 miles from Umballa, and ten miles a night is as much as they can do. They marched, I suppose, on the 18th. General Anson went on the 14th to Umballa.”

“ *May 25.*—The Queen’s Birthday. The morning guns from the Fort and steamer woke me, and I listened for the salute at real daylight, and hurried to a south window to try and see what happened at the *feu-de-joie*. The Queen’s 53rd was drawn up like a red wall on the rampart facing this way, and the native regiment, in its white summer clothing, continued the line. The dotted line of flashes went duly from end to end, long before I could hear the sound, but I knew then all had gone rightly : it would have been a disagreeable occasion for punishing. Good messages came all day long, and when I went out for my drive, the very thin line of new moon was quite visible, so the Mussulman’s fast was over, and they were already feasting, and not dreaming of tumults.

“And so passed this much dreaded birthday. The ball was a very fair one, considering all the absurd stories circulated to frighten away the guests. The

respectable and serious made a point of coming, and a number of natives, very few Armenians and half-castes. They are thoroughly frightened, and a story goes about of two houses provided with revolvers, &c., to the amount of 150 and 120 barrels! They asked if the European guard of honour should wait below, after presenting arms as we came into the room, but this was not to be thought of, and everything was done exactly as usual. Of all occasions, such a ball was the most absurd on which to expect an attack, with all the officers armed, and the enemy obliged to come up two pair of stairs in search of us. I believe about 650 people came.

"The Lieutenant-Governor of Agra seems very much afraid of the effect of great severity in punishing the mutineers and those men holding Delhi, and dwells very much on the prevailing notion that they are martyrs to their religion, and that many quiet well-disposed persons have followed them from fear. C.'s instructions to the Commander-in-Chief have been made more full and explicit as to those whose submission cannot be accepted unconditionally, if they come out and wish to lay down their arms."

"*May 26.*—The Lieutenant-Governor of Agra has, of himself, put forth a Proclamation offering pardon to all who lay down their arms—'excepting only instigators of the disturbances, and those who have committed heinous offences against private persons.' This is a most unfortunate move, both ill-timed and ill-worded. It cannot be right just now to seem to show fear, and to this such mercy will be attributed,

and the Proclamation is so worded that even men who have murdered their officers may expect to escape unharmed, if they like to go home. A letter of the Commander-in-Chief from Umballa on the 15th tells of mutiny at Ferozepore. One regiment got away, and was shot down, and another laid down its arms. Three regiments were, I believe, disarmed at Lahore. We hoped the Punjaub would be safe, and still it is not clear if the disarming was not a precaution of Sir J. Lawrence's. Mussulmans, Hindoos, Armenians, French, &c., send in loyal addresses: those from Hindoos will do good when circulated."

"*May 27.*—C. brought me up a petition from the 70th N.I. at Barrackpore, which has delighted him. In answering one of the addresses, he had alluded to the unfairness of supposing the whole army of Sepoys to be disaffected, and had said there were many whose good name he was bound to protect. The papers had rather attacked this. Here there is a case in point. The 70th begs to be led against the rebels at Delhi. The whole of the native officers and men have signed the petition. C. *will* send them, and will go to Barrackpore to tell them so, in a speech on parade.

"All at Cawnpore is ready for defence if required. A few of the 84th begin to arrive there: but it is really like sending reinforcements in teaspoonfuls, though in great numbers. These 700 or 900 miles would take months to march."

"*May 27, later.*—This was the day we hoped the force would get to Delhi, but we have no certain news.



C. has sent off a Proclamation to supersede Mr. Colvin's, if possible. Mr. Low has sent in delight a telegraph to announce the escape of Sir T. Metcalfe.<sup>1</sup> The Gilmore brother and his wife too had accidentally left Delhi two hours before the insurgents arrived, and were in safety. Dunkellin went to Barrackpore to settle all about the parade, and the carriages are ordered at 3½ A.M. for C. and the staff. This will make rather a sensation. My horse 'Tortoiseshell' is announced to be the best for C. to ride."

"*May 28.*—C. was back from Barrackpore by half-past eight. The parade was assembled without the troops knowing the reason of it, and it seems they were quite taken aback and amazed, and as Sepoys do not cheer, I thought it sounded as if it had been rather flat. C.'s General Order was read, and he stood up in his stirrups and made his speech. General Hearsey translated it paragraph by paragraph. The men's faces looked pleased, but at the time there was no particular demonstration.

"We heard afterwards that they had been quite astonished, and that their pride and delight at the great honour done them was unbounded. The jealousy of the 43rd—a regiment just as good—was great, and they wished to vie with the others in a loyal demonstration, so they have petitioned to be immediately served with Enfield rifles and cartridges for their rifle company, and the remains of the 34th, who were not disbanded, petition to be sent to Delhi. Tortoiseshell

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, agent to the Governor-General at the Court of Delhi.

misbehaved at the royal salutes, and after about twelve guns C. changed with an A.D.C. to be sure of a quiet *monture* to speak from. It was as well he did, for Tortoiseshell never recovered his composure.

“Certainly Sepoys are the strangest of people. That 9th regiment I have mentioned at Allyghur was believed to be one of the best in all India. A Brahmin came to try to get them to mutiny, and proposed to murder all Europeans, and they seized him and gave him up: he was hung on their own condemnation and sentence. As soon as the execution was over, another Brahmin stepped forward from the ranks, and said the dead man was a martyr, and that he ought to be hung for the same reason; and, on hearing him, the men all turned, refused to obey their officers any more, and quietly took possession of Allyghur. The other companies of the same regiment at Mynpoorie were for a time kept in order by a quite young officer, who said they might kill him if they pleased, but he should stay. Then others stayed, and certainly no prisoner was released, and the treasury was not robbed, though the men could not be kept to obedience. Another story I think striking is that one of the officers of the 3rd cavalry was saved and protected by his men—the very men who were released from the jail at Meerut, and whose putting in irons stirred up the revolt. Now, it is said that there was a plot for all Sepoys to rise on the Queen’s Birthday, but that the Meerut affair began the revolt sooner than was intended. This may or may not be true. What is believed by many people, however, is the probability of this being really a Mussulman movement, and that they have made the Hindoos

their tools, and work on their religious prejudices. Every regiment is full of Oude men, and they may be the real movers.

"I keep reading the old narratives of mutinies, Vellore<sup>1</sup> especially: it is so curiously like this, but this is all far worse. We shall prevail, and crush this mutiny very soon and very effectually, that I trust firmly; but there is a great deal before us, and the remodelling of the army that must follow will be a most serious undertaking.

"Some more particulars have come by letter about the beginning of the Meerut outbreak. The Carabineers never reached the jail till after the mutineers had opened and left it, for they actually *missed their way to it!* It is an unaccountable story. The lines are over a great extent of ground, but it all began before six in the evening, and they never even overtook and cut down the regiments on foot. It is full forty miles to Delhi from Meerut, and the first night the rebels did not shut themselves up in the town, but slept in the cantonments outside! If men of energy had been at Meerut, all this weary suspense would, I really believe, have been saved; but I suppose I ought not to say this till we know more. The rising of the bad characters in the bazaar and the fifteen hundred from the jail may have given the commandant the idea that the whole country was up, and that the cantonments could not be left with a small force. Still, if it had been

<sup>1</sup> The mutiny at Vellore, in the Madras Presidency, had occurred fifty years before (1806). The prompt and severe action of Gillespie, commander of a British regiment in the neighbourhood, prevented it from becoming a general outbreak.

asked before, 'Which place in India is best protected by European force against an outbreak?' I believe any one would have answered 'Meerut.' For three days we hugged ourselves with the idea that the European force there was strong enough to do anything, but as it is, the whole surrounding country is in a state of confusion and the prey of robbers. The telegraph to Agra is again broken, and the dâks have ceased to arrive."

"*May 30.*—Gwalior has been a little doubtful, but the Maharajah is perfectly staunch, and most of his army, and the alarm has passed. The Lucknow message of the 29th was 'All's well,' and Cawnpore is all right too. It is disappointing to hear that the force under the Commander-in-Chief had not moved on so soon as we hoped. He was at Umballa on the 22nd: the advance was gone on to Kournal, and we have since heard that two regiments were seen there.

"Sir H. Lawrence's tone was changing to anxiety to hear of the fall of Delhi, as it would be difficult to keep minds quiet much longer. A native collector had been killed at Lucknow in settling a dispute. At Cawnpore, Sir H. Wheeler has got all in good order. An officer's letter telling of the first sending reinforcements there is most graphic. They put fifty European soldiers into carriages, and he rode with some irregular cavalry, I believe more than forty-five miles the day, starting at six and arriving at eight. It was a wonderful feat, in this burning sun. The commandant, Sir H. Wheeler, is a man of energy, and they say his influence with the Sepoys is very great. He and four others live in their houses: every one else has crowded

to barracks, and a scene of confusion is described of women and children and people from all the country round taking refuge.

"Patna is one of the great towns without European force; but the civilians there are behaving wisely, and have met quietly and settled how to defend themselves in case of need, where to assemble and on what signal. The opium warehouses ('go-downs') on the river would be their place of refuge, and they are within easy distance of Dinapore, where there is a European regiment. The alarm for Patna seems past."

"*May 31, Whit Sunday.*—When I returned from the early service in the Fort, C. had before him a series of most gloomy telegraphs. One said that the Commander-in-Chief had sent for siege-artillery to Phillour beyond Lodiana, and could not arrive at Delhi till . . . the word was blank! We sent to the office, and they said it should be the 9th. We sent back, hoping it meant 29th, but no, they say it is really the 9th. Anything is better than the very smallest reverse, but this long suspense holds the country in dangerous excitement, and if Oude stands it, it will be marvellous.

"Sir H. Lawrence reports an *émeute*—two or three officers killed, amongst others Brigadier Handscombe. Only twenty-seven of the 7th cavalry are reported unfaithful, but it may be bad. In the evening he telegraphed that two half-regiments were gone and the rest of the 7th. He chased them and took some prisoners, and dispersed them. Much of the cantonment is burnt!

"When Delhi is taken, we have little fear but that all will do well, even if Oude falls away and has to be

retaken. Troops will come now in a few days from Bombay and Burmah : the gales are all fair !

"The public is always behind-hand in its fears, and, after all the disarming, it has taken to great alarms. People went and slept in the Fort and on board ship, and some districts were absolutely deserted. Revolvers and muskets are popping off all day and all night, till one is quite used to the sound. Letters from up-country tell of more horrors. Allahabad was dreadful. Though we had heard *all* were in the Fort, it is clear that this was not the case, and some merchants and a poor French family were massacred, with every horror imaginable. The officers there were shot as they came out from mess unarmed, one by one."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Tuesday, June 2 (?)*.—The disarmed Sepoys are downcast and miserable, and are found selling their clothes and deserting. The disarming was a necessity, and a very hard one, but it has shown how very difficult it is to manage them.

"A most curious event happened one night : a carriage drove so violently into the Fort, that the sentry stopped it. It was found to be full of Persian papers of the most seditious kind, belonging to the King of Oude's people. It seems to have been his carriage, and to have been driving along the road from up-country towards Garden Reach, when a party of drunken sailors, who pretended to patrol, and were stopping all carriages, called out after this one, and frightened the horses, pretending to be indignant at their not stopping. Two men, natives, jumped out of the



carriage and ran away, and somehow the horses accidentally turned into the Fort, or else the sailors drove them in. At any rate, this prize actually rushed in, apparently of its own accord. One paper, which a man had tried to tear up, gave the disposition of the Bengal army. These drunken sailors have done good service.

"General Grant has arrived from Madras, and brought us the news of the taking of the heights above Delhi, and twenty-six guns on the 8th, and all being ready for the siege. I now find you had this by last mail, so the worst of the suspense in England will have been but one fortnight, and we have had five weeks and more of it. The telegraph from Agra to Madras is all right, but I believe the news comes round a still more complicated way, by the far north and Bombay. A new line from here to Madras will very soon be made, and we shall not, I hope, be again so cut off.

"Lord Elgin has sent the *Auckland* from Singapore, and will give all the help he possibly can. He and General Ashburnham go on to Hong-Kong at once. General Grant is a very fine-looking man, rather elderly, but strong. He is very pleasant, and seems to be courageously bearing up against the grief of the loss of his son. He alluded to it, and I think has a sort of hope that it is not quite certain. He has one son on his staff.

"The Sepoys begin to beg to come back again. I do not know what their punishment will be. We are glad to see them, but, for discipline's sake, they ought to be punished. Extra duty would be best, for they must not be frightened. Untold fears have haunted them, I believe, and they were being laughed at and abused by the peasants as they mounted guard without their muskets."

*Journal Letter.*

"June 1.—Moultan is supposed to have some bad regiments. Firing was heard there, and in Rajpootana some troops have gone off towards Delhi in their native dress, taking guns with them. They must pass by Bhurt-pore and Jeypore, very sound places, and will not get very far. I am afraid it will bore you to read these details, which, after all, tell very little but that some regiments mutiny, and others, more rarely, behave well; but you may like to know how we get through 'the *crise*' day by day. One good thing is that C. is perfectly well, and we never can be thankful enough that he decided against going to the Neilgherries when the doctor wished it so much: and ever since that time, two months ago, he has been well. Mr. Talbot too has quite revived with the excitement. I am often astonished to see how C. bears this constant anxious thought. For work, I do not think he takes quite as much drudgery as before, and passes on his boxes to others: but literally very few hours pass that there is not some matter of life and death to be decided, and the wording of telegraphic messages requires the utmost care.

"The telegraph to Agra has never been interrupted, or to Lucknow and the towns near it. Only beyond, and in the direction of Delhi, there seems to be no regular communication. Now and then C. finishes the day with a drive, often not a very quiet one, for the storms now are dreadful, and a dust-storm drove us home on Saturday before a hurricane of wind, when the air was so thick that one could not see a yard before one in the gusts.

"Sending up troops by every possible conveyance

is now the chief business. The Madras soldiers came in very short time, all completely equipped and ready to be sent on. They had a decided character in their Colonel, for when part had arrived at the railway station, and the station-master wanted to start the train without the rest, he fixed bayonets and held the whole station establishment under arrest till all the men were seated in the carriages, and would not listen to the protestations of the engineers, who declared their engine would burst.

"I have had a letter describing the escape of some of the Delhi people. The officers actually *swam* the Jumna, pushing the poor ladies along. They then wandered in the jungles and were robbed of everything. At last a Christian zamindár<sup>1</sup> heard of them, and took them in, and sent notice to the next station, and a troop of horse came out to rescue them.

"We had the Colviles, Mr. Grant, and Colonel Baker to dine. I think every one was rather low, for the time is so long, and we must have at least ten days to wait before news comes of the fall of Delhi, and there may be some outbreaks in that time. Sending home to England this unfinished story is terrible and will cause sad anxiety. C. is in better heart than any one, and has kept so calm and decided, that he has given great confidence."

"*June 3.*—All yesterday we were in great suspense from telegraphs hinting at 'a most sad event.' For a moment we doubted it, but to-day the full account is come, and it is true that General Anson has died of the

<sup>1</sup> Landed proprietor.

cholera! It happened at Kournal on the 27th. It is very, very sad in itself, and at this moment his loss is really terrible. It was very sudden, for a telegraph of the movement of troops had come from him the very day before. Poor Mrs. Anson! I cannot bear to think of what this will be to her! C. made up his mind what to do, and summoned the Council yesterday. He gives the command of the army going to Delhi to General Sir H. Barnard, and the General at Peshawar—General Reed—naturally succeeds to what they call being Provincial Commander-in-Chief. Still, at this moment, the loss of General Anson is very great, and how very sad. They have several times reported him assassinated or dead of *coup-de-soleil*, but we knew the stories were false, and little thought of how soon they would come true.<sup>1</sup>

“Other places doing well. Lucknow is in a better state, and this morning news has come of a fight near Delhi. The Meerut troops utterly routed the rebels. Two steamers full of troops have arrived. The mail has come, and a letter from poor Mrs. Anson full of her constant anxiety to hear of the General—very sad to think of. What a mercy she went home! In no case could she have been with him. Kournal is three marches from Umballa towards Delhi.”

“*June 4 to 8.*—The 4th of June was very different to our expectations. No Eton dinner, but the General Order put forth on the death of General Anson, and a fortnight’s mourning to the army. I think the gazette

<sup>1</sup> General Anson, buried at Kournal, was re-interred at Kensal Green, Feb. 5, 1860.

was the 5th, and the next day the minute-guns were fired, and the flag hung half-mast high. It is a most sad complication and addition to these troubles. General Barnard commands the force in the field. General Reed, as senior officer in Bengal, naturally becomes what by some old official slip-slop is called Provincial (meaning Provisional) Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal Presidency, and Sir H. Somerset, as senior officer in all India, drops into the command-in-chief of the Queen's troops, and over all. Sir Patrick Grant is sent for from Madras, and will be the acting Commander-in-Chief, so General Reed's provincial honours will not be of long duration. I hope his appointment will be confirmed, for he is an excellent officer, and, for entirely remodelling the army, a general used to India and Sepoys is needful, but that there should be a Company's officer in chief command will be a complete innovation. I cannot help thinking it will be done, from the obvious necessity of putting an experienced man in such a place at such a time.

"There was a lull for a day or two, and it seemed as if the outbreaks were over, and that things might hold on till Delhi was taken, which we had hoped might be about the 27th. But the lull did not last, for on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th news has come again and again of more mutinies, and everywhere more officers murdered.

"Benares was in jeopardy for some hours, but a capital man happened to be there with some Europeans—that same Colonel Neill who arrested the railway people. The shaky regiment, the 37th, had tried to tamper with the Seiks, and the news of an outbreak near made the necessity for disarming apparent. They hurried it on,

and rather mismanaged it, and there was a tremendous fight for a very short time. The 37th was utterly routed, yet the Seiks got panic-stricken and wavered. Some fired at officers, and were mowed down by the Europeans. A havildar<sup>1</sup> of the regiment shot down a man who fired at his Colonel, and very soon all were dispersed. One officer only was killed, of a cavalry regiment, a son of Sir John Guise. People are very sorry for him, and a very nice sick wife, who went home quite lately."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, June 5, 1857.*—Perhaps I overrate the sensation the news of this *crise* will make in England, but my notion is that it will make far more noise and stir than here in Calcutta, now the foolish people are not thinking their own lives in danger, as they absurdly believed for some days. We have one most sad piece of news, which is too true. It is that General Anson died of cholera at Umballa on the 27th. Mrs. Anson will be heart-broken: her affection for him was quite unbounded, and she will be utterly lost and undone without him. But she could not have been near him, and he was most thankful to think of her and his daughter safe in England. I have a sort of hope that young Anson may be sent home with the news. It would be such a comfort to her.

"General Barnard, I am sure, will do well. He has had good training and is full of energy, strength, and activity, and he has plenty of Europeans to command. But I hope he can make haste, for the

<sup>1</sup> Sergeant.



disappointment of waiting so long is very trying to the doubtful places which have been kept in check all this time with such difficulty.

"They could not have come down upon Delhi much before the 27th at soonest. But they thought it prudent to bring down heavy siege guns, and the 9th is now the earliest day we hear of: of all the movements of the force, however, we know really nothing.

"There has been a very complete rout of the Delhi rebels, who came out to try to throw up field-works, and brought five guns. They were completely demolished and the guns taken by the Meerut force; and this is a wholesome piece of news to give to be digested while we await the fall of Delhi.

"The great difficulty is Oude, and Sir H. Lawrence has done quite admirably. Three regiments and a half turned, but he fought them and scattered them, and took and killed some, and has since been rather better without them than before. Some officers, however, were killed. In some different places regiments have revolted, but the rebellion has not spread as much as we expected during such a time of suspense, and the great towns on the Ganges have kept quiet.

"C. is quite well, and so am I, but the heat is intense. The rains are due, the sky is grey, and the wind blows so loud that they must soon come down, and then we shall open our windows and be refreshed."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*June 6.*—General Anson's death has been a terrible shock to us. . . . We have anxious days before us. *Here* it would be absurd to be frightened,

but I am afraid it is very reasonable in Oude and all the great towns on the Ganges. We have every day steamers arriving and regiments of Europeans, and the natives must wonder where they come from; but they have from 700 to 900 miles to go after they land, and time presses, and they can move but slowly by land or water. You will read enough of horrors in the newspapers for me not to wish to tell you any, but there are good traits too, and none better than those of faithful servants saving their masters, and mistresses, and children. We have some good Sepoy regiments here, and C. went to a parade at Barrackpore, and stood up in his stirrups and made them a speech. . . . Lord Elgin is in Ceylon, and we do not yet know how he likes the proposal to bring us his army."

*Journal Letter.*

"June 8.—Lucknow is in an anxious state, and at Allahabad the mutiny has been terrible and most unexpected. For days and days after we heard of it by telegraph, the papers were full of letters telling of the loyalty and good feeling of the native regiment, the 6th. It had volunteered to go to Delhi on hearing of the Barrackpore speech, and had been publicly thanked. On a sudden it turned, murdered its officers, and five poor young cadets doing duty with them, and the whole remaining force had to be closely shut up in the Fort. It is a most important post, with a great magazine, and is the very strongest post on that side of Oude.

"If Delhi is not very soon heard of, there will not be a third of the army left. Irregulars, I never know why, have always been supposed more trustworthy

than the others, and even in Oude that idea has prevailed. For a time they seemed to do their best, but now the detached parties sent out on special active service turn suddenly and murder the two or three officers with them. That Captain Nayes, who was military secretary at Lucknow, and made that spirited ride through the heat to Cawnpore, volunteered to go with them to rescue some treasure at Mynpoorie, and they shot him. Another officer was badly wounded or killed: only one escaped. Captain Nayes was the father of six poor little children, and his wife and a young baby are left in Lucknow. Poor Sir Patrick Grant will, with the letter ordering him up here, hear of his son's death, killed at Lucknow. On all sides there is nothing but sadness. Still, it is not so entirely disheartening as to the end, for it becomes more and more evident that these men have not the remotest chance of getting the upper hand; all the training and drilling and teaching has done nothing for them; without their own European officers they are incapable of fighting, though they can burn and murder well enough. All the worst horrors and cruelties have been done by the people they let out of the jail and the bad characters from the bazaars. You will, no doubt, like me, ask what are the 'Budmashes' one always hears of. I thought it was a ferocious tribe strangely scattered about; but no, the word only means 'bad characters.'

"A capital letter from Sir H. Lawrence gives the detail of the Lucknow affair. They had been warned every night that the mutiny would happen at 9 P.M. Each day, as the time came, they thought it would be nothing, when suddenly the cantonments were set on

fire and two regiments rose. Then there was a little fighting, or rather the men shot their officers as they came out, and fled. A badly-wounded Lieutenant Hardinge did great feats, and a financial commissioner on horseback, one 'Martin Gubbins,' with three sowars, chased and headed a runaway cavalry regiment, and actually brought back six prisoners! Another Gubbins, a civilian, the Duchess of St. Albans' brother, is a capital hero at Benares, but rather in a more passively energetic line. Sir H. Lawrence himself has been quite laid up with over-fatigue. He is an excellent man for the time and place. He has made three places in Lucknow secure, and could hold out a month if all rose around. The women and children are all in his house, the Residency of Lucknow.

"Brigadier Handscombe was killed. He wrote a long letter that very day to Dr. Leckie, who was his travelling companion two years ago in America. He had felt being superseded in the command at Lucknow, but fully acknowledged the merits of Sir H. Lawrence, and the propriety of putting the whole civil and military authority into one man's hands, and said he was working under him with the best will; yet he seemed to mind the sudden way in which he had been superseded. Of course it could not be otherwise in such an emergency, but one has always a feeling of regret when a man's services cannot be afterwards doubly acknowledged, when they have been given heartily under that sort of feeling of soreness."

"*June 9.*—Brigadier Handscombe was not killed in his bungalow, as we heard at first, but, at the first

alarm, mounted his horse and rode to meet the mutineers. He fell in with forty, who all pointed their muskets. He rode at them with his drawn sword, and the cowards ran before this single man, and afterwards one turned and shot him in the back. A poor little Raleigh, a quite young cadet, really a mere child, who dined with us lately, and whom they were laughing at because he looked tied to his sword, being so small, was killed as he rode away by himself from the cantonments. Young Hayter, son of the painter, is dangerously wounded, and said to be dying: he was doing duty with one of the regiments at Benares. Another poor boy, recommended by Lady Mansfield, dined with us the same day as John Hayter's son, and is killed. He, with four other poor young cadets, was shot down by that horrid 6th regiment at Allahabad. They did not even belong to it, but were doing duty with it, before being posted to their own regiments. A young MacNab, a cadet we knew, just joined, was killed at Meerut. The horrors one hears daily are worse and worse, and as yet there is not a ray of sunshine in the gloom. We always say, 'When Delhi falls all will come right,' but this long delay tries people too hard, and, now the dâks and telegraphs are all stopped, the news cannot come in a day, hardly in a week. I have often tried to think 'the worst is over,' but worse still comes, and now there are many places one knows nothing of.

"At Benares matters were not well managed, for certainly the Seiks wished to be faithful, and a panic struck them, for they were fired into from behind by some irregulars. Some Seiks behaved beautifully,

and saved the treasury. All returned next day, and it is clear that they are not ill-disposed, and they ought not to have been brought out to the disarming of the 37th. The whole affair was very sudden, and the Europeans had no time to get away into safe places. The letters, full of their adventures and terrors, are quite a romance, and the only happy ones I have seen, for they all end well. The terror caused by those hundred and fifty European soldiers has had the best effect, for Benares became quite quiet and has remained so.

"At Allahabad, only the Fort remains, and every European is shut up in it. Colonel Neill goes on there with a hundred and forty Europeans. Colonel Ponsonby, a man who was wounded in a charge like Balaclava, against Afghans in old times, and was a great friend of General Anson, fell from his horse in a kind of fit, and had to give up the command at Benares. I have not a doubt of his illness, but you will probably see him abused without end.

"On Monday, the head of the police, Mr. Wardrope, dined with us quietly. He is a clever man, who delights in his work, and knows all the bad characters, and goes about amongst them in a native dress at night. He says there is no reason whatever for fear here, and the terror now springing up again is not reasonable. But certainly the epidemic of mutiny is fast spreading in all directions, and if the news of the fall of Delhi does not arrive soon, it will have reached even the greatest part of the army.

"The 78th Highlanders have arrived, and the rest of the 64th, and some artillery. The regiment at Agra had to be disarmed, and it was quietly done, but after-



wards the men went off to do mischief elsewhere, and more places have had to be abandoned by the few European civilians. Some mounted volunteers, under Mr. Cocks, a great amateur soldier-civilian, of the Somers family, have done good service in that Agra neighbourhood, rescuing planters and helping on the dâk. There are stories here and there which I think dreadfully touching—one of a poor little white babe found by the river near Delhi by a poor man, who wished to save and take care of it, and painted it brown, and kept it till he could give it into safe keeping. He was rewarded, but the poor child has not been identified.

“The native papers are very bad indeed, and take the line of saying the Government was converting and intended to convert, but the events now had stopped them through fear; and they have a wonderful story that we are being humbled by all nations, and are ‘compelled to return to the Emperors of France and Russia all the lands we took from them.’

“Driving round by the river with C., the sounds of bagpipes greeted us from a ship just arrived, and it was really pleasant to hear them. Officers of the 64th dined, but of the Highlanders only Captain Bouverie, our A.D.C.’s brother, came, the others being moved up to the barracks at Chinsurah beyond Barrackpore.

“The country round Benares is in complete anarchy, but yet it does not sound so very hopeless when the authorities complain that martial law does no good because the martial element is wanting, and that civilians want to have power to try murderers and incendiaries. An Act has been passed meanwhile empowering such summary trials, and it never seems to enter the

heads of these people that the small party of civilians going about will be unable to bring the offenders to justice and to execute them. The revolted Sepoys and all bad characters do the whole mischief: the mass of the people has not risen. Some doubt for the moment about paying their rent, but that is no great wonder, for they are inclined to say the 'Raj of the Company is ended'—Raj is royalty or supreme power. A great many say it is to end the 23rd, the anniversary of Plassy, one hundred years ago. *We* say we shall be all right again by that day, and we have got the identical regiment that won it for Lord Clive!—the 1st Madras Fusileers: the Colonel Neill and the men who settled the row at Benares so effectually are of it!

"The militia is *to be*. C. grants it in the shape of volunteers. People here have begged and prayed for it, and, if it does no good, it need do no harm; and now that so many regiments have fallen away and the mutiny spreads, it may be as well for the natives to see and hear of another thousand or two of armed Europeans here: and it will amuse these people, and give them something to think about. The 84th women have been sent up from Burmah, and we have as many contradictory accounts of their state as of anything questioned in Roebuck's Committee. I believe they are very miserable for the moment, so help can do them no harm, but they are not really in any permanent distress. More and more ships and troops arrive, and the heat is greater than ever—no storms and no rains.

"Benares is all right, but mutiny is spreading southwards to Jhansi and Nowgong: the treasure is gone, but there are no murders."

"*June 12.*—Six hundred of the Ceylon regiment—Queen's 37th—have been sent by Sir H. Ward, and some Royal Artillery, the first ever seen in India. By the way, no Highlanders have ever before been seen in Bengal, and I am told the report is that the Lord Sahib has sent for a regiment of demons who wear no clothes: the last must be an addition, for certainly no Indian ever wore a quarter as many.

"The English mail has come telling of poor Lady Ashburton's death, and that of the Duchess of Gloucester."

"*Calcutta, June 19, 1857.*—You will have heard that Delhi is virtually taken.<sup>1</sup> Even now we know no more here, and that good news only reached us two days ago, so that the benefit of it has yet to begin to tell on the country. This last fortnight has been by no means an improvement, but I trust now the worst is over. The rains seem really coming at last, and the river will rise fast and carry troops, and the force from Delhi may move and relieve all the shut-up places. . . . Do not imagine we are going to lose India. It is a great thing to see, in every fight, how few Europeans can drive away the revolted soldiers, and leave not an instant's doubt of the result of anything like a combat. We actually think a great town almost safe with a hundred European soldiers, and in many cases with only fifty: this shows you we are not alarmed as to the final result; but it has been a dreadful time, and I am sure we have still much to hear.

"We are quite well, and C. has borne his work and wear and tear of mind wonderfully."

<sup>1</sup> A false hope.

"June 21.—The rains have begun, and will be sure to put a stop to the cholera (which has appeared in the Ceylon regiment), besides cooling the air, shading the sun, and causing the river to be available and lead straight into the Ganges without the circuit more than doubling the distance to Benares, as at present. *En revanche*, marching is more troublesome in some ways, and crossing rivers, but that will not be the case at first.

"Cawnpore is now the most anxious position, but every one speaks alike of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his brave spirit. There is not a better soldier, and all say, if any one *can* hold it, he will. But all the civilians and women and children have taken refuge there, and he has very few troops even now. He has thrown up entrenchments and taken in the hospital. We know that the native troops have turned and left him, and fired the town, and he is shut up, and probably short of provisions, so there is great reason for anxiety, and it will be some time before he can be relieved from Allahabad, about a hundred and thirty miles off.

"I think I told of the murder of Sir Norman Leslie—how disguised men with swords attacked him and three officers, when quietly sitting at tea outside their bungalow, in the jungles. The others were wounded, and he died of his wounds very soon. They have detected and hung the murderers. The regiment of irregular cavalry was faithful and attached, and the men never rested till they found out who had done it, and it proved to be some recruits, angry at some slight punishment.

"Lucknow is threatened, for the Oude soldiers are

sure to act with more plan and thought than the others, and are concentrating their forces to attack it. Sir Henry Lawrence is one of those about whom we can feel perfect confidence, and it is believed he can and will hold out: he has made two posts very strong, and has provisioned the place well."

"*June 22.*—Allahabad is now quite cleared, and Colonel Neill has driven away all the insurgents. We have a hope that some of the very horrid stories were exaggerated. The place was certainly burnt, and the numbers killed at first quite terrible, but those dreadful details of butchery have never been repeated on good authority, and one cannot believe that any European civilian remained in the town after the outbreak on the 6th. The cholera has attacked them; for a day or two it was dreadful: it is going off, but we have lost a good many. They say the heat there is quite fearful: the rain will hardly get up there for a few more days.

"We like Sir Patrick Grant extremely. He is a very fine-looking soldierly man, tall and grey-headed, very agreeable, with an excellent countenance, and an honest, frank manner. He knows India thoroughly and the Indian army. He was Adjutant-General under Sir C. Napier, but resigned. He has seen an immense deal of service during the thirty-six years he has been in India, but looks well able to undertake a good deal more. His son's death was a terrible blow to him, though in public he makes every exertion to bear up and not show it: but the other poor son, who was quite brought up with his brother, looks very miserable indeed. I now find they only knew of their loss by

reading it in the newspaper brought to them by the pilot at Kedgerce. Sir Patrick came from Madras the moment he received C.'s first letter, and did not wait for the *Assaye*, which was sent round for him: in that he would have heard of his son—killed at Lucknow by his men."

"*June 23.*—A hundred years ago Plassy was fought. The prophets have said English dominion would pass away with the hundred years. They now give us nine years more—a short time certainly, but it shows they think we have still the upper hand, and that they do not win this time. Colonel Neill sends a good report from Allahabad—the cholera going off and the environs cleared and peaceful, the bit of forty miles railway untouched, and still serviceable for pushing along carriages, but the engines damaged. As soon as he has enough bullocks, he starts for Cawnpore.

"I think most of our news gets into the papers, but, at the risk of your being tired of it, I must put in some details. Certainly the sudden change of the horrid 6th regiment surpasses all we have heard of treachery. The officers believed it to be sound and staunch, and they indignantly contradicted any one who said a word against it. The men all volunteered to go against Delhi: they had a letter of thanks from Government, and it was read at six on parade, and they went off giving three cheers for 'Company Bahadur.'<sup>1</sup> Then there came a rumour of mutinous irregulars being expected along the road, and two companies and two guns were sent down to the bridge. About nine,

<sup>1</sup> The brave Company.



some distant volleys were heard by the officers with these men, and the next moment they turned and fired on them. Some officers were killed and others got away, one by swimming the river: the mutineers carried off the two guns. The officer who swam gave the alarm to some cavalry he believed to be staunch, and they started at once, but, after a few yards, shot their captain—an Alexander, a most excellent officer, believed to be very much beloved. The first distant volleys proved to be from the cantonments, where the rebels fired at the whole of the twenty officers coming out from mess, and killed many of them, including the six poor young cadets who were on duty there on first joining.

“The remaining company held the gate inside the Fort and were disarmed on the alarm. It was a ticklish moment, for they had only European invalid pensioners, seventy-four in number, and a hundred volunteers, all the newly arrived soldiers having been sent on to Cawnpore and Lucknow, and everything seemed to depend on the Seiks; two companies of these being inside, and able to turn the scale either way as to strength. They behaved admirably. Indeed everywhere, but in that unfortunately mismanaged business at Benares, they have been firm and true, and—Allahabad was saved! It is a great magazine for all that part, and will be the basis from which to reoccupy all the forsaken stations throughout Oude and towards Delhi, and all operations must be founded on its possession. All tents and equipments are there. An officer, called, I think, Colonel Plunkett, was cruelly murdered, and I believe that he was so beloved that

he was called 'the Sepoy's friend,' and a poor native woman even, who lived with him, was butchered *horribly!*

"We hear of more and more places gone, and of more mutinies and robbing of treasuries, and of more Europeans killed, or escaping with most terrible difficulty and privations.

"All Oude is gone now, but Lucknow. Some officers from Fyzabad write a curious story. Their men most respectfully begged them to go away, saluted them, treated them with perfect civility, but kept possession of the treasury and said they must join the new Government, at the same time giving them boats to go down the river Gogra. They—the Sepoys—kept all arms for 'the new Government,' but gave the officers their private arms, and an old jamadar<sup>1</sup> followed them a little way to deliver them a bag of rupees. This man they questioned, and he told most of the plans of the mutineers, how they meant in a few days to advance on Lucknow; and he said we were quite wrong in thinking they cared to set up the King of Lucknow again: we had put him up, and we might pull him down, it was the King of Delhi they would obey. After sufferings and escapes and hiding behind sandbanks, and being often shot at by villagers, these officers got to Dinapore. We do not yet know if all the boats escaped. They left their wives, and civilians with their wives, under the protection of Mann Singh, who has taken the command there. I imagine they have been deceived by the civility of the people, and know nothing of the horrors elsewhere; and I fear

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant.

there will be all sorts of difficulties about these hostages in the possession of the Oude people.

"A reassuring letter has arrived from Lucknow and from a man who had left it, and next day a letter from Sir H. Lawrence confirmed the news in it. He had blown up two arches of the bridge, and was well off for provisions, and the general health was good. His letter enclosed a packet of poor little scraps of letters from the people shut up with him, who were longing to make known their comparative safety to their friends. Sir Henry's great anxiety was for Cawnpore. He could do nothing towards relieving it. He sent out men on elephants to clear the country round, but fifty miles was too far for the small numbers he could spare; as it was, the sun had killed two of his precious men on one of these expeditions.

"Colonel Havelock dined with us, and his son and Captain Fraser Tytler and a Captain Beatson. They all start immediately for Allahabad. Colonel Havelock was made Brigadier-General in Persia, and, oddly enough, here he is just appointed Brigadier<sup>1</sup> again, and commanding the identical regiments he had little more than a month ago at Mohumra—the 64th and 78th Highlanders, with some artillery and a few other troops. This will form a column with which he will march with all possible speed to Cawnpore and Lucknow. We have a hope that Colonel Neill, with about five hundred men and some guns, may have relieved the first before they arrive. The bullock-trains carry a hundred a day, and the greater number

<sup>1</sup> The newspaper *Friend of India* sneered at Havelock's appointment as that of "a fossil general!"

of boats have arrived. The latter is the slowest, but the best way of travelling, for the fatigue of the bullock-trains is quite dreadful. There are no springs, and the pace is not much more than two miles and a half an hour. They lay by from eleven to four every day, and go on all the rest of the time. The officers find it terrible, but every one is anxious to push on, and give all help, and without these exertions and the small parties sent in carriages, I believe we should have had a far worse story to tell by this time. To think that two of these regiments were not arrived at Bombay from Persia when the news of the outbreak at Meerut occurred in the middle of May, and that they are now at Benares and Allahabad, is really wonderful.

“We have the saddest messages from stations crying out for help, where none can be given! and there are treasuries guarded by sepoy, who only beg for fifty Europeans, but even these cannot be sent, and they are told that it is impossible. If the small available force was scattered all over the country, and not used to make a decided impression, the state of anarchy must increase and last, and to be longer on the defensive must have the worst results. Besides this, the people who cry out most are not always those in most danger. Dacca was not supposed in danger, but it was very defenceless, so they have sent two pinnaces there with a gun in each and fifty seamen—an excellent device, and accessible at four days’ notice, for it is in the navigable part of the river.

“The rumours in the bazaar that Delhi is taken are evidently on good foundation. The paper has risen to fifteen below par, and no one will sell at that.

We know on good authority that part of the wall was battered down on the 14th.

"C. took a refreshing drive in the Alipore lanes with me. The rank green vegetation is beautiful, and washed and freshened by this delightful rain. The open windows and cool damp air I find quite charming after the fierce heat, but now and then the wind falls, and the climate becomes like that of an orchid-house."

"*June 24.*—The Allahabad news is good, the cholera going, and the enemy gone; but there are details of horror from nearly everywhere else. The story of Futehpore is a strange one. The whole country round was gone, and there was a large Sepoy guard in the treasury, and every reason to believe they would rise, so all the Europeans took to boats and went away to safe stations down the river, and I think to Banda. Only Mr. Tucker, the magistrate, would not stir, and remained with fifty Sepoys and the treasury. He was son to the late director, Sir George Tucker, and was one of the four brothers whose names we hear constantly, and he was as brave as a lion. He had a deputy-magistrate—a Mahometan—in a high position, treated as a gentleman, and in as high a place as a native could occupy, next to himself. To this man had been given a body of mounted police, and he undertook to keep the country clear between the great trunk road and the river for some distance. He did it admirably, and took delight in it, and sent in detailed reports up to the last. But when he heard of some more places being gone, he suddenly returned to the treasury, to which his position gave him access, dismissed the fifty Sepoys with a thousand

rupees apiece, and then attacked Mr. Tucker with all his police force. Mr. Tucker was killed, after defending himself till he had killed with his own hand, some say sixteen, some twenty men. I suppose he had a whole battery of revolvers, and so kept his assailants at bay: it is a horrid story. The deputy-magistrate is exactly the sort of man who would, under the new Act, have been qualified to judge in a certain line of causes. He was an educated man, and not of the modern and European sort of 'educated native.'

"In the evening C., at last, for a few hours, knocked up with a very bad headache, so bad that only chloroform drove it away, but he is not the worse."

"*June 25.*—The first beginning of a brighter state of things. News came of a good many escaped Europeans, and after C.'s drive he came home to find a capital telegraph of Sir H. Wheeler having repulsed the rebels twice, with great loss, on the 17th, and of some provision thrown into Cawnpore by a native contractor. Sir H. Lawrence on the 19th was in possession of his two strong points, and of the cantonments and margin round, and well prepared for a long and vigorous defence if needed. Best of all is the news from Indore, that a merchant from Delhi wrote, of 'two-thirds killed and order soon to be restored.'"

"*June 26.*—Nagpore telegraphs very long messages—all well and wisely done by Mr. Plowden. He has prepared a strong place to retire into in case of need, but hopes to do well, and is content not to ask for help, which he knows cannot be given. After this, the



whole day was blank. A private letter from another place said, 'Delhi had fallen, and the old King was begging for mercy.' He is too old for hanging, which every one says would be just, but he has fifty-five sons, some of whom must be far more guilty than himself. I believe he is past eighty. Still, they say when the defenceless Europeans were taken before him by the Sepoys, he told their captors to do what they liked with them, and would not stir a finger in their behalf or to protect them, and this in time of profound peace, and after every possible respect had been shown him. Even in Lord Ellenborough's time, he said if the Governor-General came to see him he would not sit down in his presence; and so neither he, nor any Governor-General, has been to him. He sent word of the outbreak, and that he was in the enemy's power, to Mr. Colvin at the beginning; but that was no excuse, for the Mussulman respect for the 'Grand Mogul' is unbounded, and he could, if he had chosen, have saved those poor men, and women, and children. The story is sickening! Still, I think the King is too old and weak and wretched to be punished as he deserves, and he probably will not live to be taken away very far to die in obscurity. He never was conquered by us, we only rescued the King of Delhi from the Mahratta power in the time of Lord Lake's battle of Delhi.

"In Oude there are no stories of horrors and massacres such as we hear of elsewhere. There is one horrible irregular regiment of which Colonel Ficher was in command. They killed him and some others, I believe. He was born in India, and spoke like a native, and had never been in England. He had a

commission in the Queen's army, and was a tall magnificent-looking soldier and very distinguished, and quite adored his profession; and yet—they killed that man! There have been horrors at Cawnpore, if we must believe a native's story, but I think he exaggerates, so I will not repeat them.

"Lady Colville hears from her ayah that the terror of the natives is unbounded, and they expect to be massacred by Europeans in retribution for what has happened. The poor women tremble in the zenanas, and the boastful tone of the talking people is ended, and they hardly mention the stories from 'up-country.'"

"*Sunday, June 28.*—The old Bishop preached an appropriate sermon about supporting authority and showing courage and confidence, and above all begged people not to babble about what they do not understand. We knew the wire from Gwalior to Indore was cut, but still the disappointment of getting no news by the steamer from Madras was really terrible. English letters were some comfort, but all except family letters quite insignificant beside these fearful events. . . . Sir J. Colville heard an anecdote of that young Cheek who died at Allahabad. He was wounded coming away from the mess, and escaped, and wandered about, climbing trees at night to avoid the jackals. At last that horrible Maulvi caught him, and put him in the stocks, with a native Christian. They jeered at this poor wretch, and tried to make him recant. Young Cheek kept urging him to be firm. At last Colonel Neill released both, but poor Cheek died.

"The Nowgong people have had a terrible retreat.

At Jhansi<sup>1</sup> there was a massacre, they fear. Colonel Havelock has been heard of from Allahabad."

"*July 1.*—The first part of the movable column has marched from Allahabad under Major Renaud. Colonel Neill is anxious to catch that dreadful Maulvi, who is said to be lurking about. They send a steamer with a gun, and a hundred men, and provisions, up to Cawnpore. The 'flats,' towed by steamers, are beginning to arrive with the poor women and children who escaped from 'up-country.' A subscription is set on foot for them, and a committee to look after them and lodge them on arriving; but the first batch were all taken charge of by friends, and only one half-caste woman and two children remained, when the men who began the undertaking went to inquire about them. Dr. Leckie promises to be active about it."

"*July 2.*—Dr. Leckie was on board the second flat to-day, and saw one of the American (Presbyterian) missionaries from Allahabad. Four of these and their wives were saved by taking refuge in the fort. They had a printing-press, and large schools. The printers, Mohammedan boys they brought up themselves, smashed the whole concern to atoms with delight! and hunted out the native Christians, and a great many, who were employed as servants, were killed.

"Bishop's College spares a wing with nine rooms for women and children. What a happy refuge it will be

<sup>1</sup> The Ranee of Jhansi, a brave and fierce woman, had been irritated against the English by the refusal of Lord Dalhousie to allow her to adopt an heir to the honours of her late husband.

to them—that quiet beautiful spot by the river and Botanic Garden, and a chapel with service twice a day. A generous Frenchman has given up a house and furniture, and servants, and five hundred rupees; and another house has been taken, and some rooms of the Freemasons' hall are given. As yet few people have arrived friendless, but they will come—families of railroad people and engineers and pensioners. Indigo planters have their agents. They arrive in rags at the stations, and I believe to send clothes and shoes up-country would be a charity.

“There are such strange contradictions in the conduct of natives. A small Rajah saved the Sultanpore people, and behaved most kindly in giving them all they could want, and actually having clothes made for them; but when he had brought them to the river, he refused to cross with them. He said he knew he should be made a Christian if he came away from the territory he especially belonged to.

“Last Monday we had the Colviles, and Mr. Grant, and Colonel Powell at dinner. The latter has the custody of the King of Oude, as commanding the garrison. He says he had a most terrible outcry the other day when the time came for moving the King from the quarters he had hitherto occupied to the Governor-General's house in the Fort, which had only just been made ready. The queens and ladies chose not to believe it was to put him into better lodgings, but they insisted upon it he was to be killed, and they set up fearful screams, and the King, who at first had been very willing to go, took to making a sort of howl that was quite dreadful to hear. It took hours to

convince the whole party that the change was entirely for the King's comfort, but at last he went. I respect his faithful old slave, who was determined to go with him from Garden Reach. She came in to declare that where the Padishah went, she must go to, for '*I make his curries, I prepare his bath, I arrange his hookah.*' The King then drove off in our carriage, and Colonel Powell said he felt sure the old woman would be there as soon as he was, and he was right—there she was arrived in the Fort when the King got there. He had twelve of his people with him, besides all his ladies. As he never went out of the house at Garden Reach, I hope his personal comfort is not deranged, and I do not believe he cares really for all the intrigues and machinations which his clever Minister, Alee Muckee Khan, conducted in his name. I had no idea that, up to this time, people came and slept in the Fort for protection. The rains must make rheumatics as dangerous as human enemies, and I cannot believe that the timid '*chota-mems,*' as the natives call the *contrary* of great ladies, still sleep under trees and in the Fort verandahs. One poor Major reluctantly gave rooms to a friend's wife, and she brought seven female friends, and they have lived upon him for a fortnight. At one time a hundred and fifty slept in the verandahs!

"The rains are much heavier than at the beginning of those of last year. One day the Meidan was like a lake, with adjutants dotted all over it fishing for frogs, which abound after every shower, and no one can guess where they spring from.

"We had further particulars about the fight before Delhi on the 8th. A Lieutenant Russell was killed, and

poor Colonel Chester, the same who was named for Mr. Canning's staff when he was coming here as Governor-General. Later in the evening arrived a very long telegraph from Colonel Havelock, saying that authentic news had been received of *the town of Delhi being taken on the 13th*: the remainder of its defenders had sought refuge in the palace, and it was not expected that they could be driven out of it till the 18th. Colonel Baker, the engineer, told me he quite understood the delay—that the wall was very high, and the ditch very wide around the palace; that escalading would be impossible, only shelling it or breaching the walls with heavy guns would do, and those few days might well be occupied in getting up the additional heavy ammunition required. I have just seen a beautiful sketch of that palace gate. It looks like an ogre's palace in a fairy tale, and the elephants standing by the wall do not reach half-way up to it, and it has but two gates.

“The bazaar story is that the King was killed, and many of his family, by a shell. No doubt this is true; they tell so many pieces of news that they must be right sometimes, but I seldom believe unnaturally quick reports. This may have travelled easily by word of mouth or letter, for it must have happened a fortnight ago. Sir H. Wheeler said he could hold out eight or ten days more: another telegraph was less hopeful.”

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*July 4, 1857.*—Things have passed their worst, we hope. . . . Meanwhile the details of murders and



wanderings and escapes are quite dreadful, and the poor refugee civilians' wives and indigo-planters' wives and railway people are coming down in shoals by boats, and in a very deplorable state. The Calcutta people are always very hospitable, and nearly every cargo of those miserable people is immediately dispersed among friends and friends' friends, and houses are taken and borrowed, and subscriptions made for the poor people who belong to no one. Certainly no history has ever surpassed this great mutiny in horror. The Mussulmen were wild with joy at the idea of establishing a Delhi monarchy, and at the Prophet's flag flying there, and the next subject that still more effectually drew them away from their allegiance was the robbery of the treasuries, the very same they had before guarded so faithfully. When once the example was set, every treasury was in the power of its Sepoy guard, and I believe more mischief was done by that multitude of treasuries than anything else.

"You ask me a very 'home' question, if it was worth while to come here and go through all, &c.? What would you say now?

"I think both before this crisis and now, my answer would be the same. I never wished the Governor-Generalship to be offered to C., and I think we did very happily at home, and I hated leaving all my own people and friends. But I did not at all object to leaving my monotonous London life, and I took great delight in all the novelty of impressions on coming to a new country; and, as far as I have been able to lay hands on information of things going on, I have been most exceedingly interested. Of late, it has been pain-

ful, and anxious, and terrible ; but I do not know anything I should dislike more than to be told that C. would not have two or three or more years here, so that he might see India again prosperous, and on the way to good order, though fifty years will not put it back into the same state in which it was, so far as attempting to civilise and give liberty, and our English ideas of blessings to the country."

*Journal Letter.*

"*July 4.*—The mail goes off to-day, and with such a wish for good news to send, I have put off my letters till the last moment. To-day it is a little better again, though a horrid report that Cawnpore has been abandoned, and Sir H. Wheeler and everybody massacred, came yesterday. To-day it is not confirmed, and Colonel Neill disbelieves it, though a native says he saw the Europeans trying to escape in boats and all killed.

"Yesterday was a very bad day. The Gwalior troops are now all against us, and poor Scindia had very reluctantly to say that they must not be trusted, and the European women were all sent away. I hope Scindia will be firm himself. His Calcutta visit probably gave him a distaste to make enemies of us. The heaps of shot and quantities of guns surprised him so very much in the Fort, and the ships in the river, and all the signs of strength and power. He is not very bright, but he seemed quite up to appreciating these evident marks of English dominion and strength.

"At last, after a month, a letter from Mr. Colvin has turned up, and some news from Delhi of June 10,

confirming what we knew. We have now three columns in the field, besides the Delhi army. One is from Bombay, under General Woodburn, at or near Mhow, and has just cut to pieces a terrible regiment of Nizam contingent 1st cavalry, a regular 'crack regiment,' who had signed and sealed papers binding themselves not to march against the King of Delhi and the flag of the Prophet. Another column is under Brigadier Chamberlain, coming down on Moultan or in those parts. Then to-day our own column under Brigadier Havelock marches from Allahabad towards Cawnpore and Lucknow. The cavalry is in very small force; but a troop is made up of the officers of disbanded regiments and volunteers, and I think we shall hear of some of their doings.

"The telegraph wire is now cut up into slugs by the insurgents. It is as thick as iron rod, because the monkeys used to swing on it, and break common wire.

"The newspapers are very much enraged at being what they call gagged, and not allowed (on pain of withdrawal of their license) to write anything doing real mischief. They threaten to send all their rage, and all the abuse and tales they can collect, to England, so I imagine we shall hear of many fabrications. Of course one cannot foresee what they may be, but there are hints at the existence of a quantity of suppressed information, and implication that the Government knows bad news from Delhi that it will not tell.<sup>1</sup> This has not a shadow of foundation. Of

<sup>1</sup> Amid the storm of abuse which assailed him, under the pressure of ceaseless work and anxiety, Lord Canning continued absolutely un-

course a doubtful rumour like that about Cawnpore is not published, but no such rumour ever has come from Delhi. People may rail at absence of information, and they are right in looking upon it as a real misfortune, but it is not an easy one to remedy till our troops have re-established order all over the country. I every day expect to hear that the Delhi force, or part of it, will have penetrated across to Cawnpore, and then we shall know all at once.

“Poor young Hayter, son of John Hayter, has died at Benares. He was doing duty with the 37th, still awaiting his regiment. The Seiks shot him when they were fired into by the cavalry behind them. He was shot through the body and both legs: one was cut off. It is very sad. I have heard no particulars, but as he lingered a few days, I hope his family was written to. Young Hare, Lord Listowel’s son, was there too, but not hurt. I liked that young Hayter, and C. thought him pleasant and promising the day he dined with us two months ago. Poor fellow! he had better have remained a post-office clerk.

“The *Sinmoon* is in the river with the 5th from Mauritius, and the *Himalaya* is at Singapore. This is capital news: we shall soon have a good force.

moved. “The sky is black,” he wrote to the Bishop of Calcutta “and as yet the signs of a clearing are faint. But reason and common-sense are on our side from the very beginning. The course of Government has been guided by justice and temper. I do not know that any one measure of precaution and strength which human foresight can indicate has been neglected. There are stout hearts and clear heads at the chief posts of danger—Agra, Lucknow, Benares. For the rest, the issue is in higher hands than ours. I am very confident of complete success.”

When fighting begins we shall have it all our own way. . . . As to myself, I pass my days much as usual, and often draw the fruits and flowers, and read all the Indian histories of former troubles like ours. What will Lord Dalhousie think of all that is happening here? Many say it will either kill or cure him!"

"*Calcutta, July 5.*—C. was laid up in his room after the departure of the mail, and had to be kept comparatively quiet. Still he did his business, and saw several people, and real quiet with so much on the mind is impossible.

"Very bad news arrived on Monday—a telegraph from Allahabad said that Major Geraud, on his way to Cawnpore with the small force, halted on receiving General Havelock's message, and sent on two messengers to find out if there was any truth in the report of the fall of Cawnpore and the massacre of the whole garrison. The answer returned was that Sir H. Wheeler had been shot in the leg, and afterwards was mortally wounded. The others lost heart, and listened to the Nana's promises to send them down the river in boats, if they gave in. They embarked, and he at once fired into them, and sank all the boats but one, which they followed ten miles, and overtook and killed every one. Only one old lady was said to be alive.

"General Havelock now detains the small force until he can join it; the steamer is also halted. This is most horrible, for the number of women and children in Cawnpore was very great, and there must have been

nearly four hundred soldiers. Probably many had been already killed or died of sickness. Sir Hugh Wheeler would never have given in, so a few days more would have saved them. On the 24th he said he had ten days' provisions.

"I have been busy making a collection of clothes to send to the houses for the destitute arrivals, and at last my large trousseau has turned to good account and is nearly expended. I particularly desire that my things may go to officers' wives and others who are ladies, and not be kept merely for cases of charity. Not a ready-made thing is to be had in Calcutta, and the dressmakers are ruinous in their prices. Rain and West and my three tailors are working hard, and have engaged four other tailors, so plenty of clothes can be made. Some of the poor ladies arrive with rags only, and others have merely a gown and *nothing* else!

"At any other time, the first lighting of gas in India would have made a great sensation. It was done this evening, and a crowd of astonished natives assembled at each lamp-post, the lamp-lighter hurrahing as the light flared up."

"*July 7.*—There has been a short and mysterious rising at Patna. A few men armed to the teeth appeared one night, fought a few minutes; two were killed and the rest got away, and no one knows anything of them. A Dr. Lyall was killed. A rich banker has been taken upon suspicion of being in the plot, and others are likely to be found implicated in it. But it has all been suppressed.



"Some of the Highlanders have put down a force that was likely to have come down on Benares.

"General Havelock is not in fashion, but all the same we believe he will do well. No doubt he is fussy and tiresome, but his little old stiff figure looks as active and fit for use as if he were made of steel."<sup>1</sup>

"*Wednesday, July 8.*—C. is well again. Mrs. Low came to me. She has with her a poor escaped woman with children, whose husband is believed to be killed. They came from Salore in Oude, and through all sorts of adventures. A Rajah kept them safely concealed for a fortnight and was most kind to them, and actually got clothes made for some of the party, but opposite Allahabad he said he must leave them—they had no more use for him, and if he went where we were in force, he should be made a Christian!

"A great doubt seems to exist about Cawnpore. A great many people do not believe it."

"*July 9.*—Mrs. Talbot went to Howrah to see a poor Mrs. Block, who came with Mrs. Goldney and another from Sultanpore. They had wandered about more than a fortnight, sometimes kindly treated, sometimes sent back from place to place to avoid dangers, and at last they got to Allahabad. She and her child were in clothes they found in a field amongst all the smashed and battered furniture and things turned out of the houses when the cantonments were plundered

<sup>1</sup> Sir H. Hardinge had said, "If India is ever in danger, the Government have only to put Havelock in command of an army, and it will be saved."

—a scene of confusion which she said was quite indescribable, with dead bodies lying about here and there.

“The steamer gets up the river very slowly, for it is only of thirty horse-power. It was attacked, but repulsed a large force. There is bad news from Lucknow. A sortie has failed, for the native cavalry and artillery turned, and Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded.”

“*Friday, July 10.*—The news of Delhi having been taken all but the Fort, proves quite untrue. They are deliberately besieging it and waiting for reinforcements, and treating it like Sebastopol! It is heart-breaking.

“More bad news. Holkar has suddenly turned.<sup>1</sup> Scindia<sup>2</sup> personally is believed to have been faithful till now, but of course he will go too, and really at no time has all looked so black. Colonel Neill and those at Allahabad evidently believe about Cawnpore. General Havelock marched on the 7th, having been left waiting till then for sufficient carriage, and the moment he had enough, he was off.”

“*Saturday, July 11.*—Colonel Ramsay’s letter, telling of his escape from Gwalior, is striking. The officers were suddenly attacked at nine at night, and had to fly as best they could. Several were killed, and others got away, and the night being very dark, they contrived to hide, and to find their way to a

<sup>1</sup> This was afterwards contradicted.

<sup>2</sup> Maharajah of Gwalior.

country-house of the Maharajah. Colonel Ramsay was for several hours in a millah, after passing through a hailstorm of bullets. Scindia then sent them all off safely towards Agra, which they reached without further molestation. Had Delhi fallen, this outbreak never would have occurred at all.

"The subscription for the sufferers has been wonderful—8000 or 10,000 rupees, that is, £800 or £1000 a day. The Moorshedabad Nawab has sent 5000 rupees, and lends a very large good house at Alipore, where the Ansons used to live at one time.

"Drove with C. and Major Bouverie round by Russapuglah, where Prince Gholam lives. The country is in great beauty now, such fresh green and large leaves, and no dust."

"*Sunday, July 12—Sunday 19.*—I have had a touch of fever, which has left me very aching and sore. . . . The week has been very eventful. Monday's news was good—of a defeat of the enemy from Cawnpore at half-way from Allahabad, twelve guns taken with ease and not one European killed, though the long march just before, of twenty-four miles in the night, and the sun, killed several. Tuesday's news was sad indeed. Sir Henry Lawrence is dead!<sup>1</sup> This is a dreadful blow, and very, very sad too. He was such a brave gallant man, and so clever and good, and he has held

<sup>1</sup> Sir H. Lawrence was struck in his room at Lucknow by a shell on July 4. His grave, in the Lucknow cemetery, is inscribed, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul. Born June 28, 1806. Died July 4, 1857."

Lucknow and fought with such spirit, and now—when the time of relief is so near—he has died of wounds which he received in that unhappy sortie. Colonel Banks has succeeded him, as he requested some time ago. I hope the country will provide for his sons: he was so generous that, no doubt, he has saved nothing to leave them.

“At Delhi they still go on repulsing sorties and attacks (from behind too), and are always successful, and always go on awaiting reinforcements. By the 1st of July all that could come from the Punjaub must have been there, so we may soon hear of something decisive. C. has sent for some Madras troops, for they seem to be quite satisfied of their trustworthiness, and we are in great want of cavalry.

“All resources from here are gone up. The 5th Queen’s, which arrived from Mauritius in the *Simoom*, had to wait some time to be fitted out with every sort of thing, for they arrived quite *au dépourvu* of all things needful. But happily they went up a few days ago, and the river is quite open.

“A steamer with four guns and sixty seamen, and three pinnaces with one gun each, are just gone up. No doubt they will be most useful.

“The Futteghur regiment, the 10th, that stood firm so long, has been at last tempted away.

“C. has just been up to tell me of the arrival of General Havelock at Cawnpore. He totally routed the horrible Nana,<sup>1</sup> but, I fear, neither killed nor took

<sup>1</sup> Nana Sâhib, adopted son of the last of the Peishwâs of Poona, who had died in 1851, bore an especial grudge against the English, on

him. I shudder to tell you that all the poor women and children the Nana held prisoners he butchered before the fight began! We shall know nothing of the life of horror they endured for fully three weeks, to say nothing of the siege!<sup>1</sup> . . . Two days ago we heard that bodies of European women were floating down the river, one lady with her child in her arms, then several tied together. I hoped they were drowned by the firing of shot into their boats; but it seems some were still in the hands of that fiend, and he deserves no other name. He has retired now to Bithoor; he is the Rajah of Bithoor; 'Nana' is a religious title. He is the representative of the Peishwa. If he can be attacked in the way to Lucknow without too great delay, he will, but there is no time to lose. Our force, too, is sadly small.

"Colonel Neill is made a General, and joins General Havelock, and a capital stand-by he is. I hope you

account of their refusal to continue to him the large pension allowed to his adopted father, to which he had no legal claim.

<sup>1</sup> A letter from Mrs. Stuart, in 1858, says :—

"At the last, when Havelock was advancing, the Sowars galloped in to the Nana. 'What will you do with all these people?' 'Murder them all,' was the answer. Three times the wretch gave the order, and no one would obey. The Sepoys positively refused to do it. At last he got two butchers, two men from the town, and an Affghan.

"A Christian drummer-boy has been found, who was eye-witness of it all. He was taken prisoner when the 6th N.I. mutinied, and carried to Cawnpore. There he professed Mahomedanism, and they took him out from the rest, and put him into a shed close to the house of horror and *the well*. He says that, till the day of the massacre, the prisoners were fed and not molested, and that even the guards were not permitted to speak to or insult them; but that when the order for the murders came, words cannot describe the horrors of the butchery."

will make a hero of him in England; and dear little old Havelock, with all his faults of fussiness, has done admirably.

"We have no tidings yet of the *Himalaya*. I thought she had been heard of at Singapore, but it was only that they expected her there daily. We are very impatient for her, and for the troops on the *Transit* and *Urgent*, and not long after that we shall begin to hear of troops naturally coming out here. I do not think the Government will be inclined to demur at the great requests made. They will, I am sure, be ready in England to strain every nerve to set things to rights here; and it is obvious that the exertions must be very great indeed, now that this revolt has had time to spread to such gigantic dimensions. We cannot say where it will stop: I hope it looks now as if it had reached its limits, but it may go down the centre of the country, through all the Mussulman population of the Deccan and the Nizam. There was a plot for the Mussulmen throughout the Deccan to rise on the 13th of June, and they did at Aurungabad, but elsewhere it was either crushed or came to nothing.

"Lord Ellenborough's speech would have done very great mischief had not things become too bad to be made worse by his imputations. If, when there was first a rumour that C. had a wish and intention to convert, it was found that a well-known man like Lord Ellenborough publicly proclaimed such a story, it must have had the worst effect. Now the conversion story has faded into insignificance. . . . C. never did subscribe to a missionary society for the conversion of



natives, neither did I. He has subscribed to the great school of the Scotch Free Kirk under Dr. Duff, in which 1400 youths of good caste receive the very best education, and from which most of the clerks employed throughout the Government offices come. Very few indeed are converted there, but they all read the Bible—otherwise their education is secular. It is an excellent school, and C. has given to it: he gives also to the Serampore College, founded by Lord Hastings, and supported by most Governor-Generals. . . . Will Lord Lansdowne say C. must be recalled for subscribing to Dr. Duff? I think a Governor-General's discretion ought to suffice in such a case."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*July* 20, 1857.—I think things have been worse than ever in the last fortnight. The death of Sir H. Wheeler and the horrors of Cawnpore it seems we shall never know, for, horrible to say, there is not a survivor left to tell. Lucknow holds out bravely, and we have every hope that General Havelock may be in time to relieve it, but—Sir Henry Lawrence is dead. He was a real hero! one of the bravest, finest characters I ever heard of. I hope his sons will be provided for, as a mark of gratitude to his memory. He was so magnificent in his charities that he can have saved nothing. He gave £1000 a year to the Lawrence Asylum for soldiers' children!<sup>1</sup> What would any one in England say to such a subscription from a private individual?"

<sup>1</sup> At Sanawar, near Umballa.

*Journal Letter.*

"*From Monday, July 20.*—There was a sort of lull for a few days, and a few things looking better. I do not remember if I have mentioned that Holkar at Madras has remained staunch. His troops in that part turned, when ours did, and no wonder Colonel Durand thought it high time to disbelieve in Holkar's protestations, when his artillery and troops suddenly came away to attack the 'Residency.' He had some faithful artillerymen and guns and waggons (I rather think he got at the English artillery), and went off with these, putting his wife in one of the waggons, for he had only Bheela to defend the house, and thought it high time to retreat. . . . Now he is convinced of Holkar's sincerity. His troops and ours fought over their spoil, and he came back for help to get it away from the others. Holkar would not let them return in pursuit, but sent men he could rely upon, and all the rest of the treasure and all his own valuables he put into Mhow in our fort.

"The *Himalaya* arrived just as our letters started. She has brought 700 men of the 90th—a smaller number than we expected, for she once carried 2000 men to the Crimea. Of course for a long voyage this would have been impossible, but the number sent seems very small, and has disappointed us a good deal. The captain, who came to report himself, is one of the North-West Passage, one who spent four years with Captain Maclure on the ice! They have been just as long coming from England as many sailing vessels. Lord Elgin did not leave such full instructions as he ought about sending on troops here from the Straits,

for two sailing vessels are toiling on to China with the companies of those two regiments that the *Sinmoon* and *Himalaya* could not hold. One of them, when told at sea that their comrades were gone to Calcutta, would naturally only look on it as a bad joke. Nothing could be done in China at this season, and the men would have lived on board ship, so they are as well here, but Heaven only knows when we can spare them.

“General Havelock pursued the Nana to his palace at Bithoor. The whole place was burnt and its guns taken, but the inhabitants had all fled. It will be difficult to catch that monster.

“There is a little cholera, and it has carried off a Captain Beatson of cavalry, an excellent officer. C. has had three days of fever, and every one has fevers slightly, just as they have influenza in England. Mine is gone, but I am still weak.”

“*July 25.*—General Havelock’s force has been crossing the river. It is rapid and swollen, and even with steamers and boats it takes long.”

“*Sunday, July 26.*—There is a panic here on account of the Mohammedan feast drawing near, and the public have been petitioning to disarm all the natives—easier said than done, with their power of concealing everything in their zenanas. There will, however, be an ‘Arms Bill,’ and arms registered, and the police are watching, and troops will be posted wherever they are wanted. There is a most zealous indigo-planter who has lost his factory and all in it, and has made a most

efficient volunteer cavalry officer near Benares. He is now to raise a yeomanry corps, and is made second in command. He is as happy as a king, and certainly will be a soldier for life, and probably a distinguished one. He has already done excellent service, and is as bold as a lion. He is aged about thirty, and named Chapman. Recruits are pouring in to him, a hundred and fifty came in a very short time, and he has got a hundred horses—a far more difficult feat.

“C. has objected to a publicly proclaimed Day of Humiliation all over the country, and has requested the Bishop to write a prayer for all services, to be read for a long time to come. For indeed it is a continuing state of humiliation we are in, and though one such day in England would be right, and I hope there will be such a day, it would, for obvious reasons, be objectionable, and even dangerous here. The Bishop’s prayer is a very good one indeed, and so is the Bishop of Bombay’s. He preached on Habbakuk i. 12, but he never can abstain from additions, and I could not agree in his list of the sins we had to repent of. One was ‘showing too much countenance and respect for caste,’ when caste is our greatest trouble and misfortune and inconvenience, meeting us at every turn.

“Except private sins, and not showing a good example, I really do not know what there is in which Government is not honestly and conscientiously trying to do good, and that good bores the natives very much; they certainly liked the old style of neglect far better. The great outcry here, especially in newspapers, is that all brown faces are preferred to white, and they are

petted and indulged, and Government will not listen to anything said against them. The greatest grievance against C. is that he has trusted Sepoy regiments until he had reason to know they were not trustworthy. This was but fair and just; but it was prudent too. With such a very small European force as we had, how could we hurry on the mutiny and exasperate the whole army by declaring war against it? and how could we bid them lay down their arms without strength to enforce it? Justice has been done to the natives, and every attempt has been made, or was making, to improve and raise and encourage them; but it is all utterly valueless, and has failed to a degree one could not have believed possible. Certainly the Sepoys, who are the worst—indeed nearly the whole of the rebels—are not of the educated class from Government schools, but they were petted and well-treated beyond all others, and their children too. I believe they had opportunities of learning, and regimental schools.

“Nothing was doing on the 15th at Delhi but repelling attacks and sorties, and they hoped we from Calcutta could reinforce. The Lucknow column goes on to relieve that important place, which has held out so long and so bravely: then it will occupy Oude.

“The men of the 70th in the Fort have given up an emissary from Delhi. These are disarmed men of the regiment C. pleased so by his speech, and the very men General Hearsey afterwards heard were intending to rise and murder Europeans: now I believe his was a false alarm.”

*"Tuesday, July 28.*—Another man has been seized by the men of the 30th. They got him to go back for his papers, and he brought them, and was taken. These men are behaving admirably, and seem reconciled to being disarmed. But it is a day of bad news. Three regiments have mutinied and gone off from Dinapore. Then from Lahore we hear that General Barnard died of the cholera about the 6th. It is very sad, and we had little expectation of anything happening to him: he looked so hale and full of life when he left us so lately. Later Delhi news had not alluded to this, though the expression 'General Reid's force,' as applied to the Delhi army, had puzzled us very much, for he ought not to have been in command; but it never occurred to us that this had come about by General Barnard's death.

"Another piece of bad news makes one's flesh creep. Major Holmes, who commanded the 12th regular cavalry at Legowlie, has been murdered, with his wife, and the doctor and his wife and children, by his troopers—men whom he trusted and loved as his children, and of whom he boasted in a way that was almost ridiculous. He was a capital soldier and had raised that regiment, and, though he delighted in writing letters in the style of the Napiers, he was keeping a tract of country quiet, and zealously doing all he could for the general good. We have been almost more shocked by his fate than by any of the horrible outbreaks. Some particulars have come since, and we now know that Major and Mrs. Holmes were waylaid and attacked on their evening drive in a buggy; and the doctor and his family were burnt alive in their bungalow, only one



little girl of three years old being saved by the ayah.

"Mrs. Holmes was the daughter of Lady Sale, and the widow of that poor Lieutenant Sturt killed in the Cabul retreat. It is indeed sad to think of all that poor woman had to go through. I hope and believe that her only little girl, born in the 'Cabul captivity,' was in England.

"For the first time, we are meditating extra precautions here, and as the white population is clamouring for the disarming of the natives before the next feast—the Buckreed—we shall have European soldiers quartered here, and placed in many more stations about the town. A great number of the 29th are close by in the town-hall, and the volunteers are getting skilled now, and there is not the shadow of fear of an outbreak. The Moharrum, however, is next month, and it will be quite right to take precautions for that week.

"At Agra all is safe within the fort, but the cantonments are destroyed. The Fort is very strong and well-provisioned and armed, and it could hold out for six months, but no one is besieging it now. The Meerut mutineers were driven away. From Delhi we have news of a rather better state of force than we imagined, though barely half of the 13,000 the newspapers choose to count up. There is some sickness, and many are wounded. By the papers I see they have seven ladies among them."

To THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*Calcutta, July 27, 1857.*—I think the last fortnight has been the blackest of all, and I am again afraid of

saying that things begin to brighten. I hope and believe Lucknow will be taken, and we must soon hear of Delhi; not that we care so much, for delay has now done its worst.

"How glad I shall be when the time comes again that my head is not full day and night of fighting, and guns, and murders, and counting up marches and roads and distances, for I never can help thinking of it, as if it was my work to look after it all. I have been quite glad to turn my mind to the clothing for the poor people from up-country, and the enormous trousseau I brought out has really become of use.

"The horrors of Cawnpore haunt me! Think of first the siege day and night, the crowds of helpless women and children with barely enough food,<sup>1</sup> then the death of Sir H. Wheeler, and the agreement to march out if sent to Calcutta in boats. The Nana gave them the boats, then fired into them,<sup>2</sup> and sank them, and massacred those who tried to land, and the remainder of the women and children he killed just as General Havelock came up. It is altogether the most dreadful tragedy one ever heard of, and there must

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart's journal says :—

"Dec. 4, 1858.—We saw what is, by courtesy, called the entrenchment, which poor Wheeler and his people so nobly defended, as if it had been defensible! It was on a level plain, and the works of so low a profile that no man, woman, or child was safe from the enemy's fire. Two of Sir C. Napier's echelon barracks were held with the entrenchment."

<sup>2</sup> The Sepoys who fired upon the boats were headed by Tantia Topee. The ghât where this first massacre took place was in 1893 the only unaltered spot at Cawnpore.

have been four or five hundred of them, unless many were already killed or had died.

"What will you all say in England to these dreadful stories? Lord Ellenborough is too bad. Neither C. nor I ever gave to missionaries. All C. has given has been to two schools in which the very best instruction was given to numbers of boys, besides the very few that might have been converted; and to one of these Governor-Generals have repeatedly subscribed before. I have been most scrupulous about my subscriptions, and everything of the sort.

"How comfortable Highcliff must be, but I do not wish to go now and see you there: I should like first to see all straight again here.

*Journal Letter.*

"*July 30.*—A telegraph has come of Lord Clarendon's message (June 27) that reinforcements will be sent immediately. . . . The indigo-planter, now 'Captain Chapman,' dined with us. I like the amateur soldier very much. He is getting on famously with his recruiting and longs to be up-country again. There is a Mr. Venables, I think a civilian, keeping a district quiet with a most heterogeneous force. When Mr. Chapman did such good service, he used to go out and meet the small instalments of Europeans, and guide them into Benares. He had eighteen men of the 84th with him when the firing was heard on the night of the great row there. He asked them if they would like to try to go on and into it all, and they said, 'Oh yes; we are but eighteen, but we have our sixty rounds each!' and on they went and did good service. Alas!

these brave men were all slaughtered at Cawnpore.

"I cannot tell a quarter of the curious anecdotes and adventures I hear. Mrs. Thomson's account of her brother's regiment was very odd. Most of it mutinied at different places, but the few companies with him at Goruckpore remained, after a fashion, faithful. At least, though quite disobedient and self-willed, and not choosing to move treasure, they were willing to guard it without helping themselves at the treasury, and they harmed nobody. The station was never destroyed or taken: it is now reinforced. All the ladies had been sent away. One poor woman in that part of the country got away with her husband and children, but the husband was afterwards murdered, and she wandered about quite mad. At last a friendly Rajah found her and the poor children, and sent them safely to Goruckpore: they say no human beings had ever been seen so thin. I think their name is Mills."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Highcliffe, July 3, 1857.*—You have done wonders in writing to every one of us to relieve the great anxiety caused by such a telegraph as startled us by the unexpected horrible fact of massacres, and Delhi being in the hands of the insurgents. . . . I hope and pray and trust that all may now be quiet, but how many anxious hearts are beating for those within the circle of danger!"

"*July 4, 1857.*—All our thoughts are of you and

India! and how we long for and yet fear the next telegraph. . . . One pleasant arrival from India has come in as I am writing—your two portfolios of flowers. Loo and Waterford and I have been in ecstasies at their exhibition after dinner.”

“*July 12.*—Dearest dear Cha. ! what terrible anxiety for you and Canning, and what a grief and blow the death of poor General Anson. We only know by telegraph of a retreat into Delhi, with twenty-six guns taken, but the assault is still to come and the accounts of the widespread revolt. . . . I am so thankful that, before this, I had not gone anywhere out of the way.”

“*July 17, 1857.*—Your drawings of flowers make quite a sensation. . . . I can well imagine their quieting influence on anxious days, when the hands could go on, and keep the head from working, and it must have been an interest to Canning to see them grow so fast. It is quite a wonder that the greater part should have been done in these months.

“Your journal has immense interest, but the worst of it is having telegrams after its last date. As to Canning, there is but one voice of praise here in all variety of terms, and his firmness, decision, and coolness form the theme of many letters—‘proving himself in all respects worthy of his name.’”

“*Carlton Terrace, August 3, 1857.* . . . There never was a crisis on so large a scale and of such dimension, or, in all our experience of troubled times, so difficult to account for or to reason upon. But this does not pre-

vent the *unreasonable* reasonings. . . . However, the Governor-General is held to have done all and everything that could be brought to bear upon the complicated difficulties that arose daily and hourly. I had the pleasure of hearing this in the most hearty manner from Lord Granville. I find the comfort of being in London, though in a solitary way, 'alone in my glory,' in this too charming house, for I can see people now and then, and Lady Charlotte Denison is most neighbourly to me. The very evening when the House of Lords was discussing Indian affairs, and I was preparing for my solitary tea, she came and carried me off to the Opera, which allows me to say that 'I have seen Ristori.' I have also been to a concert at Apsley House, which followed a very grand dinner to the Queen of the Netherlands. I just took the beginning of it, and felt very mournful at the changes there; but it was a very handsome and not crowded party."

"*Carlton Terrace, August 10, 1857.*—We are all happier for the arrival of troops, the stopping of the Press, and the arrest of the King of Oude, and I think by the next telegraph we shall hear that Delhi has fallen. I never felt the 44th Psalm as I did to-day . . . a 'proper psalm' for this morning's service. . . . I had been very much against the China war, but now feel how fortunately the troops will be ready to serve your turn—'There is a Providence that shapes our ways, rough-hew them as we may,' and out of this movement better things may come; but our stewardship of the last hundred years has failed in the great purpose of spreading the *Truth*, and we cannot prosper till we,



who profess to 'teach all nations,' do so in earnest, for while we suffer from the barbarity and atrocities of those in our pay, we must remember that we bound ourselves to withhold the light from them. When we start afresh, I would make no such provision. I would also send Indian regiments to our colonies, and bring companies from thence."

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VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal letter.*

"*Friday, August 1.*—The Dinapore business has been fearfully mismanaged by an incompetent old General Lloyd. He had ample force for quietly and safely disarming the three native regiments, but he announced his intention nine hours before (!), allowing them to get away with their arms—fortunately only fifteen copper-caps each, and ten rounds of cartridges. They are now spreading over the country, and have burnt Arrah, a station not far off. They were ill pursued, and afterwards, when a small force (250) was sent up to meet these men near Arrah, where they were joined by a Rajah and 5000 insurgents, a man persuaded the officer in command that he was sent by the magistrate to guide and hurry them on, and they marched in the dark into an ambuscade. When the men tried after a time to get back to their boats, a hundred and fifty Europeans and some Seiks were killed and wounded, and, I fear, all the officers. This is the worst disaster we have had, for it was a *defeat*. The third officer warned and tried to dissuade the others in vain.

"The steamer arrived, and brought Sir J. Outram, whom we have squeezed into the house. He is a very

dark-looking Jewish-bearded little man, with a desponding slow hesitating manner, very unlike descriptions, or rather the idea raised in one's mind by his old Bombay name of the 'Bayard of the East,' and this year's Bombay saying of—'A fox is a fool and a lion a coward by the side of Sir J. Outram.' He never can have done the things Sir C. Napier accuses him of, but he is not the least my idea of a hero.

"Nothing can give more an idea of the horrors of Cawnpore, or the impression left by them, than the fact that all yesterday the friends and relations of many of the poor victims were wishing each other joy, and quite feeling comfort and peace at the sight of the names of their friends in a list of names found in the house where they were shut up. It was kept by a native doctor and in Hindee, and many names are made out in it, with dates showing that they died of wounds and cholera before the massacre. A Mrs. Lindsay here (no relation of ours) has lost nine cousins there, amongst them a Mr. Lindsay and his three daughters, whom I used to see driving last winter in Barrackpore Park.

"Letters now give every detail of what was found at Cawnpore. Two little bungalows, with a small walled court between them, held above a hundred and ten women and children! How many remained at last, I do not know—thirty-five they say, but the bodies had all been thrown into a well.<sup>1</sup> Strong men were faint

<sup>1</sup> There were two wells at Cawnpore; one was used for the 100 bodies of those who died during the siege. The other at last dried up, and forced a surrender. 206 women and children were afterwards thrown into this well.

and sick at the sight, and it had a most depressing effect on them. A letter was found from a Mrs. Morris to her mother, and verses with 'Farewell.' It is said that General Wheeler's half-caste daughter kept the assailants at bay for some time, and shot five men. . . . I fear that, when the troopers rushed in, they were all hacked to pieces. They say it was a scene of blood, with every trace of horror, but I will not write the dreadful description.

"The massacre happened on the evening of July 15, between the battle on the 15th and the final taking of the place by General Havelock on the 16th. We can only account for it by supposing that nearly all the fighting men were wounded, for on the 24th of June General Wheeler had written that he could hold out and had ten days' provisions. Next day he was wounded and died. I do not believe there was a talk of coming to terms till he was gone, on the 26th. Surely *he* never would. It was quite a mad thing to trust such a man as the Nana, and they must have been in a desperate state to think of it. There is one story which denies that General Wheeler was wounded, and says a Captain Moore commanded, and that General Wheeler took little part and was murdered in the boats."

"*Sunday, August 2.*—General Outram goes up to Dinapore on Thursday, and commands that and the Cawnpore division, and a new Lieutenant-Governary is made for a time, which will take in a little of Bengal and the lower part of the North-West Provinces, in which the N.W. Lieutenant-Governor's power is null at

present, for he cannot communicate with it. Mr. Grant has consented to take this, and to try to restore order. Meanwhile the state of part of Bengal is very anxious, and there are rebels wandering about doing mischief wherever they can, and we have very little to oppose them with. They have cut the wire of the telegraph.

“On Saturday C. reviewed the mounted volunteers. They are in very neat blue flannel uniform with red facings and with sola helmets on their heads, and mounted on their own very nice horses. About a hundred and thirty of them performed evolutions very tidily: there are to be three hundred. We had a dinner of a few refugees in the evening—the Lennoxes from Fyzabad, and a Mrs. Webster from Banda, a very pretty young woman, who had travelled for a fortnight in a buggy, which was upset at the first start and broke her collar-bone. But on they went, sleeping under trees by the roadsides at night, and flying from place to place. They had twenty-five gentlemen with them fully armed, and only one other lady and a few half-castes. Their adventures were not so bad, but they saw villages burning on all sides, and knew that the people who had not got away as soon as they did were killed. Mrs. Currie (who is exactly like Aunt Mex) gave me a piteous account of the refugee people in the house she looks after—children with careworn anxious faces, who were obliged to lie in bed the first day, whilst their only garment was washed. Almost every one, in all their dreadful histories, has to tell of some kind Rajah or faithful servant, and now and then even of a Sepoy. One followed an officer and his wife the

whole way to Calcutta. Poor Mrs. Currie's nerves are very shaky. As she sat down to dinner, she said to her cavalier, '*I hope we shall rise safely from dinner.*' Only think of her courage in coming here. We have a European guard now at night, and I think the dinner company were charmed to see it. I believe it is quite right, though I have never clamoured for it.

"I think the body-guard must be trustworthy. There is not one man who has not been in it thirteen years, and at fifteen years they are entitled to their pension. All have fought in our battles, and have medals. Some have four, seven, and even eight clasps, and many have belonged from generation to generation. The Subadhar-Major's relations were there in Warren Hastings' time, and one came in 1805. I do not want them to be affronted. There are a hundred and eighty of them.

"There is a spirit of revenge abroad which is dreadful. I always say, 'Let us be severe and punish, but not unjustly, and above all, let us be as unlike these monsters as possible, and not copy them.'<sup>1</sup> But the things people say they would like to do, would be quite as bad as the acts of the Nana.

"I was forgetting to say how brilliantly good old

<sup>1</sup> H.M. the Queen wrote to Lady Canning :—

"*Balmoral, Sept. 8.* . . . The retribution will be a fearful one, but I hope and believe that our officers and men will show the difference between Christians and Hindoos or Mussulmen, by sparing old men, women, and children. Any retribution on them I should *deeply* deprecate, for then indeed how could we expect any respect or esteem for *us* in future?"

General Havelock goes on. He has fought the Lucknow force twice, if not three times, and has taken fifteen guns. In one battle his two thousand men (less, I believe) drove thirteen thousand before them! and took twelve guns. Then he walked straight into a walled town. Here, I grieve to say, he had some loss, but nothing to that of the enemy. We cannot spare these real heroes. The 78th Highlanders behave quite magnificently, and so do the Madras Fusiliers and the 64th. For cavalry, I think they have but eighty-four men, of whom twenty-four are gentlemen, and the others any man who could ride. Unhappily, there is a little cholera amongst them. They have twenty-five elephants for carrying footsore weary men.

"Our agony is for Lucknow.

"The papers have been putting in absurd stories against our good old Khansumah—a sort of *maitre d'hôtel*. One says he has been plotting and run away, another that he is a Thug. He was handing me a cup of tea as I was reading one of the articles."

"*Calcutta, August 3, 1857.*—We are not improving yet, but an arrival telegraphed of 1700 men and Lord Elgin is good news. We are quite easy about the safety of Calcutta, and Madras and Bombay Presidencies are all right, but we want more troops most dreadfully. These 1700 men will be a new army, and it looks rather as if another steamer-full was coming up. It is easy enough to beat the rebels when we have any force at all. Delhi is exactly Sevastopol over again, barring the frost-bites and the trenches.

"You will be very sorry for poor General Barnard,



such an old friend of yours as he was. He seemed so strong and full of life. I think he hardly knew the vital importance of getting into Delhi, and preventing the whole army from rising and rushing to it. The delay in taking it brought matters to the worst. Now the whole army, with the few exceptions of regiments dismissed, and the *very* few loyal ones—three or four—is gone.

“We are well, and keep in good heart, but it is anxious work, and often the messengers of ill arrive like Job’s—one upon another.

“General Grant is a capital man to have near, for he is so cheerful in his view of matters. He will go up-country when there is force enough to go as far as Delhi or Agra. . . . Civilians now are in the fight like soldiers, and run the same risks, and many act as volunteer cavalry.

“We shall be here for long, I suppose, for we could only travel in camp with an army, and there is not one to spare. Happily I have never thought ill of this climate or hated it, as some people do. . . . There were fifteen young ladies in Cawnpore, and at first they wrote such happy letters, saying time had never been so pleasant, it was every day like a picnic, and they hoped they would not be sent away; they said a regiment would come, and they felt quite safe. Poor, poor things! not one was saved! I want that well where they were all thrown down to be consecrated, with the ground around, and a plain monument put over them. C. would do it—a *chapelle expiatoire*. I must think of a design, or—ask Lou quietly to make me one.

“Lord Elgin will not be here till the 5th. William Peel<sup>1</sup> commands the ship. I shall be so glad to see all these friends.”

“*Tuesday, August 4.*—There has been some very good service done by a capital man, Colonel Campbell. He was ordered to stop at Berhampore on his way up the river, and to disarm the troops there, and he did it to perfection. His own regiment, the 90th, is not very strong, for I know the *Himalaya* brought but 750 of it; but he landed at two, and sending for the commanding officer of the native line regiment, ordered him to parade at half-past four. The officer said this was impossible, but Colonel Campbell would not listen, and desired it to be done. Then he got the officer of the irregular cavalry regiment and ordered the same thing. He also wanted to put off to next day, but the Colonel was firm, and the regiments were paraded and disarmed without a murmur. The horses of the irregulars were also taken away, to their great surprise and disgust. If the intention of all this had got wind, the regiments would either have been ready to resist, or, more probably, would have escaped, as they did at Dinapore, and so have added to the terror and confusion. The 90th is now off again on its way up-country.

“A civilian, Mr. Money, was ordered to abandon his post at Gyah by his superior civilian. The poor man had fortified himself, and prepared a flock of sheep on the roof, and bullocks on the ground-floor, and provisions and ammunition, and he had Seiks, and forty

<sup>1</sup> Third son of the statesman Sir Robert Peel.

English soldiers, and  $8\frac{1}{2}$  lacs of rupees to defend. He was utterly wretched at retreating or abandoning this treasure, for which he had no carriage. Last night, however, his brother came in great joy and triumph to say that, when it came to the point, he could not make up his mind to go, and there he has remained, ready to stand a siege and disobey orders, and he is not besieged! This is the right way of doing things in India. These Moneys are the brothers of the writer of 'Twelve Months with the Bashi-basouks.' Anything like retreat does fearful mischief here, and somehow or other it *invariably* ends ill, and in a great loss of life. . . . So, on the whole, Lower Bengal is looking better again to-day. Sir J. Outram's name will have a wholesome effect when it is known he is in command.

"The refugee fund is already very large indeed, and all the other Presidencies are giving handsomely. I am sure in England they will be for the most generous subscriptions. . . . What I most want is that the Patriotic Fund should begin again for the great army coming out here, and the fund for officers' widows and families.

"I hope the mother of poor Lieutenant Willoughby will be well provided for. I do grieve for that woman. She was so proud of her sons that she came to India to be near them. Sir J. Outram tells me he knew her, and she lives at Massouri in the hills. You will remember the gallant feat of young Willoughby and the eight men with him, when they blew up the magazine of Delhi. They were all wounded and some killed. We know no particulars yet of their escape, but Wil-

loughby is said to have died at Meerut, and, since that, the other son, an engineer or artillery officer at Saugor, had both legs shot through, and died soon after!

"Sir J. Outram has had a letter from his wife. She is shut up in the Fort at Agra, but seems well content and safe, only anxious about her son, a civilian, who skirmishes about with volunteers. The Somers family will be amused to know that their cousin, always a very good volunteer soldier, has in his troop an 'Equestrian Company' of the Franconi kind, that happened to be at Agra, and joined the volunteer cavalry, clown and all. There seems to be no force threatening Agra just now, and it is strong and well-provisioned, and can stand a great deal.

"At Delhi, Major-General Wilson commands, but they do nothing but repel attacks. In one they killed a thousand men, and wounded many others. Why they dread to assault we cannot understand. If it had been done after the attack of the 8th, our history would have been very different. I think General Anson would have gone straight at it. There was at first a very small force there certainly, but since it has more than doubled.

"Three steamers with Madras troops are on the river: some artillery and cavalry are to come from thence. They are believed to be trustworthy, and the habit of having their families always with them is an immense hold upon them. Of course the families are left in Madras now, where they will be with the depôts of the regiment, and taken care of, and in the power of the authorities. But the Madras men are very inferior

in 'physique' to our magnificent-looking Bengal army—Sepoys from 'up-country,' who behave so abominably—and, without plenty of English support and leading, I think they would not make a good fight. They still wear sandals, and not shoes, and the odd head-dress they are so attached to.

"Sir C. Jackson came to see me to tell me the contents of a letter of Colonel Curzon's he saw at Madras. I had till then not had an idea of all the obstacles poor General Anson had overcome in those few days. When he reached Umballa, he had not a camel or a bullock, for all Government carriage was done away with three years ago. Very likely for foreign wars this might not so much matter, but it was a terrible difficulty in this case. The Rajah of Patiala, however, supplied beasts. Then the doctors represented that it was quite impossible for Europeans to march at that season, and that all hospital stores were wanting. Still he did march and overcame all difficulties. . . . His cholera was the mildest case the doctor ever knew to be fatal, and he had quite got over it, when sinking came on, and he died of exhaustion, sending a message to his wife, and trusting that Government would be satisfied with what he had done. Poor man! he would, I am sure, have quietly and firmly gone on and taken Delhi.

"The Bengal disturbances are bad. The planters and civilians are all leaving their places, and there are more mutinous detachments rising up at different small places. We have no more Europeans to send up."

"*Wednesday, August 5.*—We were surprised to-day

to see the body-guard without swords. There had been a question of disarming, because of general mistrust, and to save them the constant trial of being tampered with. But the manner of disarming was not yet arranged, and C. was not at all inclined to be harsh with these men, of whom we know nothing amiss. The General was for disarming, and the final order was to be given when C. saw the commanding officer next day. In the morning Major Thomson had some talk with the native officers, and they came upon the disarming topic, and the officers said their men would be willing to give their arms up if only quietly asked by them to do so, and that they would understand the reason. This simple way, Major Thomson thought, was not to be neglected, so he had carts sent for, and stood a little way off, and the thing was done without another European being there to coerce it. Even the native officers voluntarily gave up their swords; and swords, carbines, and ammunition were driven off into the Fort. It was very brave of Major Thomson, and he was taking an immense responsibility, but he was, I suppose, so well satisfied with the tone of the older men, that he felt he could risk it. The two old officers came afterwards to C., and were made Sirdar Bahadoors, which is a gentleman's rank, with double pay. One came into the regiment in 1812, the other in 1816.

“Mr. Money's brother came on Thursday evening to ask if some help could meet his brother, for he had received notice of such a force coming upon him that he determined to carry off his treasure in the carriages that had brought him some English soldiers. So now he is marching along the road with £8500 in silver, and a



company of the 64th and some Seiks. It seems impossible that such a tempting prize can escape, for it must move so slowly that notice will travel and bring all the rebels down upon it. Seiks will go and meet him, but he has still many days of march to get to Ranigunje. The Money family here, and the poor wife, are terribly anxious.

"We are becoming very anxious about General Havelock and Lucknow. He has not gone on, but brought his sick and wounded within six miles of Cawnpore, and asked for more men, and heavy guns and ammunition. We can only get a hundred and twenty men and two guns, and we trust he has gone on again. This voluntary step backwards puzzles every one, and gives the enemy time to recover, while the poor Lucknow people are still in the agony of suspense. He was carrying all before him. He has another river to cross, and more walled towns to encounter, but he had barely thirty miles more to go. This delay is very disheartening.<sup>1</sup>

"General Outram and Mr. Grant went off on Thursday afternoon. General Outram commands the Dinapore division, and will in a moment restore confidence and do wonders, I am sure; but his means are small. There is about a regiment and a half, and the 90th and 5th are going up-country.

"Mr. Grant is to act as Lieutenant-Governor (as the powers of Mr. Colvin are limited very effectually by the impossibility of communicating beyond Agra) as far as

<sup>1</sup> Want of reinforcements had compelled Havelock to fall back on Cawnpore, and to wait there till he was joined by Outram in the third week of September.

near Cawnpore. He is very right-minded about letting military authority have its way (without interference of civilians) to work and restore order whenever it is possible, and to get the people again to cultivate their lands, and pay their rents to the rightful, and not the wrong powers."

"*Friday, August 7.*—Very gloomy prospects still. A nameless steamer coming up the river was pleasant news, then it became 'a steamer with marines and some of the 90th,' then the *Shannon* with the *ambassador* Lord Elgin and seventeen hundred men was telegraphed. The force comes most opportunely, and as to Lord Elgin, if he has finished off China and Madras, and makes us a flying visit, we shall be charmed to see him! If he has to wait here till he gets his army back, he may be weary of us."

"*Saturday, August 8.*—General Havelock is advancing to Lucknow. I cannot keep this to tell about Lord Elgin. We wonder so much if he has finished off the China affair: it is scarcely possible.

"Do read the touching scraps of journal found at Cawnpore.<sup>1</sup> One must be a child's writing. It is most

<sup>1</sup> It is also generally reported that inscriptions were found on the walls; but Colonel Stuart's journal says:—

"*Allahabad, June 16. 1858.*—Yesterday Mr. Willock, a civilian going to Suram, dined. He accompanied Havelock's force last year, and was in the Assembly-rooms at Cawnpore only two days after the massacre. He carefully searched the walls, and found no inscriptions; but the floor was an inch or two deep in blood; the long grass near the building was wet with it; the well was choked with naked corpses."

sad, for such dryly told facts of deaths must have been written to be found after the poor writer was dead too. Two officers and two soldiers who escaped are at Allahabad, and there are twelve others—I believe drummers and children, and three women.

“News has come of a gallant defence by a few civilians of their house at Arrah, and they are at last rescued by Major Eyre (the Cabul Eyre) and a very small force from Buxar.

“Things faintly brighten. They were very gloomy, but we always feel convinced of holding on. Do not for a moment fancy that any part of India will go permanently! I do hope we shall be here long enough to see it prosperous and settled again.”

*Another despatch—from August 7 to 21.*

“On August 7 telegraphs came all day of the progress of a great ship steaming up the river, and the excitement grew when we knew it was the *Shannon*, and it reached its climax when we found it had brought Lord Elgin and seventeen hundred men—of course not all in one ship.

“Next day he arrived in that beautiful frigate—the largest ship, they say, that ever steamed up here. We were delighted to hear that William Peel was in command, and still more when Lord Elgin gave out his intention of leaving him to do us all the service he could with his heavy guns and crew. Lord Elgin’s force proved to be very heterogeneous, but all will give most effectual help, for our resources were exhausted, and the Bengal outbreak might have proved very bad, and we had no more Europeans to spare.

“Lord Elgin has a great staff with him—F. Bruce, Donald Cameron, Mr. Loch, who was formerly in the 3rd cavalry here, the regiment that began the outbreak, Mr. Oliphant, who has travelled everywhere, and who wrote ‘Shores of the Black Sea,’ a Chinese interpreter, Mr. Wade, a young Mr. Fitzroy, who is a sort of nondescript artist and photographer, and Mr. Morison, who is of Chinese missionary parentage. Lord Elgin himself looks more prosperous than ever, and in the most jolly old age: one cannot believe that he is but forty-five. He is entirely engrossed with China and everything Chinese, and I do not think it is merely that he has, from a feeling of delicacy, a wish not to meddle in Indian concerns, but that really they are not in his head just now. He is for heartily giving all help, but complains that he is placed in a most puzzling position. He was sent out far too soon, for not only did he *dévançer* his army, but all his colleagues from other countries had not arrived, and I think it did not suit him ill to come here after three weeks of Sir J. Bowring and Hong-Kong—quite long enough for him to learn his subject thoroughly. The ship has some of our acquaintance in the middies’ berth—a little Clinton and a Kerr; and in the *Pearl*, which has since arrived, we found Charlie Scott, the youngest boy of the Buccleuchs, and a nice merry boy of the Sandwich’s.

“There was a lull for a few days just then. The Bengal disturbances did not spread much. Arrah was relieved, and Major Eyre successful there with a very small force. The siege of that house is really a curious story. It was so well written in a printed

letter that I recommend you to read it. Its defenders held it for seven days, dug a well, made sorties for provisions, were mined and then countermined—in fact, underwent all the operations of a siege.

“The treasure party from Gyah has come safely in. We had all the Money family to dine, and tell us the details of that feat, for it was really a very brave one. I believe the treasure was £75,000, and not £8500, as I said. The fugitives sometimes marched thirty miles a day, and put half the soldiers in carts: the two hundred miles they did in ten days. Gyah is a very holy Hindoo town, but outside there is a Mohammedan town, and the little cluster of Europeans, very few indeed, live near it. The police turned, and let out the prisoners from the jail, and an attack from these, which they repulsed, as they were followed by them for the first few miles, was the only fighting they had.

“Another rebel force from Ranghur went into hilly country and seems to have dispersed, and—to finish up the topic of Bengal disturbances—I may add that we heard last Monday (17th) that Major Eyre had attacked a stronghold at Juddespore, and been completely successful. The telegraph wire was cut for some days, and there was a sort of false lull, for we could hear nothing, and some rebels prevented the daks from coming on. All that is right again now, and certainly many people have fled from their factories and stations who might have stayed in them in safety. But, after all that has happened, one cannot blame them for not running terrible risks. All Bengal is now quiet.

“Lord Elgin has been driving and riding about a little with us, and C. allowed himself an hour or two one day for a walk in the Botanic Garden, an expedition he had not made for months, for it takes full two hours to go there and back and round it. It looks very luxuriant and green now, but wet and almost devoid of flowers. I do not know if it will be possible for the Elgin party to see Barrackpore. The Moharrum days are drawing near, and they would not do well for distant drives, and we must put off till that crisis is over.

“The last steamer went off crowded with unhappy passengers—widows, and widows who still refuse to believe that their husbands are dead. One story I heard was very touching. Some of the Fyzabad officers, attacked in their boat, landed, and the last authentic account of them, brought by a servant, was that they were seen (three of them) very much exhausted, and their dogs defending them, and not allowing the villagers to come near them. Colonel Goldney is known to have had a large and very fine dog. One of the others kept hounds. Still poor Mrs. Goldney will not believe her husband was one of those described. She and the other wives had been sent away a day or two before, and a friendly Rajah protected them.

“A merchant’s wife came to see me, and gave deplorable accounts of losses in factories—indigo and sugar-works; and some people say great fortunes could be made by an armed party going up in boats to collect the wasted indigo.

“Lord Elgin is very anxious to give all possible



help, and very hearty about it. They amuse us here a little about the responsibility undertaken in diverting the China force from its original channel, and Lord Elgin rather jokes about risking his head! We, on the contrary, think it would have been more risked if he had hesitated *for an instant* to do all he possibly could. I think Lord Elgin's visit will be very short, for he must go back to Hong-Kong as soon as he has settled all about the forces with C. He had better not stay too long here, for already the idea is abroad of another Lord Sahib having arrived.

"China is not the least settled yet, not even begun.

"Mrs. Halliday and her daughters have come safely down from Darjeeling. They seem to think it was not a safe place, as the hill tribes might rise. There is a regiment in a doubtful state, twenty-three miles from the line of road by which they travelled. Hitherto the men have behaved well, but Darjeeling is quite out of reach of help, and the officers have no means of defence, if they do rise. I liked a trait I heard of the Colonel. He knew the risk, and he found excuses for sending away all his quite young ensigns on different pretences, that they might not be sacrificed. They could do no good, and he wished to spare them. The old ones, like himself, were bound to remain at their posts.

"This gives an idea of what the state of things is, of the utter helplessness of officers in such a position. They cannot disarm. They can do nothing, but pretend to have no fear, and occupy the men as much as possible. All the women have been sent away.

"Last Monday (August 13) we had a very great surprise, when the mail-steamer telegraphed that Sir Colin Campbell was on board as Commander-in-Chief. We had to think over all possible ways of squeezing him into the house, and by sending away Mr. Donald Cameron and Mr. Loch, we were able to offer a lodging to Sir Colin, and his military secretary, Major Alison. . . . We had no idea that it was possible for the news of poor General Anson's death to have arrived so soon. The speed of Sir Colin's departure was wonderful: he was one month and a day on his way after leaving England.

"We find him very amiable and cheerful, an endless talker and *raconteur*. He will be sure to fight well, but when will he have the opportunity? The 14,000 men from England will not arrive for long, and there is no sufficient force here for him to take the field. Only detachments and reinforcements go up now.

"Great expectations are sure to be raised in England of the immediate effect of his presence here, and they are quite sure not to be fulfilled for long. He has much to do in learning all about the people to be employed, and Sir P. Grant, who knew every officer of any standing in the Bengal army, had a great advantage over him there, for he could make all his appointments without asking a question. Sir Colin and Sir Patrick knew each other before, and get on perfectly well together, and have worked hard together for the last ten days.

"Sir Colin is not a bit in the style of Sir C. Napier. I should almost say he was too deferential, and in no

hurry to put himself forward. A little anecdote about putting an officer in the Fort under arrest for not knowing how to teach the Enfield drill will, I daresay, be made much of; but he *was quite right*, except that the Fort being immediately under C.'s jurisdiction, the case had to pass through his hands, and he at once approved. Sir Colin was full of jokes about his own misdemeanour. . . . The newspapers here, in their usual ill-conditioned spirit, of course try to pretend that Sir Colin will change and oppose everything, but there is not a shadow of truth in the stories they put forward and the opinions they hint at. I am very sorry Sir P. Grant is going, and I believe he would have done admirably as Commander-in-Chief. But I know that Sir Colin and C. will work very well indeed together, and, little as he is Napier-ian in this way, I hope he may be like him in the active line.

"I am rather surprised that the Delhi news made no more sensation in England. The next mail, except General Anson's death, could tell but little more, and then there were fewer regiments gone than were supposed. *Now* very nearly the whole Bengal army is gone or disarmed.

"I am afraid the letters from here have never been fully attended to on one point, which was that all depended on Delhi, and if Delhi fell, as it did *not*, our worst expectations were realised. All our sanguine views were in the hope that it would fall, and the delay fulfilled the fullest forebodings of ill.

"Just now (August 21) we have much more cheering

news from Delhi. The latest date is the 14th, and greater reinforcements were to arrive from the Punjaub than we thought could be sent.

“One case is really heart-breaking, and never out of one’s thoughts, and that is *Lucknow*. General Have-lock did all that man could do, fought and beat the enemy every day, but his force was too small to push on, encumbered with sick and wounded, and with a fight every day, at every turn. And at last, after finally beating the enemy again, he recrossed his worn-out men, under a thousand in all, to Cawnpore. The hope of the poor garrison of Lucknow holding out till a larger force collects again is very faint indeed, for we know of them now on August 16—‘hemmed in, and provisions running short.’ The thought is a dreadful one. If they stand, and are rescued, it will be almost a miracle! The number of helpless women and children there is most lamentable to think of. One poor man here, a Mr. Garrett in the Post-Office, comes daily to ask Mr. Talbot what hope there is, and tries *to comfort himself* by fancying his poor wife and three children there must have died!

“Last Monday we went on board the *Shannon*, and all the crew going up-country were paraded before us. William Peel was in delight at the thought, and told us of all his preparations. He has ten 68-pounders, and about 350 great strong seamen, and artillery-men and marines, besides a field-battery, &c., and his band and chaplain go too, and a number of officers, including Arthur Clinton and Walter Kerr. They were to have started on Monday, but the steamer to tow them failed once or twice. Now they are off, but she broke down

a second time, and another is supplied: I hope they will get on well.

"Sir J. Outram must have got to Dinapore, and perhaps farther by this time, and I cannot but have a hope he may devise some means of collecting a few more men from different places, and make one more attempt upon Lucknow. But it is hoping against hope. I cannot bear to look at the poor people who have their relations shut up there. Last night some Birch's dined here, and I felt terribly for the poor old woman, whose son, such a handsome youth—exactly like Vandyke's Pallavicini on horseback—is shut up in Lucknow. Some one had given her a cheering account, and they fancy there are plenty of provisions thrown in, but I fear there is no truth in that good report.

"We have been going on much as usual here. The people are in terror for the Moharrum, but there is such warning given, and so many precautions taken, that I do not believe in any danger here. In the Deccan and Madras it may be rather more dangerous. The Mahommedans here are frightened, and many have gone away: others give out that they do not mean to have their processions.

"Lord Elgin must be greatly bored. I think he is very anxious to do away with the prevailing notion that he has come to set us to rights, if not to supersede C., for he makes a point of keeping aloof from the principal people, and talks almost exclusively of Chinese or English matters, and never of Indian. I think he will stay for the next mail, and learn what is to become of his force eventually. He will be cruelly diminished in power if they do not send him out any

troops, and I can hardly imagine that enough soldiers can be spared for him and for us. . . . We take it for granted that the militia is called out.

“With our *four* staffs, the dinner-party hardly ever sinks below twenty in number and looks very brilliant, and we have asked numbers of people to meet the two Commanders-in-Chief and Lord Elgin, for they would all be wretched if they did not see him. He is a great lion here, and, on his landing, a crowd of Europeans gathered to cheer him. The *Pearl*, a corvette, brought up some of Elgin’s force, and I discovered two middies amongst the wrecked of the *Raleigh*—Charlie Scott and Victor Montagu, such nice merry boys. I must try and get hold of them again. I have offered them ponies to ride.”

“*Sunday, August 23.*—I have not much to add. Only that Sir J. Outram’s last letter from Dinapore shows his anxiety to do everything possible to save Lucknow, and he has a new line in view, avoiding some difficulties. If they can hold out, all may yet be well: but the men are few. General Straubenzee says his brigade ought to be here very soon, in the *Assistance* and *Adventure* and another ship. Some of these will be available for Lucknow. . . . There have been many more attempts to tamper with the Sepoys, and papers taken, and there is a wonderful history of an Armenian, called the Bishop of Bagdad, who is seized, and whose papers implicate many people in plots. He came from Madras, and was thought suspicious and watched, and taken in a boat going up the river.

“General Hearsey called one day to thank for the



favourable account of him which was rewarded by the K.C.B. He is charmed with it, mostly for his wife. 'Papa, papa, you are Sir John,' he says was the sound which woke him out of his first sleep. . . . Owing to an admirable speech he has made, the whole of the 70th has volunteered for China.

"The whole force at Barrackpore has been sulky, and it is no easy matter to keep the disarmed men quiet. . . . They say in the papers that the same cartridges the men objected to, they used to kill their officers with. Very likely this is true. But the men probably know very well that the cartridges were *not* greased, and it was a mere excuse. No greased cartridge ever was served out, and they have never had an Enfield rifle. Only the preparing of some grease in a school of musketry gave rise to the whole report, and it was a mere excuse.

"On Friday (21st) the Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, got as far as Barrackpore, when his tug altogether broke down. The American tug *River Bird*, from one of the China rivers, was sent up to take him on, and she would do admirably as to power, but the draft of water is rather too great, and there is risk of sticking on sandbanks—perhaps till next year, if the water falls!

"Yesterday (22nd) General Grant and his staff went away in the *Punjaub*. The volunteers wanted to attend as his guard of honour, but as he had to stay till 11 A.M., he would not hear of their being out in the sun. We liked him very much, and, in the two months he has been here, he has done very good service. He and Sir Colin worked very well together, and

he has given Sir Colin much useful information about the officers, &c., of the Bengal army. General Grant seems to have none of the undue predilection for Sepoys which some people like to attribute to Sepoy generals. He has been deeply grieved and astonished by all that has happened, but, I think, judged very fairly of them, and certainly at present is against *trusting* any but Seiks, &c., in the Bengal army. Some of Sir Colin's staff came back from dining at Barrack-pore mess with an account of the discovery of some men who tried to tamper with the disarmed regiments, and had a plot for firing bungalows, &c. They were seized, and the officers kept up all night. The first they heard of it is said to have been from all the ladies at the station running into the mess dinner! I rather suspect they have taken to making these panics the excuse for 'a lark.'

"A letter has been shown to me from a young officer at Cawnpore, who has seen a Sepoy who is by way of giving a detailed account of all that happened there. He had been friendly to us, and was imprisoned by the Nana. One or two parts of his story are new, but one never can tell how much is true in a native account. He says:—

"'When the Nana's guns opened on the boats, one boat in which General Wheeler was, cut the cable and dropped down. The boat got stuck near the shore. The infantry came up, and opened fire. The large gun they could not manage, not knowing how to work the elevating screw: with the small gun, they fired grape tied up in bags, and the infantry fired with their muskets. This went on all day. It did not hurt the Sahib-log much ('gentry folk' is the literal meaning of Sahib-log). They

returned the fire from the boat with their rifles, and wounded several of the Sepoys on the bank, who thereupon drew off.

“Towards evening, the Sepoys procured a very large boat, into which they all got, and dropped down the river upon the Sahibs’ boat. Then the Sahibs fired again, and wounded more Sepoys, and they drew off and left them. At night came a great rush of water in the river, which floated off the Sahibs’ boat, but, owing to the storm and a dull night, they only proceeded three or four ‘cas.’ Then the Nana sent three more companies (1st Oude N.I.) and boats, and surrounded the Sahibs’ boat, and took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. Then came out of that boat fifty Sahibs and twenty-five Mem-Sahibs (ladies) and four children, one boy and three half-grown girls. The Nana then ordered the Mem-Sahibs to be separated from the Sahibs, and the Sahibs to be shot by the Gillis Pattan (1st Bengal N.I.). But they said, ‘We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our Pattan name great, and whose son is our quartermaster, neither will we kill the Sahib-log (Cary?); put them in prison.’ Then said the Nadur Pattan, ‘What word is this, put them in prison? *We* will kill the males.’ So the Sahib-log were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadur Pattan placed themselves over against them, with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the Mem-Sahibs, the doctor’s wife (I do not know his name, but he was either superintendent-surgeon or medical storekeeper), ‘I will not leave my husband; if he must die, I will die with him,’ so she went and sate down beside her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this, the other Mem-Sahibs said, ‘We will die with our husbands,’ and the Sahibs said ‘Go, go,’ but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers, and they went and pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm, but they could not pull away the doctor’s wife, who there remained.

“Then, just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the Padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana, and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it, and the Padre’s hands were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read. But all

this time one of the Sahib-log, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly, and get the work done? why delay?' After the Padre had read a few prayers, he shut the book, and the Sahibs shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one away, one another as they sat, but they were not dead, only wounded, so the Sepoys went in and finished them off with their swords.

"After this, the whole of the women and children, including those taken out of the other boats, to the number of a hundred and twenty-two, were taken away to the yellow house which was your hospital. This was the Bithoor Rajah's house in civil lines, where I and four more Sepoys were confined, and where I had the opportunity of talking to the serjeant-major's wife. After this, when we Sepoys were taken down with the Rajah to Futteypore, the women and children were taken away to the house where they were afterwards murdered.

"As to General Wheeler's youngest daughter, this was her circumstance. As they were taking the Mem-Sahibs out of the boats, a Sowar took her away with him to his house. She went quietly, but at night she rose, and got hold of the Sowar's sword. He was asleep. His wife and his son and his mother-in-law were sleeping in the house with him. She killed them all with the sword, and then she went and threw herself down the well behind the house. In the morning, when people came and found the dead in the house, the cry was, 'Who has done this?' Then a neighbour said that in the night he had seen some one go and throw herself down the well, and they went and looked, and there was Missie Baba, lying dead."

"This account—received in a letter from Cawnpore, dated August 9, 1857—was given by Unjoor Tewaree of the 1st N.I., a most intelligent man, who saved the life of Mr. Duncan (who had taught him English) and his wife at Bauwa, by concealing them, and reporting to the Rajah that they were willing to become Mussul-

men. He then marched to Cawnpore, and the Nana took all he had and put him in prison.

"I do not like sending you these horrid stories, but still you will read and hear worse. I believe it is true that the poor women were not ill used, till the moment the Nana sent in the actual *butchers* from the bazaar, to hew them down as quick as possible, after the defeat at Pandoo Nuddee on the 16th. The horrid stories of slow torture and children nailed up seem not to be true. I am told that an Afghan woman, wife of an officer, was there, and saw all, and her account is believed. The most horrid part is that fifteen poor creatures hid themselves under the bodies all night, and next morning were dragged out, and either killed or thrown into a well with the rest. They had long defended their door by tying it up with their clothes. To think that all this may be again repeated, if Lucknow is not relieved, is heartrending! The Nana sometimes joins that force, otherwise we hope and believe the Oude people are less cruel and bloodthirsty than this man, who is a Mah-ratta. Still we have a hope that Lucknow may in time be saved by Outram and Havelock.

"I have seen another and quite true narrative of the escape of Lieutenant De la Fosse. He, and three others, I believe, were saved. Their boat went on for two days! They fought repeatedly, and at last landed and defended a temple, and then saved themselves by swimming, and I think a friendly Rajah at last hid them. Poor young Glanville was of that party, and was shot in the boat."

"*Sunday, August 23, later.*—This is a day of heavier

rain than I ever remember. In the meteorological register I have seen it marked 3 inches 75 for the day.

"General Outram has arrived at Dinapore. He is full of energy, and for pressing on all troops towards Lucknow, Behar being safe, and no necessity for a larger force. He has been much annoyed at one of the local officers recalling a steamer with some of the 90th. His express to countermand that order did not arrive in time to stop the return, and they did return, and the flat required cleansing thoroughly, for cholera had broken out. These delays are heart-breaking. General Outram had wished to go up from Benares into Oude. The roads are not of the solid well-made sort, and the distance is great, and with the country all wet and deep mud, it may be impossible for artillery. The Cawnpore way is safest and preferred, and to be adopted, unless he has good reason for supposing this new scheme to be best. It is a comfort to see how earnestly he is for trying all that is possible."

*Separate—To* LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*August* 23, 1857.—Sir Colin gets on beautifully with us, but, poor man, he cannot mend our matters. He will have to wait for 14,000 men before his military talents can do much. He and Sir Patrick worked hard together for a week, and Sir Patrick went back to Madras yesterday; he has done admirable service in these last two months.

"Things have not mended much yet, but they are a shade better. Bengal is all quiet again. Delhi is in a bad way *inside*, and our force prosperous and reinforced. The grievous thing is that Lucknow is not



relieved, and we cannot tell how much longer it can hold out. General Havelock's force was too small to get there. One faint hope still remains, that General Outram may have men enough for another attempt, now Bengal is quiet. It is quite heart-breaking to think of all those poor people hemmed in, and perhaps feeling all kinds of privations. They are not much attacked just now, we believe. In many places there is cholera, but it is not a very bad kind: next month is the dangerous time, when fever breaks out as the rains cease.

"... When Delhi was not at once retaken, we never had a hope that the native army would stand, and it has nearly all gone or been disarmed. I do not think there are more than six or eight sound infantry regiments left with arms in their hands, and very few of cavalry. I think the success they met with at first surpassed their hopes, and the prophecies of the end of English rule after a hundred years made them believe they had a chance of succeeding, and no Mahometan ever gives up the hope of regaining the upper hand. Next week will be trying in the Madras Presidency, but if the feasts go well, we may feel easy about the security of those parts. In the north-west, we have to reconquer a tract of country, and, till there is a good large army, not much can be done.

"The Delhi force may succeed, and the Naval Brigade taken up by William Peel may do great things, but there is no hope of quiet till the force from England is here. The stories of horrible adventures and escapes are numberless. . . . I have very little to tell about ourselves. C. looks daily more worn and bleached,

and I think it will be well for him when he can get fresher air and peace of mind. He always sleeps and is fresh in the morning, but is a little inclined to fever, though it has not ever attacked him like most people."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Monday, August 24.*—A telegraph from Cawnpore gives a copy of a letter from Colonel Inglis, who commands at Lucknow. He had heard of the impossibility of General Havelock's small force advancing, and that he should cut his way through to meet it was hopeless. He has two hundred and thirty women, two hundred and thirty children, a hundred and twenty sick, and his European force is only three hundred and fifty, with about as many natives. He is hemmed in, and heavy guns play on him at a very short distance, and they are mining close up to the wall. His provisions run short, but he means to begin half rations at once, and with these can hold out till Sept. 10.

"I hear people say they have at Lucknow some of the underground rooms used for coolness in hot weather, and in some of these the poor women and children can live in safety. At Cawnpore, in the latter days, the ladies and children were kept for safety *in the trenches!* They had not even a roof left, or any protection from the sun.

"The sickness at Cawnpore is diminishing, but the men want rest badly."

"*Tuesday, August 25.*—General Outram is going to advance the old way, and the troops are moving

on steadily. Some Madras troops and a wing of the 53rd are going up the trunk road marching.

"Lord Elgin had a curiosity to see Dr. Duff, so he dined. He has a curious story of the adventures of one of his Bengalee Christian missionaries and his wife, who came away from Allahabad and were afterwards obliged to go back, and the Maulvi<sup>1</sup> kept them alive in the hopes of making Mahommedans of them. At one time they were robbed of everything by some villagers. They saw a 'syce' (a groom) coming along the road with his wife and child and some bundles. These people were at once robbed, and when the poor woman rather objected to her only garment being taken, they took her child by the heels and dashed out its brains against a stone: yet these poor people were as black and heathen as their assailants. In those districts it is anarchy, and all are ready to fall upon any person who has anything worth plundering. Dr. Duff says the swinging festival went off very mildly this year. It has dwindled much, but it has not been prohibited. The Moharrum began at the first sight of the new moon on Friday."

"*August 26.*—The whole community was greatly alarmed at the sound of the heavy guns—quite a cannonade—at twelve o'clock. I remembered Prince Albert's birthday and the new saluting rules, and I looked out and saw the *Shannon* and *Pearl* gaily dressed in flags, and firing their heavy guns as fast as possible, in a new style quite unlike the old formal

<sup>1</sup> The Mahommedan Governor of Allahabad.

way with a regular pause and a stated number of seconds between each gun.

"The Madras cavalry expected, object to cross the sea! This looks ill, but the only punishment has been to deprive them of horses and trappings, and to march away the regiment on foot."

"*August 27.*—I drove with Lord Elgin, Sir Colin, and Major Bouverie to call on Mrs. Halliday. Mr. Halliday told us enough stories to fill a volume, especially about Kooer Singh, the Behar Rajah, who has headed the Dinapore mutineers and collected such a force of rabble. He is an old Rajpoot, of very great family and unbounded influence, like an old feudal chief, with a fine appearance and perfect manners, rides beautifully, is a good sportsman, and is irretrievably in debt and quite illiterate, unable to sign his name, yet rather attractive from his brave fine-spirited ways—a thorough Rajpoot gentleman! Mr. Halliday and Kooer Singh seem to have been very friendly, and the Rajah proposed once to have his affairs looked into, his debts examined, unjust ones struck out, compromises about others. Some money was lent, and Kooer Singh's affairs put to rights, to his great pleasure, and the approbation of the whole district. Lately, he was found to be meddling, and as one regiment in Dinapore came chiefly from his estate, when it mutinied, it was no great surprise that he was found in the field. But Mr. Halliday is grieved and shocked at his friend's ingratitude.

"He balanced this with another story of a wild hill Rajah of Chota Nagpore. The magistrate and collector

thought it dangerous to stay, and gave up treasury and all to the care of the Rajah, who faithfully kept it, sending his brother and twelve wild followers, armed to the teeth, to Calcutta, to report his proceedings, and say he was holding the place for us. The brother was lionised all over Calcutta, and some reward must in time be given to those honest people. The treasure was found quite safe, and everything in perfect order!

"A most opportune reinforcement has arrived in the *Blervic Castle*—two hundred and sixty men and nine officers of the 'train corps,' all fit to act as dragoons or artillery drivers. They are most precious. Lord Elgin grudges them a good deal, and Sir Colin was all ready to kidnap them, but C. had an interview with the commanding officer before Lord Elgin could get hold of him. . . . The men have a serviceable pretty uniform of blue and white belts, and look most alert and useful."

"August 28.—The bazaar reports Lucknow fallen: we do not believe it.

"There is a meeting for an address to C. for a Humiliation Day. I think he will probably grant it so far as to recommend prayers for the success of our forces and restoration of peace; but I am not quite certain.

"We had a few people again to dinner, and Charlie Scott and Victor Montagu. Poor boys! their account of the heat of the ship is dreadful. They look worn, but both of them are cheerful and manly, Victor Montagu especially: he has a charming open countenance, and I am sure will do great things some day."

*“August 29.*—One of the Ameers of Sinde, Shadad, is dead, after lingering some time with what seemed to be softening of the brain. Major Bowie did not arrive at the house till the middle of the day, and he was already buried. On the way he fell in with one of the great processions of the Moharrum.<sup>1</sup> They said 20,000 people were there; he believes in 10,000. An acquaintance, passing along, politely sprinkled him with some rose-water. The Mussulmen here, as in Persia, are Shias, and believe in the story of Ali and his sons, and these fasts are in honour of them, and they lament for the martyred youths Hussein and Hossein, and beat drums and smite their breasts, and illuminate, and carry models of their tomb, &c., for three days. Many people wished all this to be prohibited this year, for the fanatics get excited and drunk with bang, and they often have rows. They are not allowed to go armed in procession, and I think there is a limit as to the hour, but they were told they might otherwise do as usual. Many wisely announce they give it up on this occasion.

*“At night there was much drumming, and calling out of the martyrs’ names, and illuminating, but no row.”*

*“Sunday, August 30.*—The Moharrum has gone on as before, and no harm to any one. There is a story that the officer commanding at Lucknow wished to

<sup>1</sup> A fast in remembrance of the deaths of Hussein and Hossein, the murdered sons of Ali, and of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed. The fast lasts ten days.



send away the women and children, and was refused, but this does not seem certain."

"*August 31.*—The steamer from Suez arrived, and letters and papers up to July 27. The Indian news now seems to be making an impression, and there has been anxiety for the telegraph. The next would tell of us up to June 20—of the Calcutta events, the disarming, 'gagging the press,' and shutting up the King of Oude, but only the next after that would have the very bad news of Cawnpore.

"We have plenty of reason to be glad of Mr. Grant's appointment, for the civilians want much keeping in order. A whole district, Goruckpore, which had long been held throughout great difficulties, and might have gone on quite well, now reinforced by Goorkas, has been abandoned by the official people *on their own responsibility!* It is a stupid and provoking business, and quite needless. Mr. Grant will keep matters straight henceforward.

"There was a special Council for the swearing in of Sir Colin Campbell, and a salute fired the moment he took his seat. I think him most pleasant and good-natured, and we are great friends, and he gets on charmingly with C., and is not the least like Sir C. Napier. He will stay with us till he goes up with the army in the cold season, I suppose in November. Meanwhile he has bought all he wants, and is ready to start at any moment. I do not think he is perfectly well. He has occasional touches of fever, though he minds them very little: but he is a little old to begin another hard campaign. Every one says he has a bad

temper, and I daresay it is quite true that he goes into a rage now and then, but it does not last, and he appears to be most kind-hearted, and not to be prejudiced. To all his staff he seems to be very good-natured, and he treats them as his children. Two of them are sons of Alison the author.

"News has arrived of some artillery being sent from Singapore and from China by General Ashburnham. It shows he is more willing than we know to give ample help, for Lord Elgin always said General A. would much object to sparing any of the artillery destined for his force, and now he has spontaneously sent it to us."

"*Sept. 1.*—It was thought rather objectionable to drive through the streets the night of the Moharrum processions; so as soon as all that was happily over, I offered to take Lord Elgin to see Barrackpore. We had a most pleasant day. Lord Elgin, Major Bouverie, and I went early in the morning, and Dunkellin and F. Bruce followed later.

"I found the 'improvements' I had planned in progress, some simplifying of patterns and widening of walks in the garden, a great many groups of plants with brilliant flowers near the ponds and tanks, and, above all, the new terrace—most successful. It is now of an excellent shape, exactly the right line, and it fully satisfies me as to giving a straightening effect to the crooked view, much as the Highcliffe terrace has done. Only the foundation and piers of the balustrade are finished, but it looks beautiful. The 'bund,' or raised road for landing, will do well. All this work is not

very costly, but had it not been ordered in our peaceful prosperous days, it would not have had a chance now. Every penny of expense will have to be watched and saved that can possibly be spared.

"I inquired after the lovely blue bird, like the one of the fairy tale, and found he was dead, and stuffed, and in the Asiatic Museum. Sure enough I had recognised him the other day, and promised Lord Elgin the sight of one exactly like him, only alive. He is a China pigeon, but unlike any pigeon we know. The metallic-looking Menaul pheasants are more beautiful than ever. Some people came to luncheon. We finished the day with a ride on the elephants, which Lord Elgin and F. Bruce particularly wished for. The drive back was cool and refreshing, and the rain of the day timed itself conveniently. This little expedition did me a world of good in all ways, but it was rather hard work, especially as a few officers dined with us on our return. General Straubenzee was one. He goes with Lord Elgin to China, to be ready to command a brigade, provided any troops ever arrive there. He is very agreeable, and seems to delight in his profession.

"The telegraph is stopped again this side the Ganges, and no news has come."

"*Sept. 2.*—The instructions to civilians for the treatment of mutineers were published, and, of course, cavilled at by the papers. I am sure they will do good, for the indiscriminate hanging and burning of villages is awful, and would lead to the worst results. These rules are not lenient. Only innocent or *doubtful* cases are not so summarily dealt with, though



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HOUSE, MONTREAL.



the Sepoys may be imprisoned or sent to military stations."

"Sept. 3.—Lord Elgin and all his suite, and General Straubenzees and his, all embarked for China on one of the P. and O. steamers, the *Ava*. It will cost a pretty sum, and C. expects to be well rated for the extravagance. But it was inevitable: the other steamers would not do, and the *Himalaya* and *Feroze* are away, and Lord Elgin gives us much more than an equivalent by leaving us the *Shannon* and the *Pearl*, and that fine force of marines, and Captain Peel's Naval Brigade. The *Ava* is so comfortable and fast that I think they will leave her with regret. The cost is always the same whenever the P. and O. steamers have to be hired for troops.

"We are so amused at a trifling but very complete specimen of a newspaper lie. It is a paragraph on Sir P. Grant's popular and agreeable ways on his voyage to Madras in the *Bentinck*—his open and unreserved talk, and his opinions on the propriety of people sending home their wives, &c. To avoid the *Bentinck* and the passengers, he sailed two days before in the man-of-war steamer the *Punjaub*! Perhaps some one personated him for fun. I suppose it was the same person who said the salute for his departure from here was the sweetest sound he had heard, his hands having been tied with red tape! Dear good man! he had been as happy as possible in his work, and doing all he could possibly wish to do to his heart's content."

"Sept. 5.—Yesterday and to-day some improved



accounts have come from Lucknow. A private letter tells of some beeves and grain having been got, and an assault repulsed, and a quite authentic letter says that a mine blew up a house from which some sharpshooters annoyed our people, and in this successful performance a hundred and fifty of the enemy were blown up. This may give our poor people a little relief and be cheering to them. They say the poor ladies are worn to skeletons. A daughter of Sir F. Thesiger's is there, the wife of Colonel Inglis.<sup>1</sup> There are numbers of ladies and children, very few common women: all the depôt and women of the regiment were at Cawnpore.

"The bloodthirsty feeling of Europeans is most distressing. I believe all sense of justice is gone from many. The horrid story of the murder of some of the Sepoys who laid down their arms at Dinapore and did not mutiny, is palliated in the newspapers, and they think it too much punishment that the whole regiment has to answer hourly roll-calls, as the real offenders are not discovered. I feel not only horror at such a crime, but a most painful addition of *disgrace*, in thinking of it as committed by our own soldiers, and countrymen, and Christians. The story is a mystery, but screams were heard in the night, and many Sepoys and women found killed.

"Many people were quite annoyed when a regiment was quietly disarmed, and there was not an excuse for firing into them. I like old Sir Colin, for he seems for every vigorous measure, and for fairness and justice: there is nothing bloodthirsty about him. The women

<sup>1</sup> "The Siege of Lucknow," by Lady Inglis, has been recently published.

are worse than the men. Lord Elgin says at Singapore and Hong-Kong it is far worse: they long to fall upon the Chinese and massacre them. Certainly there are not many 'faithful and loyal Sepoys,' but I believe many of the English now hate those few who remain true, even more than the others. A common expression is that 'they are playing a very deep game.' Now we are quite past that point.

"There is good news from Delhi to-day. After all, it *may* be taken before the troops from England arrive."

"*Monday, Sept. 7.*—We went to the early service at the Fort. The congregation was large and curious—the marines, and seamen, and remaining portion of the 53rd, and the 'military train corps.' These men are at once to be turned into cavalry, and mounted on horses, sent with their saddles and bridles from Madras. This sudden and convenient arrangement quite enchants Sir Colin.

"Mrs. Low has just been here. She lived eight years in the Residency at Lucknow, which is the only part of the town we still hold. The compound is large, and surrounded by a low wall, and I suppose by intrenchments. There are several houses, one with banqueting-rooms, and the doctor's house, and some one else's house, and one house has the three large underground rooms which General Low made, with windows high up, two feet above the level of the soil: in these they have put the women and children in perfect safety.

"General Outram left Allahabad yesterday with 1200 men. William Peel is at Dinapore: in a few days he

will reach Allahabad, and 400 more can go on. There is every hope of soon getting the Goruckpore district back, which was so foolishly given up. Things are certainly brightening!

"As an instance of the exaggeration of natives, Mrs. Low heard from her son that the cavalry beaten by General Havelock when he first advanced to Cawnpore, had got to Delhi, announcing themselves as the sole survivors, that an army of 22,000 men had vanquished them, and that with it was a regiment of Highlanders, all giants and cannibals! The Elgin party used to say we did not half trumpet and parade the news of our reinforcements. We always answered that it was quite unnecessary, for the natives would do it much better for us."

"*Tuesday, Sept. 8.*—An excellent piece of news from Delhi—an attempt to attack the rear of the camp utterly defeated by Brigadier Nicholson, and twelve guns and ammunition taken! All the Delhi news is good. More heavy guns are expected there soon. Will they not assault?

"A poor Mrs. Leeson came into the camp on August 19, having been till then in Delhi, her children killed. One was shot in her arms, and the same shot passed through her body. Three Afghans saved her and carried her into the house of a Moulvie (Mahommedan priest), where his family took care of her, and were most kind.

"I wonder what you will think of C.'s proclamation for a special prayer-day. I think he has done very rightly, but it will please nobody. I wish there was

an old-fashioned *Fast-Day* in England, but that is quite certain not to be: neither Lord Palmerston, nor the Archbishop, nor Lord Shaftesbury would hear of it.

“The two Bombay half regiments were put down at once, but some officers were killed. One regiment, the 26th, is utterly annihilated. There were 270 executions, I am told. This sounds quite awful. They belonged to disarmed men, who rose and murdered their officers, and made off to Delhi, and were pursued and shot down, and these were the survivors. How thankful I am that nothing like this has been necessary here, no terrible example. I am quite convinced that all has been perfectly well done in this division. I do not include Dinapore, than which nothing could be worse.

“Outram and Havelock will join on the 11th. It will be a very good little force. The sickness has gone from Cawnpore, no more cholera. William Peel is at Dinapore, awaiting a good steamer: it may have taken him on by this time, and then the Allahabad garrison will be set at liberty for the field, and he will supplant it. All looks better. Sir Colin was quite in spirits last night, so many good scraps of news had come.”

TO THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“*Calcutta, Sept. 8, 1857.*—We are doing better now. It is rather like the old song of ‘The fire began to burn the stick.’ Very little has been done, and very little can be done with our small means, but a good deal is in motion and improving, and we are full of hope for Lucknow: telegraph after telegraph is better from thence, and Outram and Havelock are drawing near,

and will meet and advance together with a better force than before and good heavy guns. At Delhi they have had another fight, and twelve guns were taken. Down here the disturbances have ceased, and the Moharrum went well.

"In the Punjaub the executions and 'vigorous' quelling of fresh mutinies were so tremendous that I think people in England will be aghast! Happily nothing has been required here of the sort. It would charm the Indian-English public to hang and blow from guns any number of people, and I believe C. is terribly unpopular because he is *just* and firm too. There is a positive thirst for blood. Hardly anybody can speak about natives in a tone which does not drive me wild, so I hold my tongue. Anglo-Indians actually hate to hear of a good trait, yet in every story, however horrid, one is sure to hear of *one* good person. I should like to have some one like my Aunt Caledon here in such discussions: how well I know all she would say.

"But the stories of our people are quite heart-breaking, and every day we hear more and more. . . . Sir Colin is a charming old man, still full of life and enterprise, and quite able to undergo a good campaign to finish off his long career: but he must wait impatiently some time longer, for the troops cannot be here in any number till the end of October; even the second instalment of the China force is not come. Sir Colin has no wish for the civil work, which Sir C. Napier always delighted in, and I do not see any likeness between the two. He is not the least inclined to share in the Napier feeling against Sir J. Outram. I hope

the good part of the Napiers is as strong in him, for Sir Charles was a hero and a genius, with all his faults.

"It is an odd thing, but time even now passes quickly. It is now nearly four months since the first outbreak. C. is well, but looks worn and very much bleached, and rather an old man. . . . I do hope there will be a fine subscription from England, for India has always been so generous to English charities: I think £50,000 went to the Patriotic Fund from India!"

*Journal Letter.*

"Sept. 9.—Three thousand men and twenty guns are the whole sound complement that General Outram and General Havelock will have to go on with. They will be on the final advance from Cawnpore very soon. I suppose Havelock may begin to cross at any moment.

"The Delhi victory of Brigadier Nicholson was good news. We quite believe that Delhi may now surrender any day, or that we may assault. The latter would be far better. Surrender would leave them quite unpunished, and what could be done with the worst offenders? This sounds a dreadful sentiment, but it is true there are many who ought not to escape."

"Sept. 12.—No sooner were our last letters gone (on Sept. 10) than the arrival of the *Nubia* was telegraphed, and by the evening we were reading letters from England dated August 10—that day month. This might happen always, but it has been rare hitherto. General Mansfield came very unexpectedly, but to the great comfort of Sir Colin, who will now be spared a



great deal of work which ought not to belong to him. We are able to lodge him, as our staff is now reduced by one, now Captain Bowles is gone to his regiment before Delhi.

“Crowds of officers are come. It will not be easy to employ them all at present, so many regiments being extinct. Some are always attached to the English regiments, where they can be very useful as interpreters, and in all sorts of ways. The English letters at last show some little excitement about India, and the papers are wonderfully reasonable. As for Lord Ellenborough, who has been such a true prophet till now, he twaddles in the dark about the cartridge story, and is so wrong that I really do not feel indignant with him. In his other speech he is right up to a certain point, for it is indeed true that the want of carriage was a dreadful obstacle at the outset of the campaign, and the economy of *three years ago* was a lamentable mistake; but he is quite at fault as to the impossibility of the army remaining before Delhi in the rains. It *has* remained, in a strong position, the camp well supplied, and till now very tolerably healthy (the drying up is the bad time for sickness). When Delhi was not at once taken, the next best thing was to keep the Sepoys inside it, and many thousands have flocked there, and remained in it instead of ravaging the whole country unopposed, which would infallibly have been otherwise the case. I begin to believe that, as the mutiny could not be suppressed and crushed at the outset, it is well that it has burnt itself out, and that crowds of Sepoys *did* get into Delhi.

“Sir C. Jackson, who has had Lord Seymour with

him till quite lately, tells me he is travelling up the grand trunk road with some of the troops, and perfectly happy. Every one tried to dissuade him from going, and not the smallest facility was given to him to encourage his taste for amateur campaigning. I only hope he will not thrust himself into the first skirmish he can hear of, and get shot. The common argument used that 'he would see nothing,' I always felt to be a bad one, for he would see a good deal, not only of Indian touring, but of real moving of troops, and many places of deep interest, as scenes of the recent horrid events: a 'real fight' he may not see, for I doubt if they will let him go beyond Allahabad. He is rather clever . . . but is much too delicate for roughing it in this climate, though he thinks himself able for anything.

"C. went yesterday to look at the *Pearl*. A little force starts for Patna from that ship, and reinforcements go from the *Shannon* to join Captain Peel. The number of men shipped from merchant vessels is extraordinary since these naval brigades have been organised. They willingly forego the high wages and liberty.

"I was full two days reading through English newspapers. D'Israeli's speech is very clever, and he has got an enormous quantity of information, some of it very true, but can he persuade himself that the mutinies were caused by 'grievances'? . . . As time goes on, he will see many of his theories crumble; as to his facts, some are quite new to us. What processions have been discontinued?—None in our time, and I can hear of none of late years. I can find no one

who has ever heard of the lotus-flower being passed through regiments: it must have been in some very small way (the chupatties went from village to village, not through troops). Then, who could possibly recognise, in his remarks on the fifty *Hindoo ladies* kept in a school, those tiny brats in the Bethune School? I daresay many natives set their faces against the education of these children, but their fathers, who are high-caste Hindoos, send them quite willingly, and no public *scandale* is caused. They are not of the age in which shutting-up begins, and they go backwards and forwards every day for their three hours of school in palkees and carriages. They are taught chiefly by women, and Bengalee is taught them by a Pundit. They always leave school at about eleven and a half, which is really when they marry. A Board of Hindoos, with the Home Secretary, manages the whole concern.

"D'Israeli will go on upon *Hindoo* grievances too, though it is quite clear all real plotting and the real movement is Mussulman! The Hindoos dreaded being entrapped into loss of caste and possible conversion. Open attempts to convert by persons *disconnected with Government* have never alarmed them at all, and missionaries have never fared worse than others in the outbreaks. But this topic will be stale now.

"Sir J. Colville has been to see me and read me a most amusing curious letter from our new Lieutenant-Governor of the Central Provinces, Mr. Grant. He is all for making his subordinates mind their own business, and not allowing them to run after fancy military work—the people who abandoned the Goruck-

pore district on their own responsibility, having been especially full of great plans for advancing upon Delhi, &c. There has been no leniency as yet. Only imagine eighty executions in one village being *unreported*, and only mentioned incidentally in a private letter from one man to another! Hanging for plunder and burning villages has been most common. Sepoys deserve the severest punishment, but as every Sepoy cannot be hanged or blown from a gun, it becomes expedient, as well as just, to discriminate a little, and punish with death those of the regiments who killed their officers and did other horrible crimes, and not every man, without inquiry, who is caught slinking away to his home. The circular to civilians, desiring them, in such cases, to imprison the Sepoys, and to send them to be dealt with by the military authorities, has given rise to more misrepresentations and rage against Government than anything that has happened yet.<sup>1</sup> I do not think it can be misunderstood

<sup>1</sup> "Clemency Canning" was a name given—in an opprobrious sense—to the Governor-General at this time. He wrote nobly to Lord Granville:—

"As long as I have any breath in my body, I will pursue no other policy than that I have been following: not only for the reason of expediency and policy, but because it is immutably just. I will not govern in anger. Justice, and that as stern, as inflexible, as law and might can make it, I will deal out. But I will never allow an angry and indiscriminating act or word to proceed from the Government of India as long as I am responsible for it.

"I don't care two straws for the abuse of the papers, British or Indian. I am for ever wondering at myself for not doing so, but it really is the fact. Partly from want of time to care, partly because an enormous task is before me, and all other tasks look small.

"I don't want you to do more than defend me against unfair or

in England, if any one takes the trouble to read it, and is not prejudiced by the heading he may see tacked on, of 'Proclamation of Clemency to Murderers.' The soldiers in one English regiment are not in a good state. A magistrate and others were putting together the preliminaries for a court-martial on a native prisoner. One of the people went out to fetch him, and knocked his head against something dangling in the verandah. It was the wretched prisoner, actually hanged by his English guard!—belonging to the same regiment who committed that dreadful outrage at Dinapore, murdering in the night some of the disarmed Sepoys who had not gone off with their comrades. When these men (of the 10th) are sent to active service, no doubt they will do well, but they are sadly out of order now.

"We still hear every day of escapes and most marvellous adventures. Of one I am very especially glad. A Major Robertson of the artillery I remember quite well, a stiff young man, with enormously long moustache, and of a foreign appearance. He escaped from Futteyghur very badly wounded by swimming from a boat: his poor wife and child were drowned. . . .

mistaken attacks. But do take up and assert boldly that, whilst we are prepared, as the first duty of all, to strike down resistance without mercy, wherever it shows itself, we acknowledge that, resistance over, deliberate justice and calm patient reason are to resume their sway; that we are not going, either in anger or from indolence, to punish wholesale, whether by wholesale hangings or burnings, or by the less violent, but not one bit less offensive, course of refusing trust and countenance and favour and honour to any man because he is of a class or a creed. Do this, and get others to do it, and you will serve India more than you would believe."

"On the 14th we had capital news from Lucknow. The enemy advancing to attack over one of their own mines, blew themselves up. Our people finished off the dismay and confusion by a sortie and routing them, and we hope some food got in. General Outram is making the best of his way out. The *Sanspareil* (man-of-war) is said to be outside, and waiting to come in."

"*Tuesday, Sept. 15.*—Kooer Singh and his rabble, and the 5th Irregulars in another place, still give trouble and cannot be caught, and the Rewah Rajah has been in alarm and jeopardy; but it is good news to hear from the Resident at Rewah, a very good officer, that he has been able to remain there, and the country is not in such disorder as was reported. Detachments of our troops are moving up the road in succession—some in bullock-carts and others marching—two Madras regiments and more artillery.

"Major Eyre has completely defeated a body of Oude people who crossed over to intercept him between Allahabad and Cawnpore. He sunk the boats, and very few escaped.

"All the Percys will be grieved to hear that Colonel Durand has lost his good little wife. She fled with the Indore party when they were attacked, and made an enormous march, carried along on a gun-carriage. Now she has died of exhaustion. . . . She was a good, useful wife, and worked for her husband like a secretary.

"I ought not to forget to mention our volunteer review. It was so wet, they had only the road to manœuvre upon, but they marched up and down, and



Sir Colin said did very creditably after their three months' drill, and he was pleased at the way in which each man seemed to be trying with all his heart to do his very best. They look very like National Guards. Some companies are very white and English, but others of every tinge of half-caste brown. The Calcutta elegants are all in the cavalry, and on this occasion only kept the ground, and made a sort of guard of honour. I have promised to give them their colours, and a *mauvais quart d'heure* is before me when that function takes place, and I must make a speech."

"Sept. 17.—The telegraph is often interrupted for a day, for the troublesome people with Kooer Singh are still about the trunk road, and the 5th have had here and there a little skirmish with Seiks. They always manage to get away. The civilians lay every trap to get the troops marching up to go off the road on schemes of their own, but very seldom do such expeditions get sanctioned, and an old Madras colonel writes most amusingly savage growls at these attempts."

"Sept. 18.—The eclipse of the sun proved to be much the best I have ever seen. A hundred and fifty miles farther east it was annular. In peaceful times it would have been quite worth while to go to Dacca for it. The *Sanspareil* did come in on Thursday, and the captain (Key) opportunely came in the middle of the eclipse, and gave me wise information about it. It was like a sunny November day in London, and the air quite cool, but not really dark, only dusk. A stream of people kept passing along all the time to go and bathe

in the Ganges. It is either thought the most fortunate time for prayers, or else they pray in fear, that the sun may be delivered from the jaws of the monster who has got hold of him.

“The *Sanspareil* is the largest ship ever seen here, and with the greatest draught of water. She was once an 84, but, with her steam machinery, is now 74, and not so long as the *Shannon*. The natives already call her ‘the Five-Storey Ship.’ The captain volunteers to give us a good number of his men, and C. accepts them for the Fort, as the Admiral has sanctioned the proposal, and nothing comes amiss. The *Cleopatra* has arrived with some of the 23rd. We had an enormous dinner of officers, amongst others a Luke O’Connor with his Victoria Cross, one of the 23rd, but who had been sent for to receive it in London, just as he was embarking in the transport, and his overland passage-money was paid. He rose from the ranks, and looks very like a common soldier, but has very good manners. We had seven excuses from ladies, and could only scrape together six in all, though we had more than forty men! so this is getting very like a garrison town.

“Mr. Colvin, the North-West Lieutenant-Governor, has died at Agra. The fort there has the reputation of being most unwholesome, but happily there is no epidemic there yet, and this poor man has sunk from exhaustion from want of sleep, &c. He has been a most excellent public servant, and, till his unhappy Proclamation, everything he did was admirable. That Proclamation seems to have had no consequence at all either good or bad; and in all other ways he seems to have done well, and to be regretted.

“C. has put forth a ‘notification’ of his death in the Gazette, and has also published one about Sir Henry Lawrence. This had always been put off because, though the news of his death was known to be true, no regular account of it ever came. C. could not put it off longer, and I think he has written a very just and feeling tribute to his great merit. His was a most perfect character, and a very uncommon one, in so many things so very chivalrous and high-minded, and so full of kindness. I am glad just to have known him; but I knew hardly anything about him then, for he only dined here twice in the first week of our arrival, when I hardly knew who any one was or what were their especial merits.

“Colonel Baker on Thursday brought me a drawing of the entrenchments at Cawnpore, and the house the poor people took refuge in. It seems incredible that such a place could have been held *a day*. How such a spot ever was chosen is quite marvellous. They had no real shelter, were very far from the river; even the well was exposed, and water could only be got at night; the barrack roof at best was thatch, and it was gone, and the walls quite riddled. The trench was hardly a ditch—no depth at all; and the guns were left bare, without the least defence around them.

“Sir James Outram’s last telegraph, received the 18th, was from Cawnpore, and most hopeful.

“The *Hurhara* newspaper, which once upon a time was a steady supporter of Lord Dalhousie’s government, has been more and more violent and mischievous since the ‘Gagging Act’ passed. At last, after some warnings, it has been thought necessary to suspend its

license, and for the first time the new law is carried into effect. I suppose they began to believe it was a dead letter here. At a distance some of the functionaries have been unduly severe, but, though it is not intended to prevent fair discussion of the acts of Government, the habit of imputing bad motives to everything done, and a great deal of mischievous, contemptuous, and silly writing, with the favourite epithet of 'cowardly imbecility,' repeated over and over again, had to be punished at last."

"*Monday, Sept. 21.*—Our troops now begin to pour in. This is delightfully exciting! The *Mauritius*, an enormous steamer, has the greater part of the 93rd Highlanders; the *Adventure*, which started a month before, has brought out part of the 23rd and 82nd; the *Belgrave* and another bring Madras troops, and the *Belleisle* has some men of the Highlanders and 82nd. The Fort church on Sunday morning was full of the tidiest men, in little brown holland short blouses, with red cuffs and collars, and white cap-covers, showing they were sent out well provided for the climate. Sir Colin is quite enchanted with the care taken of these troops, and the spacious ships in which they are sent, not only not crowded, but the ships barely filled. The *Himalaya* had carried above 2000 men, and she came here with 750! They are treated quite magnificently, and they arrive in perfect health, which, I fancy, was never the case in old times.

"Sir Colin had quite set his heart on marching the 93rd Highlanders of his, the Balaclava regiment, through

the town, and showing them to us, but the Quartermaster finds so many difficulties about landing and disembarking, that the thing cannot be done, and they go up the river to some barracks at Chinsurah beyond Barrackpore. He had these very men in the Crimea, and I hear they cheered him for half-an-hour when he went to see them. I rode down to the side to hear a tune on the bagpipes.

"The bazaar reports go on that the Residency at Lucknow has fallen, and that the women and children were put in a small spot surrounded by powder, and blown up by our own people. And they also say Sir J. Outram is dead, reported by cholera, but really shot by his men: these are specimen reports, and then people are so surprised when accidentally something happens like one of these many stories."

*To* VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Sept. 23, 1857.*—I wish this mail did not go for two or three days more, for I am convinced it would carry very good news, and as it is, we can only tell you we are very hopeful, and trust that to-morrow may be the day of relieving Lucknow! I think I never felt so anxious for anything in my whole life, and after all our anxieties, now we have nothing but the strongest hope. Only imagine that there are people shut up there who are as used to comforts as ourselves, and as little fitted to stand nearly four months of such a frightful siege. There is a daughter of Sir F. and Lady Thesiger, and there are numberless others, and children without end; but we have no idea how many have died.

"I really believe that now the great army which has been sent out will not be opposed, but we certainly require it to make a promenade all over the country, and settle it down again with a due respect for our power. Sir Colin's eyes glisten at the telegraph of every ship arriving, and he is charmed to see his friends of Balaclava, the 93rd Highlanders. . . . As for that dear old man, I shall ever be deeply attached to him."

*Journal Letter.*

"Sept. 24.—General Outram is all right in spite of the bazaar story, and I think arrived on the 16th at Cawnpore. Everything looks better, though the papers object to allow it. Perhaps the Gwalior force may give trouble and move up to Agra, but it is hoped that our people can be there to meet them. At Delhi, ten heavy guns were to be in position on the 8th, and thirty-four more just after, so probably the assault is over by now; it may have been about the 15th. In the town there is said to be anarchy, the king bankrupt and dreadfully frightened, and the people more than ever terrified at their violent masters the Sepoys, and longing to be rid of them.

"I do not know how unpopular C. may be. The burthen of all abuse in newspapers is always the same—leniency to natives! and that means an accusation for which they consider that recall in irons would be a faint punishment. C. has appointed a very good officer, Mr. Fraser, as successor to Mr. Colvin, so that country will now be under a soldier, which is most desirable for the present. He is most highly spoken of."



"Sept. 24, *later*.—At sunset I had my drive along the river, and saw the *Belleisle* slowly towed up to her moorings by two steamers. Of all the great ships, she looked the most enormous, cut out in black against the vermilion sky. A mob of carriages had followed her up, and I rather expected a salute to add to the confusion. But she is fitted as a hospital ship for China, and probably is without guns. She brings up the remainder of the Highlanders and some of the 82nd. Such an amount of naval force has never been seen in the Hoogly before. The tradition of Admiral Watson's fleet in Lord Clive's time is faint in comparison, and his ships of the line were toys compared to these.

"The effect of the Press upon the natives cannot be overrated, or how greedily they devour the newspapers written in English and swallow every word in them. In some seized papers from a man in Calcutta urging a friend in the country to revolt and join against the English, after a great deal of figurative language about the old house falling to pieces and this being the time to build a new one, he goes on to say that there is no truth in the idea that troops were coming, there were no more to come, and no more money, and that above all things it was certain that 'the English do nothing but quarrel amongst themselves, and that their *raj* (reign) was over.' The notion of the English quarrelling amongst themselves is wholly from the newspaper abuse.

"Kooer Singh and his brother and the Ranghur mutineers continue to flit about like will o' the wisps, and cannot be caught."

"Sept. 25.—There is a telegraph from General Havelock of his having crossed the Ganges on the 19th and 20th and defeating the enemy, taking four guns, and of a successful charge by Sir J. Outram. This is excellent news, but we think Sir J. Outram ought not to be leading charges of cavalry. He looks upon himself as a volunteer, for he leaves the chief command to General Havelock. This small squadron is of little more than a hundred men, officers of mutinous regiments, and volunteers from infantry regiments, who can ride.

"More artillery and horses have arrived in the *Penelope* from the Cape. The news of our troubles only arrived there on August 7 by a steamer sent for troops from Bombay. The sensation made by it was immense. The volunteers offered to do garrison duty to release the troops. Two regiments were sent to Bombay. An aide-de-camp of the Governor's at once came with the artillery-men, as he heard we were in want of officers of his corps, and the Governor, Sir G. Grey, to make up the number of horses the steamer could carry, sent us a team of his own! This really is creditable and useful zeal. The volunteer artilleryman dined with us, and Adrian Hope, now a High-lander of the 93rd."

"Sept. 26.—I had long intended to pass a day at Barrackpore in these Doorga Pouja holidays, my chief object being to look over the works with Colonel Baker, who carried out my terrace plans. Sir Colin offered to be of the party, and we settled to be off at six. The morning broke with torrents of rain, but they happily

ceased, and we had a cool pleasant drive. Dunkellin completed the carriageful, and Sir Colin's A.D.C. and little Victor Montagu, the midshipman, followed in a buggy. Sir Colin talked all the way, telling no end of military stories. When he grows very indignant, he pulls off his little cap, and scratches his head violently, leaving his hair standing bolt upright, exactly like his portrait in *Punch*. He was charmed with Barrackpore, and certainly it did look most beautifully green. We had a short walk through the garden on the way to the house, and a general overlooking of my improvements, which are still in the rough—so little can be done in the rains beyond transplantings and alteration of walks. The balustrade of the terrace is begun, and the effect is lovely.

"After breakfast Sir Colin went off to visit Sir John Hearsey and the 35th regiment, and then arrived a telegraph, directed to 'Lady Canning and Sir Colin Campbell.' I knew it must be good news, and it was: 'Delhi has fallen! Our troops entered by the breach on the 14th.' To hear this at last, after longing for it so many months, seemed scarcely possible to be real. An A.D.C. came soon after with the whole message, in which 'our loss severe,' is the worst part, but it must always be so in an assault and fighting in the streets.

"Sir Colin came back from the cantonments in the highest spirits, having given the news to be spread everywhere! He had a rough plan of the place, and Colonel Baker, who knows every inch of it, explained it all to us. He has a dread of the sickness, and thinks almost any loss must be less than would occur in another six weeks in camp there. We could think

of nothing else but this great news, and I settled to go back to Calcutta as soon as possible after the sun was lower.

"It was a grey pleasant day, and I ventured out a little with an umbrella, under the great banyan and about some walks—a thing I had never done at that hour before. I was well repaid. The whole place was alive with the most gorgeous butterflies, of all sizes, and colours, and shapes. The orchids on the banyan are in brilliant health, and I am only sorry to think that, except for a day at a time, we shall have no enjoyment of that charming spot. As the elephants were at the door long before the carriage, we got upon them for a ride to the park gate. *Punch* would have made a nice vignette of Sir Colin with me in a howdah on the top of an elephant, talking over our great news in the greatest delight. But then we had only heard half. When we got back to Calcutta, another telegraph told us of the rebels being in a flight so precipitate that they had been unable to blow up the Bunnee bridge, and that a royal salute had announced the approach of relief to the besieged in Lucknow. This news has delighted us even more than the other! That bridge at Bunnee I always feared might be a frightful obstacle. Later came more news of the capture of part of Delhi, where it is said that the very brave General Nicholson was wounded :<sup>1</sup> many people say he is the very best soldier in India for actual fighting.

<sup>1</sup> He received his death-wound in storming the Cabul Gate. In the cemetery is a tomb to General Nicholson, "who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died the 23rd Sept. 1857, aged 35 years."

"I was almost too sleepy and tired to come in to dinner, but still I could not stay away on such a happy day. How different every one's face looked from about six weeks ago, when there was hardly any news that could be publicly talked over, especially before the Mussulmen waiting round the table."

"*Sunday, Sept. 27.*—Another telegraph of good progress inside Delhi!—the magazine taken, with its immense supplies of guns and ammunition. All one side of the canal, except the palace, is in the hands of the English.

"The palace will now be shelled easily. It is sad to think of the destruction of a building said to be so very beautiful and uncommon. The Mahrattas plundered and carried away a silver ceiling, but much, I believe, still remains, and there is a peacock-throne. Its fate must be decided by this time. The Jammee walls are now to be razed to the ground. The Deputy-Adjutant-General writes that 140,000 copper caps were in the magazine; then—unless poor Lieutenant Willoughby's explosion caused great havoc—how false the stories are of scarcity in that article. In fact, they had every horrible kind of store in profusion."

"*Sept. 29.*—No news, but a Benares rumour that the natives say Lucknow has fallen. At Cawnpore they say it too. We are anxious for *certainly*. . . . The women and children ordered away rebel furiously, and husbands threaten to shoot the authorities, and Mr. Grant has said that the magistrates may employ force

to bring them away. They now say every one so deported can bring an action in the Supreme Court, for the martial law here is only proclaimed against the enemy. The mended state of things will, I hope, allow the order to be rescinded, otherwise I am for enforcing it, and, if needful, passing a law to do so; for it is absurd to warn people no refuge can be kept for them in forts in time of danger; they *must* be put in safety at any cost.

“Old Mrs. Currie dined. She says the refugee women in many cases are most strange and odd, and she thinks their nerves and minds are unhinged. They show no feeling. One she had known from a child, had lost her husband, and fled, and she was full of her escape, and in high spirits. Another remembers nothing, but was found wandering, with her children, in the jungle.

“There is no news. It is getting anxious. Firing has been heard every day at Cawnpore. A steamer passed Captain Peel’s steamer aground!—poor man, what vexation to him.”

“*Sept. 30.*—A good report from Nagpore of Madras troops, and exertions beginning to tell in that direction, and plenty of supplies promised by a zealous Mr. Plowden.

“A Benares telegraph, strangely worded, gave me a tremor. It tells of a strong native rumour that General Outram fought a great battle at Lucknow and ‘failed the enemy and is in possession of the garrison.’ *Foiled* would do: but they declare the word telegraphed was *failed*! There are neither stops nor capital letters in



these messages, and this one letter makes the whole difference. Who has possession of the garrison? and who has failed? Evidently the dâks have not run, and I suppose they have not thought it necessary to send those mysterious little notes in quills, which generally do arrive at a great risk, and are paid for magnificently."

"*Monday, Oct. 1.*—Captain Peel and his flat and his tow steamers are all right at Benares, and go on to garrison Allahabad, and let all the soldiers go on. How will he like commanding a fort instead of a ship? Now that his dream of attacking Delhi with his 68-pounders is over, he may perhaps wish himself back again in the *Shannon*: he is very useful just now.

"Ever since Monday the rains have ceased, and the days are burning hot. The mornings freshen, and so do the evenings a little, but the south breeze is quite gone. The dust begins to fly in clouds, and every one prophesies very early cold weather. Here all is healthy enough. At Patna there is a good deal of sickness, especially in a detachment of the 90th. . . . We had only a small dinner of about twenty-five."

"*Friday, Oct. 2.*—Good news and a very great joy! Last night we knew—'*Delhi is in our hands. God save the Queen! Strong column in pursuit.*' To-day is better still, for—'*Lucknow is relieved.*' A telegraph is dated from the Residency. Our troops got there the 25th—not a day too soon, for the mines were

run far under, only wanting loading to blow them all up.<sup>1</sup>

"A grievous thing is the loss of the very brave General Neill ; that is very sad, and he can be ill spared. I wish more than ever we had seen him, but he went on at once. The character every one gives of him is very remarkable—he had such a strong will, and was so quiet and silent, never saying a word more than he could help, but doing what he thought right with absolute determination. His letters showed very good sense, too, and he was much pleased at the rank and authority given to him.

"Our loss in men is sadly great. From Delhi we now hear of the King and Queen in prison, and their sons shot. One cannot find words to express the relief and happiness of feeling that load off one's mind at last, and that the Lucknow people will not share the fate of Cawnpore. That tragedy now seems more dreadful than ever. How easily those poor victims might have been spared! We are longing for an account of the state of the garrison of Lucknow: not a word has come yet about it, but it is safe! The town is not yet in our hands, wholly and completely.

"I feel as if I did not know what to think about, after longing for the fall of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow for so very long. There is much to do in the way of quieting and punishing, but the neck of the rebellion is broken! and not a man has yet arrived from

<sup>1</sup> Havelock fought his way through Lucknow to the Residency on Sept. 16, and, when joined by Outram, brought out the survivors of the women and children besieged there. The garrison was reinforced, but not relieved, till Sir Colin Campbell took Lucknow on Nov. 17.

England at the seat of war. This will have its good effect! Two China regiments came, and are doing good service, but as to numbers, with these we have only the right complement, for two regiments were still due that were taken away during the Crimean war. . . . Troops are pushing up at all speed, and they are sorely wanted, for the men who have made such unequalled exertions will need rest. I do not think that any soldier can ever have had a more grateful piece of service than the deliverance of Lucknow!<sup>1</sup>

"The Jellalabad regiment arrived here quite unexpectedly from the Cape yesterday, with Lord Mark Kerr in command! They send us four regiments.

"C. is writing his General Orders on these great events."

"*Sunday, Oct. 4.*—We had this day the service of special prayer ordered, and went to the cathedral. The name of a Humiliation Day is not intended or right for a Sunday, but they all *will* call it so; so I expect the *Guardian* will be shocked, and remind us that Sunday is a feast. The Archdeacon's sermon alluded to our great cause for thanksgiving, and one felt how much a thanksgiving service would have been preferable. But, when the day was appointed a month ago, how little one could have hoped that such a happy change was so near.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart's journal says:—

"*April 21, 1859.*—Sir J. Outram told us of the noble cheerfulness of his dying and wounded men in the hospital of the Bailly Guard at Lucknow, where they were constantly exposed to the enemy's shot. Not a man grumbled or complained, but smiled and said, 'We've saved them, sir.'"

"Yesterday evening we heard of a little victory over the troublesome 'Ranghur battalion,' a little force that has been wandering about a wild district south of the Ganges. So quiet is restored there, and guns and ammunition recovered. Really everything is *couleur de rose*, provided sickness does not come on."

"Oct. 5.—The little detachment that beat the Ranghur people has too much spoil to be able to bring it away until helped. The loss in men on our side was, I fear, thirty-five killed and wounded. I believe there was an entrenched camp, and its capture has done away with a very troublesome set of people. The *Nile* sailing ship has come in with recruits, the first who have arrived from England. The *Assistance* steamer, with the only remaining portion of the China force, does not appear, and she has long been due. They may have slipped past the ship sent to waylay them with coals and orders to come here. The sister ship had chosen to be blind to signals seen by every one, and therefore wasted many days, going on to Singapore, and she only got her orders there."

"Oct. 6.—Nothing more is heard from Lucknow. A private letter to Benares names a few people, being the writer's own friends, as safe. Dâks are still stopped. I fear the garrison and sick and wounded must be left in Lucknow still. They will be made safe: but the whole force cannot stay, as it is not sufficient to take the town and keep open the communications with Cawnpore for supplies. We are pushing up the force

continuously, but it is most slow work, twelve days to Benares by bullock-dák. Marching takes double that time, steam the same. From Benares to Allahabad is about seventy, to Cawnpore a hundred and twenty, and to Lucknow forty-eight miles. The 93rd Highlanders will soon be up.

"In the *Nile*, a poor young son of General Neill arrived to join his father, and another was expected with the English mail. He was to go on as quickly as he could to join his father's regiment, that being what he most cared for. There are nine children left. They all live at Ayr, and the old mother of General Neill, who, I hear from Colonel Campbell, is such a fine, brave, old Scotchwoman, and will be so proud of her son, in all her grief for him. We have lists from Delhi of the wounded. Poor little Anson is wounded. General Nicholson's wound was very bad, but he is likely to do well: he would not be carried away, but at last four men took him off to the rear.

"We have seen such spirited excellent letters. It was a very fine attack. Some Cachmirees ran away, and that column failed. The Goorkas are the only natives who stand like our own men.

"The officers dined in the palace of Delhi, and the Queen's health was drunk, and the walls resounded to such cheers as never were heard there before. Three sons of the King were led out and shot. The King will be tried in time. He is very old, but it looks like pretence that he is so helpless and in the hands of his people.

"We know very little of what happens at Lucknow, for they cannot, with their small force, keep the road



*George John Russell*

*1840-1890*





clear. The Sepoys effectually keep off the town and country people who are likely to side with us. Mann Singh it is who is wounded, and till now he was supposed to be friendly. He has £20,000 a year in land, I hear.

“General Windham dined here the day he arrived. He is surprised at Delhi being taken, and thinks the Sepoys did not make a good fight, or we ought to have failed. I was indignant, for our people fought inch by inch, and were eight days turning them out after we got into the breach, and Sepoys fight well enough behind walls, though they run away in the open. Our loss was terrible, and our troops behaved gloriously. Some Cachmirees could not fight as we did, and ran away, and one column of attack failed, and left the next unsupported, which caused terrible loss. Sir J. Lawrence deserves the credit of Delhi.

“Lucknow is wholly ours :<sup>1</sup> and it was full as difficult to send up that trifling force as his good large one. We have no material to recruit from. *He* had a friendly nation, and a good large English army. We picked ours up on the seas and all around. So do not be supposing, as you will read, that it was because of the ‘vigour’ of Punjaub Government that they could do so much more. Eleven thousand men I believe were collected: we had about 3600 for Outram and Havelock.

“It begins to be a little cooler now in the evenings. The four great ships lie along the side of the course, where people drive, not twenty yards from the shore, where there is a sort of boulevard and carriages in-

<sup>1</sup> A vain hope; it was long ere it was really so.

numerable. The *Sanspareil* band plays, and the ships, bright with lights, make the scene very gay and pretty. There is another band on the land side, and very little lights up the bright white costumes: it is dark now by a little after six."

"Oct. 8.—Sir J. Colville joined me in my ride to wish me joy of the coming of the C. Stuarts. Charles's<sup>1</sup> decided wish to come to India, to a post by no means enriching, will establish him at once as an eccentric character. Every one here redoubles with abuse and detestation of India and all in it—people, climate, everything. . . . I want always to lodge the Stuarts when they come, for it will be such a comfort to have a woman to associate with. . . . C. is not well, and certainly a third year here in Calcutta will not do. . . . Dear old Sir Colin delights in showing me every sort of letter and report and telegraph—just exactly what I like—and we compliment and flatter each other.

"We had fifty at dinner, many newly-arrived officers. . . . This has been a most grumpy steamer-load. These Queen's officers hold a tone of disliking to serve her to a degree that seems to me by no means creditable. I think Sir Colin, who is so different himself, will pull them up for it, and also for holding a tone of contempt for Indian officers, and saying all kinds of absurdities about our duty of no longer giving in to native propensities. Some of these people may really

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Charles Stuart, first cousin of Lady Canning. His father, Captain John James Stuart, was only brother of Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

do untold mischief. I am delighted that they did not share in the honour of taking Delhi and saving Lucknow. . . . It is so silly to imagine it possible to save India without having anything to do with natives, without native troops, and with contempt for all national prejudices and feelings. Young ensigns had better not hold such language, but it is very mischievous indeed in the mouths of people in authority. Sir Colin will, I hope, interfere. As to C., I know the newspaper notions of his partiality to natives, and the absurd reports of his undue tendency to leniency tell; and I am sure all these men arrive believing them, and justice being out of fashion, he is supposed to be on the native side. Sir Colin will set this to rights."

"Oct. 10.—I see by English papers the idea of the rebellion being of Brahminical origin is still believed. I have no doubt it is true that Brahmins are not well disposed to us, but they must dread Mussulmen more, and this is much more a Mussulman rebellion than any other. In Oude only, the populace has chiefly gone against us.

"Then as to the accounts of places. Cawnpore was an open unprotected cantonment spreading over an immense space. There was no garden wall higher than three feet, and no sort of defence anywhere. A little trench was thrown hastily up around two buildings. The *fort* is purely imaginary. Allahabad is really a strong fort. Meerut is only an open cantonment too. A cantonment is like an English watering-place,—small one-storied houses or thatched bungalows (cottages)

in detached gardens, and the 'lines' for native troops are rows upon rows of very small detached huts."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, Oct. 22, 1857.*—I must begin with thanks to you, Grandmama, Aunt Mex, Aunt Caledon, and Lou, for your generous contributions for the Indian sufferers. You have done grandly by us.

"We get credit for more than we deserve, for C. did not give £1000. He gave as his first subscription only £100: I gave £50, and both again repeated the same, and were ready to go on doing so over and over if wanted; but as it is, only £300 has been given by us, and more is not wanted, as money keeps coming in. At first the people arrived in small numbers, and we did not know what would be the amount of distress, and now, it seems to me, it is so great it is difficult to reach. Merchants lose their indigo works, &c., and are almost ruined, officers lose all their outfits, furniture, horses and carriages; railway people lose what they invested their capital in. Of the lower class there is no very great number of Europeans, and, for these upper classes, you can only attempt to do what supplies their immediate wants.

"There are passages paid and outfits given, and eleven houses of refuge: then three hundred people are being supported at Agra, and many in other places. All civil and military servants have their pensions, but money to set up the widows with furniture and a house is well bestowed. I have seen no estimate of the sufferers yet, but I believe the planters to be

almost the greatest, and the officers. I trust real compensation will be given to officers by Government: the civilians have much more pay, but they were many of them without clothes to their backs, and a great many German and American missionaries, innkeepers, shopkeepers, &c., were also destitute.

"This great charity to India must not let people neglect the Patriotic Fund for the wives of the thirty or forty regiments you send us. Here we give rations and allowances to soldiers' wives and lodge them besides, but I hope and trust that none will be sent out from England—even officers' wives ought not to come now; they could only stay here in Calcutta, at great expense and discomfort.

"C. has been looking better lately. He had got a good deal worn, but here is the cold weather at hand. It certainly is often  $85^{\circ}$  in the day, but the north wind blows, and the rains are gone, and the evenings and mornings are cold.

"The poor people are still shut up in Lucknow, and it will be some time, I fear, before that town is completely taken by a much larger force than has yet got up so far. The list of many survivors' names has come. I find most of the names of people I have heard of and have felt especially anxious about, but not Captain Barlow's name. Mrs. Barlow is there. I fear he is killed, but as I do not know it, do not announce it from me. People who have taken most pains to sift the dreadful stories which have been told believe that Miss Jennings and the Miss Beresfords were killed at once: no European remained to see them. I will inquire still further, but I believe that the poor Cliffords may



be satisfied with the native servant's account that their sister was killed as soon as she was found.

"As to Cawnpore, you will see the massacre was even far worse than reported, but it was a massacre, there was no other ill-usage: of all things, to invent or exaggerate at such a time seems to me too cruel.

"I am quite sorry that Parliament is up, for now stories will go uncontradicted, and no more papers be called for or published. We only want the truth to be heard about everything. A very weak, foolish pamphlet called 'History of the Bengal Mutinies, by one who served under Sir C. Napier,' has come: it is quite full of lies from one end to the other. Any one who will read it, with the papers before Parliament by his side, and compare dates, would find how entirely absurd and untenable most of the assertions are. It is dated, 'India, July 2,' and I suppose another part will soon appear. If you hear it talked of and believed, only recommend any one to be good enough to read the real history in the papers before Parliament. They are bundled together without regard to dates and very badly arranged, but the court-martials answer nearly everything, and the untrue assertions of every page can be disproved.

"The volunteers are now in possession of their colours, and I hope in good humour. I think if they had been enrolled a month sooner, as they wished, they would have greatly disliked being left in charge of the town, and having the single regiment of European soldiers sent away: yet that is the chief grievance, I believe, set forth in the petition for C.'s recall; another is want of severity; another that he did not make

enough of the beginning of the rebellion in reporting it to Government. There is a little excuse for the last complaint, for certainly both Vernon Smith and Lord Granville smoothed down what he wrote a good deal when they spoke: his letters were stronger than the impressions they conveyed, but I think people in England will be surprised that a petition could be got up here with such petty grievances, and such a suppression of facts.

"We begin to see ships with English troops arrive, but they come in rather slowly still, and it is a very long business to send them on. We have more Generals than we know what to do with! It is such a pleasure to think of the C. Stuarts coming.

"I hope Lou is well taken care of; ought she not to go a little abroad? <sup>1</sup>

"Did you read poor Mrs. Maude's story? She has a thriving boy, born not six weeks after all her perils and dangers and sorrows. . . . When the mob surrounded her, and the Rajah's people came to fetch her and protect her, they asked if her husband was killed, and she told them he had *died*. They asked her to point out who had robbed her. She would not, and said,

<sup>1</sup> THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Tittenhanger, Oct. 17, 1857.*—I came to London (and Tittenhanger) with my mother, partly to take leave of my cousins Colonel and Mrs. Stuart, who are going to India immediately, where he will fill the place of Canning's military secretary in Lord Dunkellin's place, and partly to consult a doctor on the remnants of my old cough. He tells me that I must not spend the winter in Ireland, and this most disagreeable verdict makes me very rebellious. But home I am coming first of all, and hope I may see you before my exile."

‘They were young, none but the young would do so,’ and immediately the little chain and seals she cared so much for were thrown to her by an unseen hand from the crowd.”

To VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

“Oct. 22, 1857.—We are getting every day more prosperous now, and I hope soon Lucknow will be finished off. But to do all this effectually, a large force is wanted. Outram and Havelock could cut their way into the Residency through miles of town, but they cannot bring the people out, and the whole town must be really taken. The Residency buildings and its gardens are in the thick of the town, and have only one side open to the river, which is not yet fordable. I imagine they are very ill off there again for provisions, but have enough to last them till a force gets up, and the 93rd and 53rd must be getting on and near, and the cavalry from Delhi, which has been doing such wonders under Colonel Greathed, beating one force after another on its way to Agra, and at Agra, is coming on to Cawnpore. When that short distance is accomplished, all the great line to the north will be open again.

“The new arrivals here are on the whole rather grumpy, and provoked that no very grand work is left for them to do. . . . The regiments from England are at last beginning to arrive, and the great steamers, which are paid for so magnificently, are doing their work well, and not like their predecessors. Whether from economy, or because the China troops were not wanted till late in the year, the *Himalaya* and others

were an enormous time on their way. But these last steamers made a good run. The *Thebes*, which started first, came in first, then the *Golden Fleece*, and now we are betting on the *Lady Jocelyn* and the *Sydney*. General Ashburnham has come, and what will he do? We certainly are more than amply provided with Generals!

"How very magnificently they are subscribing for our sufferers in England. . . . £20,000 has been collected here, and a great deal besides in Madras and Bombay. There are eleven houses of refuge here, and a great many passages and clothes given, and money lent, and people supported 'up-country.' I think the English papers reasonable upon the whole: their cry for vengeance is nothing to the savage tone here."

*Journal Letter.*

"Oct. 23.—Sir Colin has determined to go himself to Lucknow. The case is very urgent, for General Outram is really as much besieged there as the first garrison, and his provisions will not last beyond November, and though the Residency itself is safe, he has not enough force to take much of the town, or to attempt to move the helpless people. Not one soldier of those sent from England will be there, but Sir Colin will gather together a good little force, with the Delhi column to join him."

"Oct. 24.—General Windham came to see me, as his departure is fixed for Monday. He is to have the Umballa division, in which at this moment there can be hardly any soldiers. I reminded him that

General Barnard started with the very same complaint for the same place, of 'not a chance of anything to do.' Mrs. Edmonstone came, in deep mourning for her brother-in-law, Mr. Greathed, the principal civilian at Delhi, who died of cholera just after it was taken. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who had breakfasted with him, had it at the same time, but recovered. Both these civilians were in the assault, and very useful in leading the troops through the streets, as they knew the way.

"I rode in the afternoon, and saw for the first time since I came to Calcutta a crowd of women, streaming along in thousands, dressed in clean white and yellow and scarlet and red draperies, often with a little gold besides in armlets and anklets. I went near the Ghât—steps down to the river—and was told it was a ceremony going on, a holiday and 'Pooja,' or prayer and bathing. The bathing began in old clothes, and the bathers decently shed these and wound into the new ones as they came out. I never had seen any women there before, except the wretched old hags who usually appear: of course, all these were of very low caste.

"Another great steamer, the *Sydney*, has arrived."

"*Sunday, Oct. 25.*—More ships. These, however, bring the recruits always due to us.

"General Havelock's despatch has arrived. A thousand words by telegraph give his account of fighting his way on Sept. 25 through Lucknow into the Residency. It was a most severe struggle, and the loss was terrible: he gives no list. He took a

palace, and it seemed almost wise to rest in it for the night, but he determined to push on and not to lengthen the suspense of the poor people in the Residency, and he got into it the same evening.

"The Alam Bagh is nearly two miles off, and the fighting men of Lucknow seem to congregate round General Outram and to leave that free. As soon as General Havelock accomplished his object and reached the garrison, he gave up the command to General Outram, who had fought with him up to that moment, and had a wound in the arm. How provoked Sir W. Napier will be at such clear demonstration of his merit and chivalry, and Sir Colin's order on this subject, when he approved of Havelock being left in command.

"General Windham dined, and he loudly declaimed against volunteering and rushing into danger where you have no business. All the same, I think we shall hear of him in Lucknow. William Peel is to go, and he has telegraphed his exceeding delight at this invitation from Sir Colin. I think some of the 68-pounders will manage to get there."

"*Oct. 26.*—The Bishop came to settle about chaplains for the expected troops. He then asked to visit me and the Commander-in-Chief, and I was present at a curious scene of good advice to Sir Colin, who was treated as a wild young man, much in want of it. He certainly is in spirits like those of any youth, and was especially joyous at that moment over a charming telegraph of Colonel Greathed's column having routed more rebels and taken two lacs and a half of trea-



sure, and more guns at Mynpourie, and being in full march to Cawnpore. The last days into Agra Colonel Greathed marched sixty-six miles in forty hours! His men fought before their tents were pitched, and they pursued that fresh enemy from Dholpore, and took eleven guns, and spoil in quantities, and one great brass gun, which had been dragged an immense distance, in expectation that it would take Agra."

"*Tuesday, Oct. 27.*—Sir Colin started, after an early dinner. He goes up as fast as possible by dāk carriage from the railway. He takes his four A.D.C.'s, the two Alisons, Sir David Baird, Captain Foster, Captain Metcalfe, General Mansfield and Captain Hope-Johnstone, and I believe they have got a doctor. The superintendent of telegraphs, Patrick Stewart, goes to lay down a flying line to Lucknow if possible. We begged them all to take care of Sir Colin, who has the habit of exposing himself most rashly. He has a nice set of what he calls 'boys,' who are all very fond of him: that he storms at them sometimes, they all allow. To me, he has behaved like an old courtier, and I have thought him charming. He would tell me everything, and show me every letter and telegraph I could care to see or that could interest me."

"*Oct. 28.*—The Delhi column arrived yesterday at Cawnpore. The great road is open once more to the North-West. A very interesting collection of Delhi letters has come. The sickness is still rather bad. The town is forsaken, and they are destroying the fortifications as C. ordered. An inquiry is going on con-

cerning the King, who is kept in safety, but not in his former palace : his life was promised him when taken. It seems he was in hiding and surrendered himself.”<sup>1</sup>

“Oct. 29.—I do not put down the ships, but they are dropping in. Now we have part of two English regiments, but this last was of our due relief.

“Captain Key of the *Sanspareil* has been to Barrackpore to recover from illness : he returned charmed with it. He took two middies, and they rode elephants, and were most happy. Poor Lord Elgin writes from Hong-Kong hoping we are doing better, and can send him some troops. We are better certainly, but the great promenade of troops for pacification is as much wanted as ever. The whole country requires putting

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart's journal in 1858 says :—

“July 22. —Finished the report of the King of Delhi's trial. I do not think the King of Delhi had intrigued with the Sepoys before they mutinied, but he had tried to intrigue with the Shah of Persia. He at once *accepted* the rebellion. He might have saved the women and children : instead of doing so, he put them into a crowded building where they were exposed to insult, and gave them up for slaughter without remonstrance or apparent regret. He also accepted the services of the Sepoys who went to Delhi reeking with the blood of English men and women, whom they had murdered at Jhansi, Neemuch, &c. Truly he deserves death ! He hated our ‘Raj,’ because—from Lord Ellenborough's time—the ‘Nuzzars’ were withheld, and because we would not acknowledge his youngest, instead of his eldest son, as heir apparent. He seems to have believed the fable told by his wives and eunuchs, that the English really intended to force Christianity upon India. The Hakeem states that the leading men among the Sepoys were not so deceived, but worked the greased cartridge and bone-dust lies, as a means of acquiring power. None of the witnesses can, or will, rightly interpret the curious circulation of chupatties before the outbreak.”

in order, and there must be much punishing of Rajahs as well as of Sepoys.

"General Garrett has now the business of nursing up the troops. He dined with us, and told me the 34th would start from Chinsurah on Saturday. They will be the first of 'the army of retribution' sent from England on purpose: all else has been what 'we have caught for ourselves.'"

"*Friday, Oct. 30.*—A Lieutenant Hale has come down from the Goorka force. He says they fight desperately and punish villagers, but the few officers with them cannot stop them from killing all: they never take prisoners. I shall be glad when they go home again, and we are provided with our own troops: these are not very respectable allies. This poor man got away from Oude with great difficulty. His wife and children he had sent long ago to Lucknow: now he hears they are all dead. He has brought the sword of the Longueville Clark, who took the robber Fust Ali, just before the outbreak, and received it as a present for the deed of valour from Sir Henry Lawrence. He is now himself killed.

"Lieutenant Hale says we have not yet heard what a terrible massacre it was at Seetapore, a place in the north of Oude, where there were a great many Europeans. Colonel Birch's brother and wife were killed there."

"*Saturday, Oct. 31.*—We have been overwhelmed with news. First, an 'overland' telegraph *viâ* Bombay; then the mail; then Captain Turnbull from Delhi

with *the despatch*! It is like seeing a man who has made the great North-West passage to see one actually from before Delhi! He is too tired to dine with us, and not well enough clothed, it is said.

"There are magnificent deeds of valour reported, especially the blowing in of the Cashmere Gate; the story of the two officers<sup>1</sup> and the bugler, who blew his blast three times, and tied up the officer's wound under that tremendous fire, and the whole thing being done in broad daylight! Every one of them deserves a Victoria Cross. It is very sad that one of the officers, Captain or Lieutenant Home, was blown up by accident at Malaghur afterwards with Greathed's column. Some other deeds—going into the palace, pushing up the streets, &c.—were daring beyond measure."

"*Sunday, Nov. 1.*—Last night there were loud voices outside, but I did not imagine anything had happened, and now I hear five sailors killed a policeman and wounded another. These native policemen must run great risk, and often tremble amongst the drunken sailors and soldiers in the streets. There are more precautions taken about the soldiers, and I am very glad of it, for the sun and the spirits have been dangerous.

"I went to St. John's this morning, and the All Saints chapter put one in mind of the terrible sufferings and tortures here. I do not count the newspaper exaggerations, but the *reality* is nearly what was described by St. Paul, and I hope and believe that some of these poor people did feel and believe like martyrs.

<sup>1</sup> Salkeld and Home.

At the Fort in the evening we heard Dr. Kaye. He is the head of Bishop's College and the Propagation of the Gospel. Several of his poor surviving friends were killed with all the other Europeans."

"*Monday, Nov. 2.*—Still the Calcutta papers quote letters about a sortie from Lucknow having failed with much loss. This has been repeated over and over, and is said to have occurred on the 19th. A telegraph to Cawnpore to inquire brings back word that it has not been heard of by the authorities there, who have news of General Outram all well up to the 28th.

"There are details now from Delhi about the seizure of the King. It is true his life was promised by General Wilson when the officers applied to him for instructions. It seems he was in hiding, and had fled from the town, and a native came to say he would give himself up on the promise of his life and the Queen's, and on those terms he was taken. I suppose they thought he could not be caught otherwise, and it certainly is a great advantage to have possession of him. The fables about him are endless, sometimes of escape, sometimes of his being shot by his sentry, &c.

"The A.D.C. who brought General Wilson's despatch was one of our guests at dinner. He had a rough sketch-book, which gave many subjects to be described and explained, but I have still hundreds of questions to ask. We have hardly even conceived what tremendous fighting it was, and how incessantly our little force had to meet troops who came against them fresh and fresh. The Crimeans have repeatedly said that they never were in hotter fire at Sevastopol. On one or two

occasions in the first days of August the whole force was out to meet attacks and on picket. Captain Turnbull was with poor General Barnard as A.D.C. till he died. He says every one liked him. He was so worn and anxious and sleepless, from incessantly having to be roused, that the cholera carried him off the moment it attacked him. I saw little pencil sketches of the graves of both generals at Kournaul, and the graveyard of the Delhi cantonment.

"A Colonel Franklyn of the 84th dined, just come from Burmah, where he was brigadier. He seemed very anxious about his regiment, to which I believe he has belonged all his life. It has dwindled very much, and now the chief part has gone to Lucknow with General Havelock. About sixty certainly were lost at Cawnpore, but a hundred, supposed to be there, had gone on to Lucknow, and were found. I am sure the numbers at Cawnpore, stated in the English papers, are exaggerated, not of women and children, but of soldiers.

"Sir Colin has had a most narrow escape of being carried off by two companies of the latest mutinous regiment, the 32nd. As he was posting along in his little dâk carriage, he actually saw the end of their line cross the road only five hundred yards before him, and he counted fourteen elephants and twenty-five horsemen. He turned back a stage, and waited for the troops coming up by the bullock-train. What a prize he would have been! If they had sense, they would have tried to get Nana Sahib and the King of Delhi weighed against him, and a very disagreeable question it would have been. I suppose he was rather rash to



go without an escort just there, but no one can guess where these people go : they never saw the Commander-in-Chief's party."

"*Tuesday, Nov. 3.*—More arrivals, the *Lady Jocelyn* amongst others, and more of the 42nd and the Surrey 33rd. The *Sanspareil* has got safely down to Kedgeree, and can take in coal and water. It is a load off one's mind to know she has cleared all the shoals, for no such ship ever came up before. By trimming and getting rid of water, &c., they gained a foot or more, but it was a near thing : she came in during the rains.

"C. had a deputation of the managers of the fund, and, I think, cleared up some misapprehensions. Government will give a great deal of relief, but it is not very easy to make out the scale and limits, compensations being impossible. He has a capital plan of it, I think, for employés of all sorts : but it is very difficult to deal with those who are not employed in any way, and to make a scale of relief for them. We are still totally in the dark as to numbers.

"In the evening we heard of a little victory over some of the old Dinapore mutineers trying to get to Oude. The 53rd and Captain Peel drove them out of their camp, and took it and their guns ; but poor Colonel Powell, who has been in Calcutta ever since he came, and whose face was so familiar to me out on the course every day, was shot dead. The telegraph comes from Captain Peel, delighted with his victory : it was near Cawnpore, a little off the road. All this shows how we must for long have columns marching in all directions, till every mutinous regiment is defeated and dispersed.

"Numbers of soldiers, who were on furlough, now come flocking back with their papers *en règle*. Many are dismissed, and others sent to their regiments to have their cases examined into. What they did during their holiday will be difficult to prove, but it looks as if they did not expect the struggle to last, and they wish to be well with the winning side."

"*Wednesday, Nov. 4.*—Aunt Caledon's friends, the Hodgsons, came to see me. I was delighted with Mr. H. He is clever and amusing, and very quaint. He has the highest opinion of Goorkas, and considers them the best soldiers in the world in all ways, especially for discipline, provided no one interferes with their domestic concerns. The wives cause fearful quarrels, and any light conduct is always punished with death, and the rival's head cut off at once.

"An officer's wife, whom I had seen at Barrackpore, has lately come down, after escaping from Nagode on the mutiny of the 50th. It was a quiet, prosperous escape, the night before, in palanquins. But they could bring very little away, and their goods, packed in carts, were seized. All she has left of her property is her child's perambulator, in the care of a friendly Rajah. The husband came away with two hundred of the regiment who remained faithful: the rest had stood many temptations, but turned on the approach of the remnant of the Dinapore regiments. What trouble those regiments have given! I do not wonder that the mismanaged disarming of them is one of the great subjects of complaint. Certainly C. is the one to *complain*, and not to be found fault with. He had ordered

it to be done several days before the petitioners asked it: but of course he could not proclaim this, as it would at once have given the regiments notice, and the community chose to suppose that it was not to be done. Why General Lloyd did it so very badly, and let the men have seven hours to think of it and settle their departure, no one will ever discover. I suppose he trusted them, and one must own they had behaved well up to that time.

"This officer's wife gets her passage and that of her children paid by the fund, and £50 for outfit. She had very much wished to find a soldier's widow to come home with her, and help to take care of her children, but cannot succeed in getting one of any sort or kind. They like to stay in a regiment and marry again. It does not sound very feeling, but I believe the practice is common. I am told of a Bengal artillery widow, who was such a good cook and *ménagère* that she was snapped up directly, and had had four husbands in succession, and these chosen out of many aspirants.

"There is good news of the troops going on to Lucknow, and the flying telegraph has crossed the Ganges, and has been taken five miles farther."

"*Thursday, Nov. 5.*—There is an excellent letter of General Outram's saying he can hold out till the end of the month if necessary, and begging that no especial haste should be made on his account. Colonel Hope Grant (Frank Grant's brother), who has now the command of Greathed's column, has got reinforcements, and is quite near Lucknow, about a short march from

Alam Bagh. I saw a good many secretaries, &c., and all seem to think Lucknow will do well, but the relief will come from across the river: elephants could ford it. Captain Peel has taken with him a little siege train, and not the 68-pounders. News has come of a Rev. Mr. Fisher—'Padre Fisher' they call him—who has long been supposed dead. His letter is said to be most mysterious, only saying that he is safe, but has promised not to say where, or who with.

"I am afraid some more people (four and two children) believed safe have been given over by a Rajah to the Lucknow rebels! It is hardly possible now that they will escape, and this is a horrible thought. General Outram must know it, and he is sure to do all that can be done to save them.

"Captain Lowe, who used to be on General Anson's staff, arrived with a copy of the Delhi despatch, having come by a longer route than the A.D.C. who arrived on Saturday. I have heard more about Delhi from him than any one. He says the fighting was tremendous, and they had great hardships of fatigue, but were well fed. The town was deserted when they got into it, and the number killed has not been so very great. The fighting up streets was dreadful, and the only way to advance safely was by knocking holes through houses with crowbars. If they had had powder-bags at the gate of the Jumma Musjid,<sup>1</sup> to blow it in, they would probably have taken it the first day. The palace was empty of all but wounded Sepoys, and a very few

<sup>1</sup> The great mosque of Delhi, one of the largest in the world, in the building of which five thousand workmen were employed for six years.

men. The English lady crucified is decidedly a pure invention; but the soldier tied to a stake in the line of fire, not burnt at a stake, he had heard of. I learnt much about General Anson in those first days—of his illness and death: the illness was fearfully short: fatigue and anxiety brought it on.”

“*Friday, Nov. 6.*—We had an enormous dinner last night—42nd Highlanders, artillery, &c. I like General Dupuis very much. C. was alarmed at the number of new faces to remember, and made a point of being early and seeing them arrive, so as to know them in detail, and it answered perfectly. The sailors celebrated the 5th of November by carrying round Guy Fawkes: of course he passed for a god.

“I had a visit from Mrs. Block, a refugee widow, who brought with her a beautiful baby of two months old. Another, aged fourteen months, she had with her in her month of flight from place to place, sent on, with Mrs. Goldney and Mrs. Strahan, from one Rajah to another, always in anxiety and terror. All their husbands were killed, but I do not think any particulars of their deaths have ever reached them.”

“*Nov. 6, later.*—Captain Lowe tells me he saw the King of Delhi and the Queen. He was old and decrepid, plainly dressed in fine white muslin. He expected to go to the palace, but of course was not allowed. His sons and grandson were shot, the latter, it is said, rejoicing to the last over the horrors he had seen perpetrated.

“Colonel and Mrs. Baker came to take leave. He

is an excellent man, and has had in hand most of the great public works. He goes home much shattered by too hard work. Captain Yule is to be Secretary to Government in his place. Colonel Baker belongs to near Ludlow. We went to the General Fever Hospital attached to a Medical College to see the wounded soldiers. I think only between fifty and sixty have yet come down, and some are well enough to be in the Fort. The rest are in a wing set apart for them, and in high good wards: they looked very comfortable. As usual, the cases of dysentery looked worse than the wounded. Two military doctors, besides Dr. Eatwell, met us. The young doctor who came with the men from Cawnpore had been in the Crimea with Miss Nightingale, in the General Hospital at Scutari. The men had suffered terribly at Bithoor and in Oude. Many were still ill of sunstroke. It knocks them over quite suddenly, and, if it does not kill, the effects last long. Most of the men were of the 38th and 64th, and a few of the 90th. They have no nurses, and are waited on by natives and a sergeant. A steward overlooks, and there are a good many assistant-surgeons. The change of air did great good. The other wards have some few hill soldiers just arrived. I must get more information about them all. Allahabad is the great hospital now, and every one is brought down here, and the sick sent to sea as soon as possible."

*Separate*—To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, Nov. 9, 1857.*—No refugees are going home yet, but there will be plenty after they come down from Agra and Lucknow. . . . I never go near



committees, and I advise you to keep out of them too. They have done magnificently, and I am not ungrateful, but it is as well to let them act in their own way. I know Government cannot give compensation for all losses, but even quite small compensation for equipments, &c., will mount up to an enormous sum, and C. wishes not to interfere as to what Government does in this line, but to take up a distinct one, and to do it completely.

"I hope a little more news may go home this time, but it is scarcely possible to hear of Lucknow. Between the 12th and the 16th something is expected. General Outram begs them *not to hurry*. It will be done in a secure and cautious way, and with a good force. Ships come in fast now.

"There is a petition for C.'s recall. Every word of its accusations can be answered, and it was got up by very second-rate lawyers and merchants, and was kept as secret as possible. Do not be alarmed at it. Every word can be answered.

"All that man could do, C. did, and if it had to be done again, I do not think there would be the least difference, except in one or two trifles which they have not cried out about."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Monday, Nov. 9.*—Sir Colin is across the Ganges. In Oude he will have 5000 good men, and a good little proportion of cavalry. All is certainly much better. The troops have much to do, but it is in marching, for they will always disperse any field force they meet."

*"Tuesday, Nov. 10.*—Sir Colin crossed the Ganges on the 9th. That fight at Bindhee, or near it, had made a delay. He does not at all like anything to divert his troops from the main object, and though this was a very gallant and successful affair, I believe he had much rather it had been let alone. It cost Colonel Powell his life, and the captain of Engineers and another officer were badly wounded, and many men killed of the 53rd and Naval Brigade. The enemy's loss was great, and they fled, leaving two guns and their camp. Colonel Powell was the first man shot, as he was leading on his men to take the guns.

"I have for several days been hearing constantly of the difficulty of getting lodgings for the poor wives of officers, who have foolishly come out with their husbands. No one can imagine how wretched they will be in the crowded hotels, with all sorts of people passing through. Pray advise all wives to stay at home. They never will see their husbands until the country is completely settled, and they will not hear from them much oftener than in England, and it is most improbable that they will have a chance of nursing them if wounded, for in all this time hardly any wounded officers have come down."

*"Wednesday, Nov. 11.*—We had a parade of the 42nd Highlanders, but only half the regiment is yet arrived, and they go up to-morrow, so there was no use waiting longer. They looked very well, and all Calcutta turned out to see them. I rode again on this occasion, without my horse minding even the bagpipes. This is the first occasion on which the amateur soldiers

have had the opportunity of looking at real ones performing evolutions. They certainly seemed intensely interested. I am afraid the poor Highlanders are suffering cruelly from mosquito bites on their unprotected legs: this is the beginning of the worst season for them. Mrs. Ritchie and Lady Jackson came to see me. They both are refugees, and I showed them the Queen's kind message, which delighted them, and I said they might repeat it. Of course every one would feel sure of her caring for the poor sufferers; but still it requires to be told, and I really believe she is as keenly interested and anxious as in the Crimean war. It is such a pity I cannot be indiscreet enough to copy and hand it about like the Scutari message; it would please people so much, but the same blunder cannot be made twice, and, lucky as the first was, I do not think I could have dared to do it.

"I should like to get at some refugees I hear of. One is a Mrs. Orr from Fyzabad, who escaped down the Gogra in a boat with her baby of three days old, and she and it are quite well, after a month of open boat, and dangers at every step of the way.

"The debts of the officers and the enormous interest they pay to the banks keep them in a state of poverty people cannot imagine. Twelve per cent. is the lowest interest, seventeen and twenty per cent. very common, and the richer people invest in shares, and are enriched in this way."

"*Thursday, Nov. 12.*—Mr. Beadon tells me some curious telegraph stories. They often have stoppages from posts being blown down or little chance accidents.

But once the telegraph stopped, and no one could discover why. At last they found a web of one of the gigantic spiders, which connected the wire with one of the lightning conductors, and carried the message down into the ground, instead of along the line. The spiders' webs had been known to make double wires useless as they connected them so often.

"If no more troops come in, all those here will have gone up on Monday next. The bullock-train has carried two hundred and fifty since the beginning of the month, counting officers. In thirteen days it reaches Allahabad: so a whole regiment arrives there in sixteen days. They have four men in each bullock-carriage, and two walk in their turn, so six belong to each carriage. The commissariat is said now to be in excellent order on the road, and there are fixed stations where the men feed and rest."

"*Thursday, Nov. 12.*—The mail came in. It certainly takes a full fortnight for news to sink well in, in England, for you have none of you perceived that the last news was decidedly better than that of August 8. Now every mail will be better and better. I am curious to know what inventions will spring up next. I am not surprised at the stories of differences between Sir Colin and C., for people began to invent them from the moment he arrived, and, though entirely groundless, they went on with them continually. Sir Colin, I believe, will be unconscious of most of this, unless he reads his *Daily News*, for he never would waste his time with looking at a Calcutta paper.

"We had a very large dinner again—many officers.

I try to have some from every regiment that passes through, for I never shall cease regretting that we missed seeing General Neill, and who knows but one of these Colonels may prove as remarkable as he was.

“We are wondering whether there has been a proper rejoicing in England over the fall of Delhi—whether a spontaneous illumination, and Park and Tower guns, on the news carried by the mail of Sept. 2. We could not make a demonstration here, because it was not politic to make it such a triumph: in many places salutes were fired, but not authorised from hence.”

“*Friday, Nov. 13.*—The Mhow column has been besieging the fort of Dhar: the moment the heavy guns played, the garrison made off. Three ships have come in with Rifles and the 54th, &c.: they always arrive in small detachments. Mr. Hodson of Darjeeling and the Colviles dined. The accounts of Darjeeling make me wish to see it, far above all the other hill stations—the highest mountains in the world in sight, and the surrounding hills clothed with beautiful deciduous timber, with fir. A road is to be made to it from the river: it has long been planned, but it is now to proceed actively, and barracks for Europeans are building there. At Barrackpore some are to be begun at once, and temporary ones are to be run up for the interval while the solid buildings are in progress. The plans are on a very fine scale: three different arrangements to be selected from, according to aspect and site. Public works are stopped, but

these barracks and roads will fill up the expenditure in a great degree: they will be wanted all over the country, and treasuries also."

"*Saturday, Nov. 14.* — Some little States about Rewah are refractory, and it will be well when the Madras column can begin to move through and deal with the country between the Nerbudda and the Jumna. All the principal Rajahs have behaved well, but they could not hold their troops, and they went off with the contingents.

"The Gwalior men continually threaten to cross towards Cawnpore, but never come. I think General Windham would be delighted to receive and chastise them, if they came within his reach.

"Four enormous boxes of gifts of clothing have come to my care. All Salisbury contributes, and Southampton, and a Mr. Allen of Clapham, and Jay of Regent Street—a chest full of beautiful pieces of muslin and alpaca, and camelite and ribbon, &c. I hand them over to committees, and advise a good quantity to be sent up at once, by a lucky opportunity there is, to Allahabad, to meet the Lucknow refugees, or, if too late for them, those from Agra. I always wanted things to go up, but opportunities have been scarce, or impossible to get.

"Sir Colin's telegraph of several small victories, and the blowing up of the fort of Jellalabad, we think good. He is setting to work very cautiously, and has now six thousand men. I saw a letter from Adrian Hope, who now has a brigade. He convoyed carts and camels and elephants, with food, into Alam Bagh, and brought



all the carriages safely back. The sick and wounded too are withdrawn to Cawnpore. A man escaped in disguise, with a blackened face, from the Residency, with despatches from General Outram to Sir Colin. It is all very hopeful, but one feels dreadfully impatient. At dinner, we had Mr. Campbell, author of 'India as it is, and India as it might be.' He came from Meerut to Delhi, and to Agra and Cawnpore with the column. He had been talking to that poor Lieutenant Home, the hero of the Cashmere Gate, just before he blew himself up, and he particularly spoke of the precautions which he recommended, and was always careful about taking himself. Just after, he went to his work, and within an hour was himself blown up and killed in destroying the fort of Malaghar. He would certainly have had his Victoria Cross.

"Miss Nightingale has written to me. She is out of health, and at Malvern, but says she would come at twenty-four hours' notice, if I think there is anything for her to do in her 'line of business.' I think there is not anything here, for there are few wounded men in want of actual nursing, and there are plenty of native servants and assistants who can do the dressings. Only one man, who was very ill of dysentery, has died since we went to the hospital a fortnight ago. The up-country hospitals are too scattered for a nursing establishment, and one could hardly yet send women up. I wish we had some good nurses for officers.

"The lieutenant commanding the vessel to survey the Andamans died. It is most probable that the islands will do for the new penal settlement for the Sepoys who are not executed. There must be many degrees of

punishment, for there are many of guilt. A Bill has just passed the Legislative Council allowing that Sepoys, like English soldiers, may be branded with a D. for desertion. This had never been legal before, though it could be done in the English army."

"*Nov.* 16.—Sir Colin is in the Martinière at Lucknow, having surprised the fort Dhilkushá, or 'Heart's Delight.' This is getting on well towards the Residency, but we hear no more of crossing and recrossing the river. The enemy are now in force on the other side.

"The Gwalior troops, with guns, are at Calpee, on the Jumna. They have strengthened the bridge, but seem afraid to cross, and doubtful where to go. I wish they would attack General Windham, and give him the satisfaction of beating them. He has plenty of guns, but few men, and though numbers arrive, he has to send them on to Sir Colin. He is so anxious to encounter what he always calls 'the child-killers.'

"Mr. Edmonstone knows all the Nawabs and Rajahs, and their doings, and can give one more information than any one. After a long talk with him, I find there are a great many small ones who have rebelled or are shaky, especially in Bundelcund. But all, or nearly all, the greater Rajahs seem afraid to turn. Rewah has long been doubtful, but it seems he has not gone, and a clever brave young officer, Lieutenant Willoughby Osborne, has remained at his post there, and has the chief credit of keeping that country in a sort of quiet and order."

"*Wednesday, Nov.* 18.—Sir Colin is in Lucknow,

and a cannonade is heard in the direction of the palaces, was telegraphed last night from Alam Bagh. The telegraph was actually carried in so far with the troops.

"We have had at dinner Lord Strathallan's two brothers in the Civil Service. The younger and his wife are just come from Agra, with Colonel Greathed's column, to Cawnpore. He was magistrate, and became very unpopular, I believe, because he set his face against alarmists and panics, and employed a native police. At last they superseded him, and he is going home on sick-leave. I do not know the rights of the story, but both in Mr. Colvin's life and since his death party spirit ran high in that fort. The battle was a strange story, for when our people, at last, had to retire for lack of ammunition, instead of pursuing the enemy, the enemy fled too, and for three days our people did not know they were quite gone away. They never were attacked again till after the Delhi column arrived, and the Indore troops came and fought them.

"The drawn battle left a feeling of bloodthirstiness in the English soldiers that was very terrible. Mrs. D. had a horrid story of a poor bheestie (water-carrier) filling his water-skin, being shot, and his wife, who came and threw herself on the body, being shot too, by a soldier on the ramparts. I don't think she saw it, and one never feels sure here that any story is true.

"They were very much crowded in the fort, and many children died, but happily it was not a bad cholera year like the last. That fort is always considered unwholesome and almost deadly in hot weather, and it is extraordinary how little the people shut up in

it suffered. All natives were shut up at night. Christians and half-castes remained in the fort, and it is said there used to be 6000 souls in it.

“The Drummonds travelled along in a little carriage with their own horses, immediately following the 24-pounders, each drawn by two elephants. Mrs. Drummond said the whole column on the march was nine miles long! for they brought down more than two thousand camels for carriage for Sir Colin’s forces, besides all for their own, and camp-followers and provisions. The 75th and 8th Queen’s were sadly weary with so many and forced marches, but the Seiks were as fresh as ever at the last. One day they marched thirty miles. The country looked quiet and prosperous, and the crops beautiful—that we have heard from every one. At Mynpourie they got back two lacs and a half of treasure, which the Rajah’s brother had preserved, and gave up. It was the identical sum saved by young Adolphe de Kantzau, when he would not leave his mutinous company and compelled it to keep to its duty. (I have never heard the sequel to that strange story. I believe other mutineers came, and some sowars turned, and I suppose they all made off, but they never carried away the treasure.) There was one fight as the column came on beyond Mynpourie. But there was very little loss, and Mrs. Drummond sate still in her carriage for two hours and only heard some guns. She saw the besieged house at Cawnpore, riddled with shot and full of scraps of books and children’s things and crockery, and showing all sorts of signs of the poor people who were besieged twenty-two days. Of course she would not go to the

other house of horrors, where the massacre was. Even the besieged house left a fearful impression, and she could not but remember she was the first and only white woman who had set foot in Cawnpore since the dreadful day of the massacre.

"Colonel Hope Grant having come down to join and command his regiment, the 9th Lancers, has succeeded to the command of what was called Greathed's column, and poor Colonel Greathed at the same time heard that his wife had died at a hill station. He is now gone on to Lucknow."

"*Thursday, Nov. 19.*—The *Champion of the Seas* and *James Baines* are both arrived with above 1000 men in each. They are the great clipper ships, I believe, of the Black Ball line. They peaked themselves on beating the steamers, and took the same terms of forfeiting £30 a day for every day beyond seventy. One has been thirty days more, and the other thirty-two or thirty-three! I do not know what has happened to them, whether the contrary monsoon, or a cyclone, or calms, but people were getting fearfully anxious. I am told these are the ships the Queen went to look at at Portsmouth.

"Many other ships have arrived, and altogether we have now a greater number of European soldiers than have ever been seen here before. Tents are ready in the Meidan, if the houses and public buildings overflow. Our dinner was rather uninteresting. Forty-seven came. The new arrivals give one very little to talk about. I remembered a nice-looking son of Lord John Thynne in the Rifles, and pitied some very forlorn

officers' wives, on the point of being left behind. If they took their passage home, it would be far wiser. The Calcutta Lady A., the smartest of doctor's wives, has reappeared, quite as grand as our Lady A. in her best days."

"*Friday, Nov. 20.*—Sir Colin has relieved Lucknow, but he is wounded slightly. It seems to have been a tremendous fight, but now the communication is open, and those poor people are at last safe. We do not the least suppose that Lucknow is taken, far from it. This only begins the Oude campaign, but when the helpless garrison is out of the way, all will be comparatively easy, and there will be no necessity to fight at such disadvantage. At dinner the list of killed and wounded came in—including the two Alisons, who were sure to be close to Sir Colin. His favourite 93rd Highlanders have suffered dreadfully, and no doubt he was in the thick of it himself, which is most wrong. Poor little Arthur Clinton has a slight wound, and young Anson: he had one at Delhi. We have been puzzled at one name of a midshipman killed. I grieve to hear it is the poor young Daniell who saved Captain Peel's life at the Redan, and won his Victoria Cross and Legion of Honour. He looked quite young. I remember him so well the day we were on board the *Shannon*.

"Next day we had a long telegraph from Sir Colin on his next operations. He is taking women and wounded to the rear, and will remain outside, and not in that same hopeless Residency. He has cleared a passage to it, and communicates freely with Alam Bagh and other strong points."



"*Saturday, Nov. 21.*—All the newspapers are full of Delhi reports of the King being treated in state, and a son of his being spared and honoured, and many such stories. We believe them to be quite false, but no positive information has come. He was ordered to be kept close prisoner, and sent down when it was safe and possible, with a strong escort to Allahabad. Captain Turnbull says he saw the King taken to a house within the palace precincts, but not the least royal quarters: he was so decrepid as to be unable to stand or walk without being held up by people on both sides.

"I am afraid most of the palace at Delhi must be pulled down, for example's sake, beautiful as they say it is. All the walls and defences were ordered to be pulled down at once. The palace now serves for quarters, &c."

"*Monday, Nov. 23.*—To-day I hear of an intention of C.'s I have long foreseen. I am sure he is right now to take it, but it is not pleasant. He has looked for the time when he could do more up-country than here, and now a variety of reasons make him decide to go up-country almost immediately. Most of the troops are come, and all that especially kept him here is done, and at Benares and Allahabad, and in communication with the country higher up and Sir Colin in Oude, there is plenty for him in the near neighbourhood of Allahabad. He will go up as light as possible, and of course cannot be encumbered with me. Besides, I must obey the regulation prohibiting the return of females up-country at present.

"It is a blessing to think how soon the C. Stuarts will be here, and, with them, I shall do very well. Mrs. Talbot and Major Bowie alone stay with me. All the rest travel up with C. in dâk carriages, and I hope will be properly escorted.

"There is not much more news, only a few additional details from Cawnpore about Sir Colin's great fight in Lucknow. It seems to have been tremendous. In one spot fifteen hundred bodies of Sepoys were found. The greatest part of the town was not yet taken, but they could communicate with the Residency, and had brought away all the poor people, who have had five months' captivity in it. A telegraph-surveyor and two assistants have been murdered near Alam Bagh: this must account for the stoppage of news. . . . Some of the Gwalior force have crossed at Calpee. I hope it will be possible for General Windham to waylay them.

"We have had a beautiful little review—more regiments than have ever been in Calcutta before, part of the 79th and 42nd Highlanders just arrived, the third battalion of the 60th Rifles, and two companies of the third battalion of the Rifle Brigade landed in the morning: all the 97th, 54th, and 19th regiments, and the volunteers. The 20th regiment passed on to the railway in the morning. All Calcutta turned out, and a good many evolutions were performed. A charge of Highlanders, with a howl, alarmed my horse rather disagreeably, but nothing occurred. Several of the officers dined afterwards, and Dr. Murray of Agra. C. is going to employ him to photograph all that is to be demolished. I want any transportable parts of the Great Mogul's palace to go to London. It would have

a grand effect, and they could be floated down the Jumna in the rains with ease. There must be beautiful white marble pillars and arches."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1857.*—You will rejoice in the good news of Lucknow, and the safety, at last, of all those poor women and children. But they are not yet sent in to Cawnpore, for the force with Sir Colin has too much to do, I suppose, to make it possible to detach enough to take them. Troops are constantly going up, and I trust we shall soon hear of their being sent down to Allahabad. The Lucknow fight was tremendous, and Sir Colin was in the thick of it, we believe, but we have only the telegraph as yet, and you will know very nearly all we do: he made very light of his wounds.

"The great change in our concerns is C.'s sudden determination to go up-country. He has long watched for the first opportunity he could be spared from here, and now many reasons make his presence there likely to be very useful, and he goes almost immediately. I am sure it will be an excellent thing for him to have change of air and work. I, of course, must stay behind for a time, for he takes up the smallest possible establishment, and must keep to his new rule of prohibiting wives from going up at present, though he no longer orders all encumbrances down. I suppose in two months I may go; but one don't know what may happen, and it is not peace yet: there will be much fighting in Oude: every one there is against us, with very few exceptions.

"I cannot say the comfort it is to look forward to the coming of the Charles Stuarts, probably in little more than a fortnight hence. I hope he will not mind waiting for a time in charge of me. I shall only have one A.D.C. (Major Bowie), and Mrs. Talbot, and she is likely to go to her mother in Ceylon. I have two body-guard officers to fall back upon, if I want more people.

"I have written an enormous quantity of journal, and must now go on with my other letters—Miss Nightingale, the ex-Lady Mayoress, and the Queen, besides three anxious mothers, and fathers too. The Duke of Newcastle's son, Arthur Clinton, is slightly wounded, and young Anson is again wounded, slightly too. I cannot tell you the comfort Minny Stuart will be, especially in doing little kindnesses to the forlorn wives of officers. I want help so much in that, for I can do so little. Hardly any new refugees have come down, only a Mrs. Probyn, who lost two children, and was hidden for many weeks by a native chief in a cowshed, with two more children and her husband."

*To* VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1857.*—This has been again an eventful fortnight, and we are rejoicing over Sir Colin's relief of Lucknow. But I am afraid he has been exposing himself with a rashness very wrong in a Commander-in-Chief, for he is wounded slightly, and the two of his staff who were sure to be close to him, the Alisons, one severely, the other slightly. The fighting must have been quite tremendous; fifteen hundred bodies of Sepoys were found on one spot.

"Numbers of troops arrive now. The natives wonder where they all come from, and have got an expression that the sea is 'spawning' them, and they cease to think the same are landed and re-embarked and shown over and over again, as they said at first. I only hope a charge of Highlanders at the review frightened them as much as it did my horse, and my horse me. . . . You will be amused to think how intensely military we have become."

*Journal Letter.*

"Nov. 25.—There is news of a fresh mutiny on a small scale at Chittagong (a place across the head of the Bay of Bengal). Two or three of the remaining companies of the 34th, the second regiment disbanded at Barrackpore on May 6, were there. They took alarm at a report falsely and mischievously spread of the coming of a steamer with European troops to disarm them, and they immediately took what treasure they could get, broke open the jail, and loaded the culprits in it with the treasure, put what women and children they had on elephants, and went off quite quietly, having killed only one native policeman. They had vehemently protested against the offences of their comrades, and, in that district and out-of-the-way spot, of course had nothing to do with what has occurred. They went off eastwards towards 'Tipperah,' a wild country, where they will probably be at a loss for food, and unable to do much mischief. As soon as the news got to Dacca, the authorities attempted to disarm two or three companies of the 73rd, nearly the last remaining armed regiment (that

at Julpigoree, near Darjeeling). There was a panic, or else the men were roused by being told what was to happen to them, and only some gave up their arms, others ran away, others fought, and there was a good deal of fighting for a very short time. About forty Sepoys were killed. Our people were rough sailors, collected and sent with the man-of-war boats some time ago to protect Dacca. There are about a hundred, and they did capital service. The volunteers also fought, but do not seem to have been quite well disciplined, and Sepoys got unduly away. That long-tried Julpigoree regiment is not very likely to stand after the news of this. There are troops some way off from it, but none can be sent up to disarm it, and those twelve poor officers are again in as bad a position as ever: but they have held to their men so long, I hope they will succeed once more. Still they have notice to prepare either for escape or to warn their men.

"A poor girl of seventeen who arrived by last mail, has just died of cholera in the Fort.

"Some fighting at Rewah has gone well, but the telegraph is so worded that it can be read as the reverse. With neither capital letters nor stops, a composition should be very carefully worded. C. has taken such care of this in all messages of importance, that he writes such himself.

"Taking the fort of Dhar was a great success, the first good work of the Bombay column. The garrison fled, abandoning treasure and everything, the moment the walls were breached."

*"Thursday, Nov. 26.—Another battle on the Bombay*



side, and this one a complete success, the cavalry of Hyderabad under Major Orr beating the Malwa troops at Mehidpore.

“We had fifty-seven at dinner. One was a woman of spirit, boiling over with indignation at not being allowed to go up-country with her husband. I could not resist having her asked, for I was so anxious to see her. She had told Mr. Talbot she was not a common woman, but had a revolver, and knew how to use it. She was still rather cross, but mollified a little in talking to me. We had also a Mr. Edwards, who was hidden in a cowshed in Oude for many weeks with the Probyns. The horrible Nawab of Futteyghur used to send to the friendly Rajah who protected them to ask for their heads, and the good man never would betray them, but told them he could only keep them till the river fell; when it did, he sent them off in a boat. Above a hundred Futteyghur people had taken refuge on that side, but unfortunately all but those three and their children went back, and in different ways nearly all were killed. Hurdar Buksh, when told by his guests he would be rewarded, said the best reward would be to know them safe at Allahabad. Major Robertson was in another village near, but would not go away with them, and has since died of his wounds. All this time of hiding, they were short of food and not very well treated, but food always came when there was news of a success.

“Just as we sate down to dinner, a capital telegram arrived, telling of General Windham defeating the advance-guard of the Gwalior troops, 3000 men, and taking their guns. We had a great many of the

returned civilians and their wives, and officers of the 19th, and 97th, and 79th, some commanders of steamers, and many of the military authorities here."

"*Friday, Nov. 27.*—The Colonel of the 19th, who dined here on Monday, is dead of cholera in the Fort: Colonel Rooke, a young nice-looking man.

"The news from Sir Colin is that he has brought out all the women, children, wounded, treasure, and guns, and left the ruin of the Residency. Not an attempt was made to prevent this. Later we heard a grievous piece of news from Alam Bagh—'General Havelock died two days ago.' A later account says he died of dysentery, worn-out in mind and body.<sup>1</sup> I trust he had heard he was made a K.C.B., and knew how well his good service was appreciated in England. It is curious now to remember how his appointment was abused here, when he was called 'an old fossil dug up, and only fit to be turned into pipeclay.' I knew him better almost than any one, and used to try and keep him in good-humour when he seemed a little inclined to be affronted. He was very small, and upright, and stiff, very white and grey, and really like an iron ramrod. He always dined in his sword, and made his son do the same. He wore more medals than I ever saw on any one, and it was a joke that he looked as if he carried all his money round his neck. He certainly must have had eleven or twelve of those great round half-crown pieces. I believe he was a

<sup>1</sup> He died at the Dilkoosha, or Heart's Desire, a hunting-seat of the kings of Oude.

Baptist, and brother-in-law of Marchman, formerly editor of the *Friend of India*.

"The cavalry is arriving at last. The Queen's Bays have come, and the *Lightning* has brought the whole of the 7th, and kept up her character pretty well, as the advertisement boasts of her being the fastest ship in the world. The other regiment (the 1st) came in part here, and was sent back to meet the other part at Madras, where better horses could be had."

"*Saturday, Nov. 28.*—The order about prize-money has been published, or rather the explanation that there is *none* in this sort of civil war, where harmless proprietors must be allowed to claim their own property. These troops will, however, receive six months' 'batta' extra. I believe that is as much as can be given without referring home.

"There is a great effort making in favour of the Lawrence Asylum, and a subscription opened for it as a memorial of Sir Henry Lawrence. C. gives 10,000 rupees, but great as that donation is, it is only what Sir Henry gave annually himself to it. I hope there will be asylums like it in both the other Presidencies in the hills. They are schools for the English soldiers' children, where they are wholesomely and usefully brought up, not orphans only, but children from barracks, and all the English regiments, Queen's and others."

"*Sunday, Nov. 29.*—A variety of telegraphs have been showing that a great portion of the Oude troops have left Lucknow and spread themselves about, threatening the neighbouring districts. Twenty thousand

are reported coming down upon Jankpore near Benares, so C. has to reinforce a few English troops and Goorkas in these districts, and he has sent for Colonel Franks to go up at once and command them. He is ready to start in twelve hours. Colonel Franks is a capital soldier, and there are many stories about him. He is exceedingly unpopular with his regiment, and at one time, they say, his men hated him to such a degree that they meant to shoot him! This was told to him, and he made them a speech the next time they were in battle with him. He ordered them to follow him up to a battery and to take it, but not to fire a shot till they were close to it. He led them on, and took it! They all came out of the fight swearing he was the finest fellow in the world, and they would go anywhere with him. He is a younger likeness of Macready the actor."

"*Monday, Nov. 30.*—Of course C.'s departure must be put off for the present. It would never do for him to be cut off from communications, and shut up, perhaps within cantonments, or obliged to keep a strongly-guarded camp. The Gwalior troops will have first to be disposed of, and then there will be much work in Oude for a time. . . . There was every reason to expect the Lucknow force to scatter and spread inconveniently, but for the moment matters are complicated, and till Sir Colin gets the women and children off his hands, he cannot strike a great blow. General Outram remains at Alam Bagh with four thousand men, keeping good hold on Oude. He can do much more in that way than if shut up in that hopeless position in the Residency. Lucknow is an open

town, and no doubt the rebels will leave it altogether. Sir Colin talks of the 'King's treasure.' We do not know what that is, but it is beside the twenty-three lacs of our own, which he has brought away."

"*Tuesday, Dec. 1.*—Several telegraphs tell of fighting at Cawnpore, but the chain is cut beyond Futteypore. A spy brought word that our guns had done great execution. From Futteypore the message tells of an advance of the whole Gwalior force on the camp, and that the troops were obliged to withdraw and receive it in the entrenchments, and in the night the camp of part of the 88th, 34th, and 32nd regiments was burnt.

"Next day the Gwalior troops were severely beaten, and two 68-pounders taken by the Rifles. The right suffered, and Brigadier Wilson was killed and three officers wounded. Sir Colin arrived on Saturday afternoon, after all this. We are anxious for details, for it sounds unaccountable. The women and children and wounded from Lucknow are in camp four miles off, I suppose on the other side of the river. I had been longing to hear of the Gwalior force coming within General Windham's reach again, but this does not seem satisfactory. There will be rather a *crise* for a few days to come. We did not expect it in the first encounter of 'the army of retribution' with the rebels.

"C. gives all the body-guard horses except sixteen, and those of the native officers, to the Queen's Bays. There are a great many horses collected at different places for these regiments of cavalry and the artillery, but they mean also to let the Hussars have the stud

mares. Meanwhile, the *Himalaya* brings a cargo of horses from the Cape, others come from Australia, and ponies and elephants from Burmah. Who has now, or ever has had, a right to say we do nothing?"

"*Wednesday, Dec. 2.*—The telegraph of English news has much interest. The four small-sized cavalry regiments, promised to absorb cavalry officers, is delightful news, and I saw an A.D.C.'s face expand at learning it.

"General Hearsey came to see me, after an interview for which C. had summoned him from Barrackpore. No one hardly has so much Sepoy experience. He has had fifty years of it, beginning at fourteen. He has near four thousand of them unarmed at Barrackpore, and now and then has had anxious moments, but now is happy enough about them, and he has full fourteen hundred English soldiers. One anxiety to him is lest these should take to revenging on their own account, and raise a panic amongst the Sepoys, and send them flying all over the country. They must be kept together until they can safely be got rid of by driblets. The Calcutta public would think it much safer and cheaper to put an end to them by guns and hanging, and I do not think their consciences would see the least difficulty in thus getting rid of this inconvenient force.

"General Hearsey has implicit confidence in the 70th regiment, the one C. thanked, and which afterwards volunteered for China. The 43rd he does not like quite as well, but has nothing to say against them. The bad ones are still the 2nd Grenadiers, always the



worst and most cunning, for they are never detected. Their new dodge is to inform falsely against one another to get rewards or promotions. He detests this, and ignominiously dismisses them, and he says they all say of him that he is very just. He owns that when, on January 22, he called here, the day before the first report from Dum-Dum about the cartridges, and saw General Anson and C., he had not a suspicion of disaffection or plot. In March he believed the time of danger so often foretold was at hand, and says he wrote it home, but certainly he did not report that anxiety for more European troops which he now says he felt; indeed, early in May he reported requiring the 84th no longer.

"A bad man, the uncle of Mongul Pandy, he says, instigated that fanatic to commit his offences, but the judges and advocates never could prove any charge against him, and he was dismissed. Since, a letter from him has been intercepted, calling on all the troops to rise, armed and unarmed, and come to Delhi, and signing himself Adjutant-General to the Grand Mogul.

"There is a great outcry in Calcutta, and for once a reasonable one, against the grog-shops, and the danger of them to the English soldiers and sailors. The spirit is bad, and very cheap indeed, and they have indulged terribly in it. Some got so drunk that their medals were robbed from them, and a few have died of drink. I am sorry to say the Highlanders have been by far the worst. A good many days ago, the Lieutenant-Governor was told to enforce the Act withdrawing licenses from those shops where people came out drunk, but now a better thing is being done by

establishing a Government canteen on the Meidan in tents, where good spirits and tea, and coffee and beer can be had, and skittles and games, and newspapers and books for amusement. The officers, to carry out this order, all came to C. for instructions, and the shop is to be opened immediately."

"*Thursday, Dec. 3.*—I have just read Colonel Inglis's despatch of the defence of Lucknow up to the arrival of Havelock and Outram. It is a story that will rival Saragoza, and will indeed live in history. We had little idea how incessant the fighting was for a long time, and we did not know how entirely they were without news for days and weeks. The saddest part too was the disappointment in the first relief, when they watched night after night for the rocket as a signal of relief, and relief did not come for, I think, thirty-five days more. They seem to have been better off for food than we knew of. The history which is still a perfect blank to us is of the time Generals Outram and Havelock were shut up until Sir Colin rescued the whole garrison."

"*Friday, Dec. 4.*—The poor woman whose baby I was godmother to brought it to show before embarking for England. Her husband had just been promoted to a good appointment in Cawnpore before the mutiny there. He was an officer of the line in engineer employment. They went to the neighbourhood of the entrenchment and pitched a little tent outside. He felt it was very unsafe, and that at any moment the troops might rise, and he put his wife and two or

three little girls in a carriage, with two Sepoys of his regiment sitting on the top to guard them. It was the last carriage that went along the road from Cawnpore to Allahabad! She said people were taking their evening drives as if nothing unusual was at hand, and this was the very end of May, more than a fortnight after Meerut. At Allahabad a friend had given her a share in her room at the fort just before the mutiny on June 6. I cannot describe the feeling of seeing those little innocent sweet-looking children, who so very narrowly escaped being murdered, or, as they say, thrown up into the air and caught on bayonets!

"I knew nothing about this poor Mrs. Angelo, but she and Mrs. Mawe were both in the same house, and their babies were born the same week. I could not refuse when she asked me to be its godmother. Mrs. Talbot stood for me. The Government pensions her and her children, and I find she is generously dealt with in getting a year's salary of her husband, and the charity fund pays passage and gives outfit. The husband must have been killed in the boats.

"Sir Colin has sent off *four miles* long of women and wounded. When they are quite out of the way, he begins his attack."

"*Sunday, Dec. 6.*—The mortars opened fire at Cawnpore, and the fight has begun. The telegraph gives us this morning's news.

"Read papers from England, and had my patience sorely tried. I wish people would use their own wits

to understand these 'directions' to civil officers, and not take the foolish Calcutta newspaper interpretation of them. They do not in the slightest degree restrain the military power, but make civilians hand over all Sepoys *not* taken with arms in their hands—that is to say, all Sepoys pretending to be harmless and innocent—to be dealt with by *military* authorities, or imprisoned till the opportunity occurs of sending them to be examined. Civilians delight in military duties above their own, and this rather keeps them to their own work, except in cases not doubtful. Then, burning villages should not be such a common punishment. It ought only to be done where heinous offences were committed, not merely where a little 'loot' is found. See Sir C. Napier on that subject, and the fondness of civilians for that practice. Strict stern justice we all agree is a *necessity*, but I cannot see the wisdom or righteousness of injustice, and these rules were only to prevent very various punishments and cases of injustice. I do not think the objects of 'Canning's clemency' will much delight in it: it is not at all in the style of mercy, and very like the hardest and strictest justice. People here would like every Sepoy to be hanged at least—whether for his deeds or his thoughts. If one mildly observes that the men at Barrackpore, who have never been out of our sight, did not share in the massacres five or six hundred miles off, people say, 'Oh, but in their hearts they approved, and would like to do the same by us.' That is the sort of speech one often hears.

"I have just sent off a large box of things to England, a grey 'Pushmina' shawl and a number of

other things for Mama, and some things which I think Aunt Mex may like, and some for Aunt Caledon and Lou, but Mama must keep the greatest share for herself."

"*Monday, Dec. 7.*—General Ashburnham has arrived from China, and brings us back the *Ava*, and gives Lord Elgin his house at Hong-Kong. Lord Elgin writes he must take Canton *coute qu'il coute*. The *Belleisle* and *Sanspareil* must be there now and reinforce him with marines.

"Sir Colin has had an effectual and real victory, in all respects perfect—small loss, great gain of guns, the enemy's camp taken, and a pursuit kept up for fourteen miles. This is most delightful news. Pray take notice that General Windham's affair and this are the first fruits of the 'army of retribution' from England. Not one *English* regiment went to Lucknow, only the China force, and others from colonies, &c."

"*Tuesday, Dec. 8.*—A great number of women and children have *arrived* at Allahabad. All kinds of horrible stories are going about of disasters at Cawnpore, in those affairs before Sir Colin returned, when the tents were burnt and the assembly-rooms. They say two officers fell into the enemy's hands, and that one was hung on our gallows, and the other tied to a gun and beaten to death with shoes! But we have not heard these stories from authority, and still trust they are untrue.

"General Outram occupies Alam Bagh with four thousand men."

"*Wednesday, Dec. 9.*—Five great boxes of clothing have come from Salisbury and Southampton, and a gift of unmade things from Mrs. S. Herbert. A Kemp-town box is due and several others. They will all do for the Lucknow people, but I hope these gifts will not go on arriving on the same scale. . . . No one remembers that no 'poor' white people exist in India, so the clothes are not always very suitable. There are some few half-castes who are poor, but would hate poor people's clothes, and some white 'decayed ladies.' Soldiers' wives are the only quite common white people, and there are not any amongst the refugees. Poor things, they were all massacred at Cawnpore, where the depôt of the 32nd was.

"General Ashburnham is not very likely to stay, I imagine, as there is no vacant command, but I suppose in a few days, after he has communicated with Sir Colin, we shall know. We have lodged him in this house, and he is most agreeable. He has had twelve years of India, and knows more curious bits of history, and has more information about natives, than almost any one I have met with. Mimeooleh Khan, the Nana Sahib's agent, was once his servant. I believe he carried the terms of the capitulation, and is as guilty as the Nana himself. General Garrett is still here, organising the movements of troops and acting for Sir Colin. We see a great deal of him. The bullock-trains carry more people than ever now, and we have few shiploads more to expect. The whole of the Lucknow women have safely arrived at Allahabad. Colonel Campbell telegraphs this on the 8th. It is a happiness to know of their safety."



"*Thursday, Dec. 10.*—Mrs. Garratt has just been here with a letter from Mrs. Dashwood, the General's niece, from Cawnpore. Her husband and his brother were both killed, and she had lost one child out of three. She is in rags and 'without a dress or shoes,' very happy to be safe, but has suffered dreadfully on the journey, and cannot write of the horrors of the siege. In less than a month all these poor things will be here. What a history they will tell!"

*To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.*

"*Calcutta, Dec. 10, 1857.*—All is indeed prosperous here now. Sir Colin has done his work so admirably. We have now only Oude to fight, and odds and ends in Central India—plenty to do, but nothing serious."

"*Dec. 20.*—I think the C. Stuarts will get on beautifully here. She is merry and amuses us all so much, and then she is so full of feeling, and so good and pleasant in private."

The continuous Journal Letters of Lady Canning cease from this time, and though her home letters were full and constant, many have been lost. When the Charles Stuarts arrived on the 18th, it was a great addition to her comfort. Colonel Stuart writes:—

"*Dec. 18, 1857.*—We weighed anchor at 6.40, and were off Kedegeree at ten. Soon afterwards the low banks on either side narrowed into a river, and we

were fairly in the Hoogly. The navigation is dangerous, and many ships are lost on the shifting sandbanks. The vegetation on shore is rich and varied: sugar-canes grow under cocoa-nut palms and other trees. Here and there is a mud village. Below Garden Reach, the left bank is lined with somewhat cockney-looking villas: they have pretty gardens, now enlivened by the bright red leaves of Poinsettias, here small trees. Opposite, is the beautiful inviting Botanical Garden. Between the two banks, the tall masts of many great ships, and the barracks in Fort William, and some of the white public buildings of Calcutta, now become visible. The beautiful variety and richness of the vegetation and foliage gave a charm to the scene. We brought up opposite the Bishop's College, a large semi-Elizabethan building, white originally, but sadly discoloured by damp. Two of the Governor-General's barges, the boatmen gorgeous in red and gold liveries, an A.D.C. in one of them, came off to us from the opposite ghaut, and we were right glad to welcome Arthur Bouverie, who had come to take us in charge. Charlotte's carriage met us at the ghaut. The drive of about a mile and a half to Government House, passing Fort William, Prinsep's Ghaut (a beautiful loggia), the Corso, and the Eden Garden, was interesting. We alighted at the private entrance of the huge palace; Sepoy sentries, without arms, were on duty outside; body-guard as tall as Life-Guardsmen, also disarmed, were posted on the stairs and in the lobbies; hosts of red and gold servants made low salaams. . . . Charlotte has grown thin and aged: how could it be otherwise?

"Bouverie carried me off at once to Lord Canning. Nothing could be kinder than his reception, or more open and unreserved than his conversation upon public affairs. It was impossible not to feel respect and admiration when talking to a man who had faced such astounding difficulties and dangers with such serene courage, and, regardless of abuse and calumny, coldly and ineptly supported by Government at home, had been resolute, through good report or evil, to do his duty firmly and uprightly, and with as much humanity as justice and prudence would allow. He said that the only thing which really vexed him was the lies circulated regarding his intercourse with Sir Colin Campbell. He described the thoroughly confidential footing on which they are, settling everything between themselves; they have not always seen things in the same light, but always ended by agreeing perfectly. If Sir Colin has a fault, it is a dislike of responsibility, so that he has sometimes consulted Lord Canning even on matters which were quite of his own department. Lord Canning defended his much-abused Proclamation; the butcheries by many of the civil authorities, especially by the improvised magistrates, had made it indispensable. I expressed regret that his Government had no newspaper to explain and defend its acts and policy. He told me that such a newspaper had been contemplated, but that it would be no easy matter to set one up: it would not do to employ one of the Civil Service as editor.

"Our apartment is at the top of one of the four huge wings which stretch out from the comparatively small body of Government House—the rooms very

high, large, and delightful. A huge mosquito house, like a meat-safe, encloses the beds. . . . At dinner one red-liveried man stands behind the Governor-General, and another behind Charlotte, each occasionally waving over their heads a *flabellum*, which is in fact a yâk's tail, to drive away mosquitoes : it is a piece of state quite *de rigueur* in India."

"Dec. 23.—We left before eight for Barrackpore. Charlotte took Minny and Ashburnham in the carriage with four horses and four mounted body-guards, I followed in the palkee-gharee with Bouverie. The road through the town is bad, the outskirts are wretched, but we passed a few good buildings, especially a school for girls. The great trunk road, along which we drove, is excellent, quite straight and very broad. We passed beautiful villas and gardens belonging to rich natives. The country is much wooded, and where open covered with rice stubble. The park of Barrackpore, fifteen miles from Calcutta, is bounded to the west by the Hoogly. The magnificent trees are beautifully grouped, and make the scenery as pretty as a dead flat can be. The tamarind, with its delicate mimosa-like leaves, is a glorious tree. The foliage of the india-rubber tree and of the teak is very beautiful. There are many detached bungalows near the house—a poor elevation in the Calcutta-villa style—for staff and visitors. Close to one of them, and near the river, is one of the largest banyan trees in the country, covering a great space. Charlotte has beautified the villa by a balustrade terrace, from which a broad approach is to be carried to the ghaut. After

breakfast, I wandered about in the park, and the pretty flower-garden, with its lovely hedge of hippomeas, and then saw the menagerie, containing a giraffe, ostriches, a gigantic tortoise, black panther, &c. Soon after four, the elephants were brought round, and I ascended one of them with Charlotte. The height feels enormous, the motion unpleasant and fatiguing. Perched on the howdah, one scarcely sees the beast's head or the Mahowt who squats upon it, and guides and punishes the intelligent creature with a short sharp goad. It was curious to look over the park boundary upon a drove of elephants collected there for military use. At a distance they might, from their skin and colour, be taken for a herd of dark swine. At the northern end of the terrace is a Corinthian *tempietto*, erected by the first Lord Minto to the memory of the officers killed at the taking of Java and of Bourbon. Their names are inscribed on its walls, and later Governors-General have occasionally added those of officers who have fallen on other occasions. I fear that the whole wall would not suffice for the names of past and future victims of the present war! We reached Calcutta before seven.

"There is now an European picket every night in Government House, but it was long, and in fact not until the panic was over, before Lord Canning would allow this precaution for his safety to be taken. It cannot be denied that, with the fine object of showing confidence, he exposed himself rashly to real danger, though Charlotte, fully as gallant as her husband, will not allow that he did."

THE HON. MRS. STUART to  
HER SISTERS.

"*Calcutta, Dec. 24, 1857.* . . . Our Calcutta friends in the steamer were excited and eager in showing us the banks and gardens and villas as we passed up the river, and great was the speculation and wonderment when two large boats, with a tall A.D.C. and filled with men in the Governor-General's livery (scarlet and gold and flat head-dresses), put off and came alongside. Greater still when they were found to be come for us! I felt like a sort of Muley Hassan as I stepped down amidst all the salaams of these red gentlemen—bent bodies and joined hands. Two carriages awaited us, and our four-mile drive was most refreshing. Bowing red men with joined hands awaited us at the door, and then we were ushered up to the drawing-room, and there in clear muslin was a *thin*, slight, pale Lady Sahib, with eyes gleaming with welcome! She did indeed receive us with heartfelt cordiality and affection. . . . Lord Canning came upstairs to our top-of-the-house apartment to see me, and after he went down, Char. stayed and talked and talked, and kept saying, 'You *must* be so tired, but *don't* send me away: I have not talked like this for ages; even letters seem nothing to-day.'

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Dec. 24, 1857.*—They try here to keep Christmas in English fashion, but I think they have rather a dim recollection of it, and make it socially much more like the *jour de l'an* in Paris. The shops dress up and



illuminate, and people crowd there to buy plum-cakes, which they call 'Christmas-cakes,' and all sorts of knick-knacks for presents. One shop has sold £2000 worth of such things. The natives call it our 'great day,' and to show how they understand our customs, we all find hot-cross buns at breakfast. After church we found the whole of the servants paraded and drawn up, with all the peacocks' fans and flappers and signs of dignity, and the head-servant croaking a sort of speech. The Stuarts came in nearly at the same time, and were highly amused at this specimen of manners and customs.

"People are all hospitable on Christmas-day, and collect together all the forlorn and young students and cadets into sort of family parties. We had all the belongings of the household, including body-guard, and, to make it a little different from a common evening, played a game of commerce for prizes.

"Sir J. Outram has defeated some of the enemy near Alam Bagh, and taken four guns and some ammunition and an elephant, with only very trifling loss on his side. On Christmas-day last year the news arrived of the taking of Bushire. It seems as if that was full ten years ago, so much has happened since."

"*Dec. 26.*—I have seen the plan of Raj Ghaut, the fortification of Benares. It is a work of extraordinary strength, and was made in five weeks by taking advantage of the ground and some ravines. Twelve thousand people worked at it, and a boat-load of cowries was at hand to pay the work—almost by each basketful of earth, so the women and children even crowded to

work. It was just at a time when they were very badly off, and it was particularly well bestowed."

"*Dec. 28.*—The 70th regiment is encamped near the Fort, ready to go to China. People say the men own they do not like the thoughts of it, but go quite willingly, knowing that it is the only way they have of showing their faithfulness, though they do not expect to come back again. Whether this is true or not, going now to China will be greatly to their advantage, for they must come back with new habits and character retrieved, and as it is, no Sepoys who have not had an opportunity of proving their value will be trusted here.

"There has been a repulse of some of the Chittagong Sepoys, and I am very sorry to hear that Major Byng, Lord Torrington's brother, has been killed. The Sepoys were easily dispersed, but one of the first shots struck him."

"*Dec. 30.*—General Dupuis dined. He is sorry to find no active work with Sir Colin, but, though not pleased at returning here, speaks in the highest terms of all Sir Colin's masterly performances at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and of his wonderful activity and energy. The fighting against such an enormous force before he returned, seems to have been quite fearful, and General Windham's task was a heavy one. I suppose the fault was being encamped instead of bivouacking on the 26th, and that he did not foresee how all the camp-followers would rise at the first alarm, and to this must be attributed the loss of the

tents, for the soldiers had to fight and leave them standing. By his account, the long procession arriving from Lucknow was a most extraordinary sight, covering fourteen miles of road, and it is quite marvellous that all were brought across the river, and by the Cawnpore entrenchments, and sent along the road to Futteyghur in perfect safety, past that host of the enemy, with its thirty-five or forty guns. Then the account of the fight, when they were safe and away, the taking of the enemy's camp, and the chase of fourteen miles, helter-skelter, Sir Colin tearing along harder than any one, was most exciting. Our soldiers were very savage, and General Dupuis has horrid stories of killing the unarmed camp-followers. He is a good-hearted man, and hates unnecessary slaughter and cruelty, and I agree with him heartily when he says that should be left to the Seiks."

"*Dec. 31.*—There have been successes in many parts, one or two of Colonel Seaton's brigade coming down the Doub, another of Colonel Rowcroft near the Goorkas, another in the Rewah country. Sir Colin is moving upwards. The first instalment of the sick and wounded and widows from Lucknow is due here on the 8th, and friends are preparing to take them into their houses.

"A good many rather discontented officers dined, who are very unhappy to find they are not wanted in camp. I believe the proportion of officers is much too large for the troops, and Sir Colin employs for staff work those who know the language and the country. All come down praising his generalship, and struck

beyond measure with it, though they do not at all like not being wanted.

“The old year finished by waking us all out of our first sleep by a gun and ringing of bells, and letting off rockets, and every possible noise. Every one here is in bed, as a matter of course, long before twelve. They ‘salute the happy morn,’ not only of Christmas, but of the New Year also, with twenty-one guns.”

## VII.

### ENGLISH LIFE AND INDIAN DUTIES.

“Whosoever liveth best, prayeth best.”—JOHN WYCLIFFE.

“Let it never be forgotten that Christianity is not thought, but action ; not a system, but a life.”—BUNSEN.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Highcliffe, Nov. 9, 1857.*—I went with the Stratford Cannings to see the ceremony of the freedom of the City and a sword presented with great pomp to the Duke of Cambridge. The Guildhall was beautifully decorated. I had not been inside it since the days of receiving the Duke of Wellington, and Blucher, and Platoff, &c., besides the Sovereigns, when we were in a gallery taken by Sir Claudius Hunter, the ‘Feu-Lord Mayor,’ as he printed on his cards at Paris. I was glad to have had that sight. This was also the first time I ever dined at the Mansion-House. When we arrived there, divers guests began to pour in, to the number of two hundred and fifty!—a funny compound of Crimean generals, aldermen, Americans, Turks, and Siamese. I was between the Chancellor and Lord Granville.”

“*Tittenhanger, Nov. 25, 1857.*—I hope that this

will travel with the Charles Stuarts, who will be living letters, most valuable to read, whilst their account of themselves will become doubly valuable as telling of you also. I found Mr. and Mrs. Dizzy in the railway carriage, and, as they made civil inquiries, I took care to ply them with all sorts of contradictions of Indian reports—‘How strange that people should *invent* that Canning and Sir Colin Campbell were not on good terms,’ &c. But, in general, I find people won’t be set right, when their minds are made up.

“It is always a great subject of discussion whether there are the number of mutilated ladies which every one knows about, but *always second-hand*. At least five cases have been pronounced authenticated, but I can never hear of any brought home. One I was told of to-day is of a lady at Cheltenham, who lets no one see her but her mother, and has lost nose, ears, lips, and breasts; and her child either legs, arms, or eyes, but as to which there was a doubt. Then there is another, attended by Laycock, who always wears a mask. . . . No one cares to have their especial case doubted, though there is always a clue wanting. I believe it is true that . . . of . . . Hall, near Dublin, after seeing her husband and their three children killed, had her nose and the fingers of one hand cut off; while the nieces who were with her, aged ten and twelve, lost, one both feet, the other a hand and a foot.

“Your Grandmama is very well. When I told her I should tell you she had your shawl on, she said, ‘Tell her that, with my will, I should never have it *off*.’



"Mrs. F. has been at Highcliffe, full of admiration of the tapestry and the views, and wishes I 'may have long life to enjoy all its luxuries.' I am afraid she will think I can do much more for her subscriptions since she has seen my possessions, and does not know, as the French lady said—'Ce n'est pas le superflu qui me manque, c'est le nécessaire.'"

"*Dec. 4, 1857.*—It is sad to send the account by every mail of how 'friend after friend departs,' and this time you will grieve to think we have lost our dear cheerful warm-hearted Lady Morley. It seems but the other day she wrote 'pining' for tidings of you and Canning. Lady C. Denison, Lady Shelburne, and Lady Theresa Lewis are all in deepest grief. I had known her so long, and can see her now, in her earliest London days, at our St. James's Square small parties, when Mme. de Staël and remarkable people were often there. Then, in my earliest days at Paris, when her little girl died, and she used to be grateful that I *felt* for her, and she never forgot a kindness: and she was so fond of you and Loo from your earliest cradles. I shall always miss her, and I am sure you and Canning will feel sad that she will not be here to welcome you home. She said very often, in her last illness, that her son's wife had been more than a daughter to her."

"*Tittenhanger, Dec. 27, 1857.*—When I was dressing, the sound of 'Glorious news from India,' made me send out to get a paper. . . . I wanted something

good from India to wind me up, after the disappointment of dear Loo having lost all the good she had boasted of, by influenza. . . . Waterford is very watchful and careful of her, and seconds the doctor's orders very exactly. . . . My Christmas prayers and blessing for you all, in which I include the Charles Stuarts, who must now be with you."

In the spring of 1858, Lady Waterford's increasing delicacy, evidently caused by the climate of Curraghmore, made Lord Waterford gladly acquiesce in her mother's wish to take her abroad.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Tittenhanger, Jan. 1, 1858.*—Your Grandmama is as well, if not so strong, as a year ago, but—except Maydwell—she marks less who comes and goes, so that I don't feel I should be a loss to *her*, though going so far abroad with Loo; still it is a sad thing to decide upon, and I certainly should not do it for pleasure. . . . The year opens sadly to many. Sir Frederick Foster was buried yesterday. . . . Lord Spencer's death was still more sudden, and makes a terrible break up."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Claridge's Hotel, London, Feb. 6, 1858.*—I am better now, but still have a cough. Our first stopping-place will probably be Cannes.

"We have been all so interested in the details of the Princess's marriage. It was far more than a mere sight—quite a touching little *drama*. I hope you heard of little Prince Arthur saying to the Queen, 'I am so glad you let us see Princess's marriage, for you know you would not allow us to be at *yours*.' Well is he named Prince Pat.

"... In Florence one can get photographs from many of the most perfect old drawings; these are the greatest help one could have, bearing all the soul of the master's great hand."

The greater part of the spring was spent by Lady Waterford and Lady Stuart at Mentone. "I am glad you have found more comfort than you expected from your exile from Erin," said an Indian letter from her cousin, Mrs. Stuart, to Lady Waterford, "and I am sure that the answer to your prayer, to be able to turn that exile from your more genial duties and employments to the benefit and comfort of dear Lady Stuart, will be a happy memory for the rest of your life."

During her stay at Mentone, Lady Waterford had admirable models amongst the fishermen, and made some of the most careful studies of her life. But she wrote to Mrs. Bernal Osborne:—"Mentone is quite beautiful as to landscape and outline, but has no

more reference to the fine arts than Portlaw (not so much, for we boast of a school of design), and there is much that is picturesque in detail in Ireland for those who look for it, such delicate beauty in the women."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Mentone, March 9, 1858.* — Decidedly we are gainers by being here. Yesterday it blew a gale, but was bright, and we could find sheltered places to walk in, and to-day has been very charming—west wind, but very clear. Our life is as quiet as yours, though fitted up with different scenery, and Loo is all the better for her walks here."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Mentone, March 23, 1858.*—This is my last letter from this quiet beautiful spot, which furnishes few incidents to relate, beyond the great fact of Loo being really in perfect health: our wholesome life, and early hours, and plenty of exercise, have contributed to this, as well as the gain in climate.

"We had been longing for letters, and wondering what had become of your overdue mail, when there was the startling telegram of the total loss of the steamer, even with the comforting assurance of all on board being saved. We felt it might possibly have conveyed you and Minny to Madras. . . . I cry over lost chapters of journal, the want of letters, and the

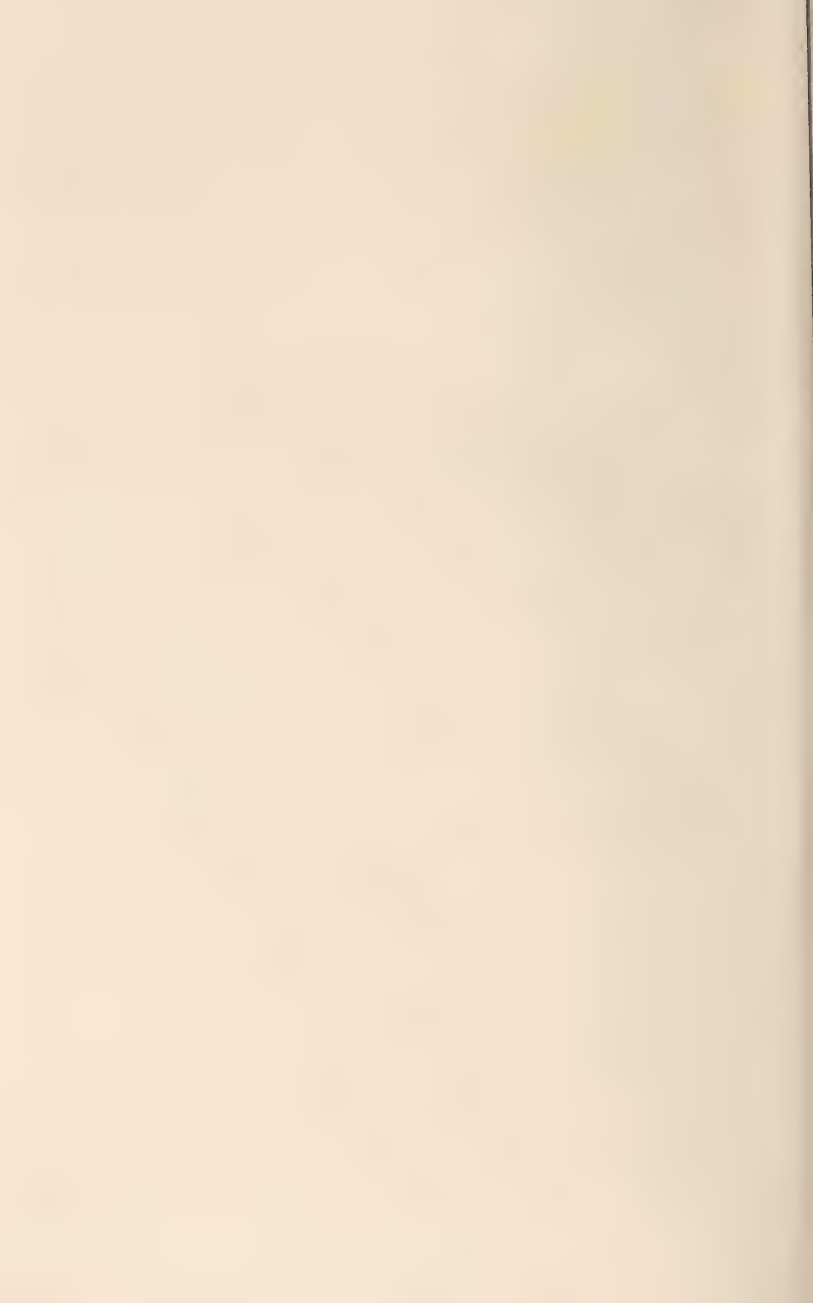
ignorance we are in of your movements. The last mail brought the sad news to Mrs. Mildmay that it was her Crimean brother, who was A.D.C. to Sir Hugh Rose, who was killed by a stray ball . . . and the invalid brother is overwhelmed with grief at this loss. Loo has been pleasing them by making an improved copy of a photograph of his brother, which they think like, and she has made a drawing of their three little children on a donkey, which it has been a delight to them to possess. She has made a sacrifice of her artist feeling in putting scarce any shadow on their rosy cheeks, and it is a pretty group, with the old donkey-woman in the midst, the infant in her arms, and a child in each pannier. She has had mixed studies, to her satisfaction — one young man, who seemed dreadfully bored, and an older shepherd, who was more a man of the world, and had been a soldier ten years ago. He and many of his companions have returned to their village of Brigo with our medals; indeed, we often see them in the street, and very proud they are of them.

“This town has had its revolution in throwing off its allegiance to Monaco, which is all that the Prince of Monaco can call his own. He does not deserve to keep it, as he improves his finances by a gambling-house, the only licensed one in the country, as the King of Sardinia allows none in his dominions. We drove to Monaco the other day, and took Miss Hope, and had a charming expedition. The carriage is searched on re-crossing the frontier, for a great extent of smuggling goes on, as Monaco is a free port.



Heulian  
Naye woman





"I am grudging the time before I made advances to the Montalivets, for we had a dearth of news and newspapers they could have supplied, and have done for the last fortnight. Our [English servant] Thomas will have less opportunity of sporting his French when we have left this for Genoa. His throwing open 'les deux battants' for *la Comtesse de Montalivet* is first-rate!

"Loo's shepherd, who speaks better Italian than the peasants hereabouts, thought it almost a wonder I had so young a daughter, and when I told him I had 'anche mia madre,' his astonishment was a comedy of expression. The Quins and Miss Markham came in to draw him with Loo."

*To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.*

"*Genoa, April 3, 1858.* . . . It is awful to think what must occur before we hear again from Cha.: Lucknow cannot, I fear, be taken as a bloodless victory. . . . I hope that Canning will go on *governing*, regardless of changes, which may possibly have further change in store. We went into several of the churches on Holy Thursday, to see the chapel they decorate as the sepulchre, with the most elaborate bosquets to represent the garden—painfully trivial and inappropriate. I believe the taking the black crape from the altars to-day at twelve might have been fine, when the guns fire in honour of the Resurrection! but Louisa has no wish to see ceremonies."

"*Genoa, April 6, 1858.*—Loo and I have been charmed with a walk in a villa garden near the

Fieschini convent, for there was a grove of camelias quite dazzling to behold. She wished for some pale pink ones, and the gardener literally climbed up the thick stems to gather some from the upper branches."

*To VISCOUNTESS CANNING.*

"*Genoa, April 7, 1858.*—I regret more than I can tell you that your letter did not reach me till I had left London, or I should have given you earlier than I do now the satisfactory information that the approval of Canning is so general, and so little affected by the late unprecedented change, that it would be most unfortunate were he to take any fancy about resigning on account of that change, but *all* consider that as impossible. I have seen no one who hesitates in the opinion that his remaining is most essential both for the public service and for his own credit. None can doubt that he has conducted the most difficult Government that ever man had most admirably, and indeed successfully.

"Loo is drawing an old woman, who looks a little hurt at being *così vecchia*, and, to be sure, she is only fifty-six."

"*Venice, April 25, 1858.*—We have delicious sunny days here and a growing moon, and everything to fit up Venice as it ought to be. We saw 'the Bordeaux' in a church the other day—he so unlike the slim little boy I had last seen at S. Cloud, and having every prospect of attaining to the size, if not the infirmities, of Louis XVIII. The Duchesse de Berri is away.

She is liked here, being both hospitable and charitable, and goes every evening to a château she has: one Palli daughter she has married at Padua, another at Parma."

TO THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

" *Venice, April 30, 1858.*—I think, when I wrote to Anne, we had got an invitation to the Chambords. Of course we made an exception to our rigid stay-at-home rule, but I could hardly call it going out 'at night,' for the dinner was for '*six heures précises*,' and we were told to order our gondola back at *half-past seven*, when you would hardly think that it was *too late*! for when we were graciously dismissed, we found it had not arrived, and an old acquaintance, who is a great man here, Marshal Nugent, brought us home in his own gondola. We saw ours arriving, and made it signs to follow, and when we arrived here it wanted at least five minutes to the half-hour! We were just twelve at table, and I had been prepared not to lose time in securing what was on one's plate, that we might not have to send it off, on seeing that the host and hostess had despatched theirs. It was a very good dinner, and all looking very solid. In general, I am told, the Comte de Chambord takes his wife in, and the company follow one by one, nobody handed in. However, his old souvenir of ambassadress-ship, I suppose, made him take me, after the Duchesse had proceeded alone. Loo was on his other side, so he spoke very easily and pleasantly. Of course one had to pick one's way for fear of stumbling on wrong topics. Count and Countess Forbin had come from Rome to

pay their respects, and they dined, and some men, and we had no *longueurs*, as you may judge. Mrs. Hamilton told us to dress in our best, and I saw that was quite right, for the Duchesse was very well dressed and had some very fine pearls: she has rather a fine figure, but is certainly not handsome. We were asked to Princess Clary this evening, a '*toute-petite soirée*,' but that would not have done at all; nobody goes there till half-past ten or eleven. To-day we went to the Duchesse de Berri's palace, full of things that I remember, and very handsome and cheerful, having more space about it than most houses here. She was at her château somewhere in Germany."

"May 9.—We have kept entirely within the precincts of our hotel in the evening. The only exception to our rule has been accepting a dinner at the Chambord's.<sup>1</sup> We were put very much at our ease, and the Duchesse seems a sociable woman. We went over the Duchesse de Berri's palazzo, and it was curious to see the *débris* of her Paris days. All looked comfortable, and as if she had wherewithal to live handsomely. The Duchesse de Parma has bought a small palazzo from Taglioni, and has just come to give her children *des bains de mer*."

The letters which Lady Waterford wrote constantly during this tour to Miss Heyland have been destroyed, but the sketches with which they were profusely illustrated are pre-

<sup>1</sup> At Palazzo Cavalli.

served—wonderful representations of people and events, and a succession of portraits of real historic interest.

Of the Duke of Genoa she writes, with a portrait :—

“He has a very thin grave face. I never saw so grave a face. Besides, it is interesting to know that he hasn’t smiled since the battle of Novara, and that there was trouble to prevent his throwing himself into the thick of the fight—‘*chercher la mort*.’”

Of the Duchess of Parma :—

“Imagine a pretty little childish face placed on an enormous pair of shoulders, without any throat, *polisson* blue eyes, a charming voice and very pretty manners, a clever original way of expressing herself, no hesitation in the turn of her sentences—which give one the idea of being learned by heart from their neatness ; all this constitutes a person whom it is amusing to watch and listen to. Parma (the husband) is quite a childish-looking boy. This is the image of him (a sketch).”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Munich, May 23, 1858.*—We quitted Italy with a pang, after four days at Verona, whence we saw the crumbling palaces of Mantua, with Giulio Romano’s frescoes. . . . Here there is much to see, but one feels as one does in the courts of the Crystal Palace, that, however well done, it is imitation, not the genuine



article. The worst, however, is that it will be my parting-place with Loo. Very little would make me throw over Marienbad and go home with her, but as my letters are quite comfortable as to your dear Grandmama, I can, perhaps, be better spared for an extra three weeks now than at a later time."

The daughter, so devoted through an unusually long lifetime, was not, however, destined to see her mother again. Three days after this letter was written, the aged Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke, passed peacefully away at Tittenhanger, almost without an illness.

LORD LINDSAY to

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Haigh, May 28, 1858.*—It was not without surprise that I received the intelligence yesterday that your mother had closed her prolonged, useful, graceful, pious, and cherished life; and the account I have just received from yourself of her peaceful and painless departure accompanies the funeral knell as it were by a strain of sacred music.

"Never was old age more tenderly cared for; never were the last feeble steps of a long pilgrimage more affectionately supported, than by yourself and by those who shared in your privilege of filial duty. How curious it is that your mother's expectation of attaining the same age as her own mother<sup>1</sup> should have been so

<sup>1</sup> Anne, widow of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres.

exactly fulfilled! The father, mother, and children are now at last reunited—the triple chord complete—after an interval of nearly a hundred and seventy years between the birth of the eldest and the death of the youngest.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Tittenhanger, June 8, 1858.*—You will feel for me, writing from this house bereft of its greatest treasure, and that I should have been abroad, and as ignorant of what had occurred as you were yourself! No telegraph could have brought me here in time to see that blessed countenance, whilst yet the soul hovered ready for departure, but I might have been here before the earthly tenement was removed to its last home. Seven days were lost by our not receiving letters before we left Munich. The one which followed from thence to Marienbad was all we received. That letter ended so hopefully with Maydwell’s latest report, that we thought the slight attack of illness it mentioned had passed; still I at once determined to set out home, and on Trinity Sunday Loo and I retraced our steps. I am sure that travelling in hope of all being well was more supporting than the same journey with nothing to look to: but we lost no time, and travelled straight through. Loo was to set me down in Grosvenor Place. Just at the corner, I saw, as in a terrible vision, your Aunt Somers, and Emily, and the servants *in black!* It told all, and oh! how long before must all have been over! They returned to tell me every particular, and every comforting account. I could say more than

'Thy will be done,' for I could thank God for so great mercy in taking the blessed spirit to her heavenly home in such tranquil and painless transition, really from death into life.

"At that hour, the last solemn ceremony was about to be performed at Wimpole. My sisters were not to be there, so I was spared the bitter pang of being the one absent from the closing vault. The next day I came on here, and found your Aunts well and placid, and Bell invaluable. Maydwell had borne up at the last trying moment, but she was able for no more, and could not go to church with us on Sunday. We knew that there would be the painful task of hearing the allusion which Mr. Barnard made with delicacy and feeling. We had the Holy Communion, and *at last* I felt I was returned home, and could realise the scene. Bell will have written all details."

"*Grosvenor Place, June 17, 1858.*—Dear Loo's arrival amongst us interrupted my last melancholy letter. . . . The day after, Bell and I went to London from Tittenhanger for a few hours, that we might see Loo again, for as soon as she knew that Waterford was not coming, the best thing she could do was to join him, and she went that now quick way by Milford Haven, and found it calm and hot, though with a storm brewing and sheet lightning all the way; and Waterford was all ready at Waterford to drive her home, so she was there early in the day. He promises to come here later, but I doubt it, for he likes to go to Ford by another route. She is very happy at Curraghmore, and he finds her wonderfully well: so I do hope she

will be careful and not undo the good of her foreign spring."

THE HON. MRS. STUART (in India) *to*  
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"This will find you at home again, and Lord Waterford must feel as if daylight had come back to the house. . . . You can imagine how welcome to Char. all the letters were telling of the particulars of dear Lady Hardwicke's most peaceful death. You describe it so well and truthfully. . . . How many links are broken around the 'old arm-chair,' where the thoughts and attentions of so many have met in one common aim. I am truly grieved that dear Lady Stuart was not present at that peaceful death-bed. . . . You brought Torcello vividly before me. Munich we liked better than you did. . . . I can fully enter into the value of the store of fresh feelings and memories with which you have returned to your life of steady usefulness at home. You will work all the better for the play."

In September 1858 the same loving cousin wrote :—

"Now I hope you will go on telling me of all your readings and your schools : it is all so deeply interesting. I could enter into your thankfulness to find that your Stable School especially was answering so well. It must lift such a load of doubt and care off a thinking mind, which looks beyond this world, to hope that you are, under God's blessing, preventing that which is

proverbially a school of evil from being so, and turning it, on the contrary, into an opening for good. . . . No wonder your home is a happiness to you, when you have such a field for real usefulness, and are permitted to succeed in what you try to do. Much of the rest of your letter was deeply interesting, especially where you speak of your own increasing love of the Bible. I cannot believe—although you say it—that you did not always love the Bible, but that that love should increase more and more, and the love of God Himself with it, is what every humble Christian must desire. . . . There is a vast difference between clinging with fond and reverent thankfulness to the Church of England, and making the Church—‘She,’ ‘Her,’ ‘Our Mother,’ &c.—our standard. I am so glad you have left that off.”

“*Oct. 2, 1858.*—I have received No. 19 of your faithful letters this morning. No. 18, date August 1, came about a week ago. . . . I can quite imagine how you enjoyed your visit from the Primate. . . . You have been a kind ‘Aunt Lou’ to many hearts.”

In the autumn of 1858 Lady Waterford paid her last visit to Ford with her husband, more than ever attracted to the old Border castle of many reminiscences. Mrs. Stuart wrote from India :—

“*Oct. 20, 1858.*—The after packet (which is to carry home the acknowledgment of the Proclamation which

makes us all Queen's subjects and Lord Canning Vice-roy) enables me to write to you. I shall direct to Curraghmore, because, though Lady Stuart and Lady Caledon both talk of you as being at Ford, you will probably have slipped across back again long before this can reach you. I hope no cold was caught at Ford this time, and pray don't do too much in visiting cabins late and going to late schools in the chill and damp of early winter. God has so rapidly and wonderfully given you back your health, that He evidently does not mean you to throw it away, but to live on *super-intending*; not drudging, but *guiding*; not working so hard your own self. . . . I believe that 'my Lady' being looked for, as occasionally likely to look in and inspect progress and improvement, would really do more good than if she were to slave in teaching her stable-boys every day.

"Next I must talk to you about Admiral Blake's Life, and all your very startling anti-King Charles state of feeling. . . . You must not step over the border quite as far as that. . . . It is rather startling (even to one who does dread High Church and its pernicious leading and teaching as much as I do) to see how far you have walked over from it, and yet I know how earnestly you will try to keep a wise path, and will not be led by either party spirit or party reading."

"Oct. 21, 1858.—I have received your dear little letter of September 2 this morning. . . . It tells of your having had a baddish sore throat! proving how right I was in the homily I wrote you yesterday on the



subject of not doing too much this autumn, but endeavouring, by caution, to pass one winter free of chest or cough irritation! As to your own feelings and readings, I know the little Miss Marsh book<sup>1</sup> you name.

"Will you read a very simple little book called 'The Pathway of Safety,'<sup>2</sup> and tell me your thoughts upon it? It treats a good deal on the subject you mention."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Curraghmore, Oct. 30, 1858.*—I am flattered that you thought my drawing of 'The Queen's Letter' worth sending to Clonmel. I can only wish such a subject of real interest had been better executed.

"Do you know Mrs. Southey's poem, 'The Pauper's Deathbed'? That would be such a subject for a picture—a mine for expression. It begins—

'Tread softly, bow the head,  
In reverent silence bow ;  
No passing bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
With lowly reverence bow ;  
There's one in that poor shed,  
One by that paltry bed  
Greater than thou.

<sup>1</sup> Memorials of Hedley Vicars.

<sup>2</sup> By Miss Dora Greenwell.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo, Death doth keep his state ;  
Enter, no crowds attend,  
Enter, no guards defend  
This palace gate.'”

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

“*Calcutta, Nov. 20.*—I have answered but scantily and shabbily the last three letters you have written to me. I wish I could convey and condense large thoughts, as you do, into a small space. I have your No. 23, Oct. 17. . . . You wrote from Claridge's, and I am so glad you managed your visit to London, and had some good medical advice, and were thought by every one to look so well and strong. . . . How thoroughly I understand, however, your relief at getting back to Curraghmore, and all your happy and successful usefulness there. . . . And now I must again close my letter without commenting upon Miss Marsh and her wonderful powers of persuasion, and that little book. I do *not* think you need fash your dear self about its being a duty for you ‘to try and go and do likewise.’ I fear that neither you nor I have the gift of speech sufficient for persuasion, such as hers has been. We must strive to be consistent in our lives, and to recommend religion in that way, and prove the reality of our profession in that way, rather than by speech. . . . I like your frivolity and fashions very much : you must look charming in that black velvet bonnet with its bow.”

“*Feb. 9, 1859.*—We have talked a great deal over

Mrs. Hamilton<sup>1</sup> and her peculiar character, and I can quite enter into your feelings about it. . . . But do not fret yourself because you cannot be like her. Hers is evidently an Irish impulsive nature, guided and guarded (happily for her) by blessed Christianity, in all such parts of it as proceed from the love of God and of His creatures. His grace, if prayed for as I know you pray, will give you the same, but you can never show it in the *same* way, and you must not be disheartened if you don't. Who knows but that she may often be wishing for your dignity and reserve. Nevertheless, you are right in all you say respecting the urgent necessity of fervent prayer for more love—love to God, and thence love to His creatures—but above all things love to God and to our dear Saviour. These are scarcely letters to write at such a distance as now separates us. One longs to answer and carry on the subjects at once as they arise. Meanwhile, do not brood and think too much over such deep matters in your great solitude, for yours is evidently a brooding, reflecting mind. . . . I think I am even quite glad to hear that you have a club to repair and set to rights, for to be up and doing indoors, not out of doors in the damp, is sometimes better than thought. . . . And yet how I pity you, finding mismanagement when you had hoped that all was doing well and doing good."

"*April* 2.—I have so much to thank you for. . . . Such charming letters have all come safely, according to their numbers, up to No. 32, which arrived yester-

<sup>1</sup> Margaret, second daughter of the thirteenth Viscount Dillon, whose conversations had greatly influenced Lady Waterford.

day. . . . I am not much surprised to hear of you again with a tender bronchia, because I know how subject any one is to a recurrence of the symptoms after any attack of bronchitis, and yours was a very severe one. I am only most thankful that Lord Waterford is wise, and that you are good, and going to attend to it at once, before it becomes bad again. . . . I shall hope very much indeed that the plan you name about Pisa and Florence may be realised.

"In your last letter but one you quoted an admirable sentiment of a book you had read, which advised against brooding too much over self and faults, and advocated dwelling on Jesus alone, so that by fixing our minds on His words and acts, we gradually become nearer to His likeness, and made like Him. I do fully agree with this, and I think it is particularly good advice for any one who lives alone as you do. . . . All your account of your poor stable-boy, and your effort to speak to the others, interested us very much. How I *can* feel for your beating heart, and yet perhaps the very reality of the feeling, with which they must have *seen* that you spoke, will have made more impression than any eloquence."

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COLONEL CHARLES STUART *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Government House, Calcutta, Jan. 5, 1858. . . .* Everything is done to make us happy and comfortable here, and it is so delightful to see the real pleasure and comfort which it gives to dear Charlotte to have us here, that it quite makes up for the languor which the

climate causes. It has told upon Charlotte, for, though never ill, she is easily fatigued, and looks worn. Her manner to everybody is perfect—really enchanting. At the large dinner-parties, of which there have been several since our arrival, she goes about and speaks to everybody in a charming way that I have never seen in any viceregal or colonial court. The Governor-General does his honours extremely well too, but he is in general very silent. I do not think the A.D.C.'s help much: there are four of them, and as all their names begin with B, they have been called the *B flats*. Before long probably Lord Canning will go to Allahabad, and take all his staff except Major Bowie, a very amiable and useful little man, who will stay in charge of Charlotte and Minny, and bring them after us before very long. We shall not go before the communications are perfectly safe, as the presence of the Governor-General would otherwise only be an embarrassment to Sir Colin Campbell. He has done admirably well, but has still a great deal to do before Oude can be thoroughly conquered. . . . Canning looks really well. He bears up nobly, and I think has minded nothing except the lies told about him and Sir Colin Campbell. I believe he has made as few mistakes as any statesman so tried could have made, though those who wish to judge him fairly think that, at one time, he rather underrated the dangerous position of Calcutta (he certainly did his own personal danger), and threw too much cold water on the offers made by the English to arm in their own defence. But these criticisms—*après coup*—are easy to make. . . . The Proclamation, as it is called, was much misunderstood at home, but the check which it

gave to the civil authorities was most urgently required."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter.*

"*New Year's Day*, 1858.—Church was not very full, but was dressed with even more green leaves than at Christmas. It was a cheerful day, for I never felt more glad of the end of any year than of the last terrible and unhappy one. The fête for this was a very nice one, a treat for the soldiers' children! I drove there in the afternoon, and found a very happy crowd, everything well done, the children quite happy, and all Calcutta to look on.

"The troops have long ceased to arrive. The *Hydaspes* had been long due, but at last came in, and there only remained a steamer, the *Sarah Sands*. She had been reported disabled, and either left at the Cape or at Rio. At last authentic news of her has come, when she was almost despaired of. She was on fire for a good while; all the powder was taken out that could be got at, but some was not within reach, and at last the fire came to it, and it blew up! sending the mainmast clean out, and gutting the inside of the vessel, though it managed to get back to Mauritius. Two soldiers were killed, but the surprising thing is that any one should have escaped. This is the only misfortune that has happened in conveying the great force sent to India."

"*Jan. 2.*—The poor old Bishop<sup>1</sup> has died suddenly,

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Wilson.



aged nearly eighty. He read three chapters a day, and always finished the Bible with the year. On December 30, in the evening, he made his chaplain finish reading them to him, and as usual wrote, 'Finished reading the Holy Scriptures once more,' and next day began again. But he thought himself ill, and said something to his doctor, in his quaint way, about the old machine being worn-out and past mending this time."

"*Jan. 4.*—Sir Colin has got near Ferruckabad, and taken a number of guns, chasing the enemy before him. C. went to the Bishop's funeral. He is buried under the altar in his cathedral, to which he gave £25,000 long ago, often spending more on it afterwards. I hear 3000 people were there, and a good many native Christians.

"Strict inquiries have been made at all the scenes of the massacres, and no evidence can be found of any cruelties except the actual horrible butchery. Most of the stories told, especially those of mutilation, are entirely false: it was everywhere slaughter to extermination, and done without the delay of a moment. A child who was said to have been killed slowly, bit by bit, was certainly killed at once with a tulwar, and so it is on each spot. . . . But when I read what Lord Shaftesbury says he *saw* in a letter of mine, I am surprised at no inventions!

Every arrangement is now complete for the reception of the first instalment of refugees from Lucknow. A royal salute from Fort William will welcome their rescuers, and all the ships are to be dressed in their honour. The officers' hospital prepared is airy and

wholesome, though not luxurious. I have advised a great purchase of arm-chairs to be made and a few more comforts."

"*Jan. 9.*—There have been a few more details of fights. . . . The Sandwich's will hear of their boy, Victor Montagu, acting A.D.C. to Colonel Rowcroft in the fight, and being thanked by him. At dinner we had Mr. Kavanagh, who so bravely made his way from the cantonments at Lucknow to Sir Colin, to give him information and guide him in. He is a fair, ruddy man, and must have been most difficult to disguise. He gives his account very modestly, and says how reckless of life every one felt at that time, and that it was nothing to him then, but he would not at all like to attempt such an expedition again. He says Sir Colin took advantage of every kind of information with a readiness and quickness that was astonishing. He brought him only a letter of introduction. At all the enemy's pickets he walked straight up and talked to them, which completely prevented them from suspecting him.

"The poor Lucknow ladies have landed. They were met by crowds of friends with carriages, and are all taken home. Eleven go to Dr. Leckie's houses, prepared by the Fund Committee. Only the widows and sick have come. The rest are so delayed by the steamers sticking in sandbanks that they will travel down by road. How glad they must be to feel safe and at their journey's end!

"I find I did not tell of Sir Colin's arrival at Fer-ruckabad, from whence the enemy had fled. This is

a great disappointment, and it is very harassing to go on pursuing from place to place. They have found much more remains of the clothing and gun-factory stores than any one expected, and if the valuable seasoned timber is still there, it will be a very important gain."

"*Jan.* 10, 1858.—In answer to your questions, converts are usually of very low caste, but even those generally rise in some degree after they are converted. Those of higher class and caste and any education never suffer in the slightest degree by conversion. Banergra, a Brahmin, now ordained, and at Bishop's College, has dined here, and is the only native (except old Prince Gholam and his son) who has dined here since we came. At Delhi there were a few very high-class converts, and they were in high appointments—one a surgeon, and one a professor of mathematics. There are very few converts of any sort, high or low, but it is quite a mistake to think they lose in social grade. Of course they can have nothing at all to do with *caste* again, but the fact of any one having been a Brahmin is never forgotten, and gives influence: there are many instances of this. Depend upon it, no one ever sinks in position by being converted: this may formerly have been true, but is not so now. A converted Tajore and his wife are treated as gentleman and lady, and his rich father, who disinherited him, left him £1000 a year. I think, if Lord Westminster had a son who became a Hindoo, and he acted so, we should call him liberal.

"Fair play is all one wishes, and that conversion

should not be *bribed for*. To make the mosques into churches, as some of my English letters suggest, would arm the whole Mussulman population against us in a religious war, and these new churches, with very scanty congregations, would do us no credit, and gain us very few converts, unless, indeed, it was meant that we should drive people in by force, and imitate the Mussulmans of old times.

"I am very much for encouraging missions from England, because Hindoos are quiet, reasoning people, who like to hear, and quite understand independent preaching. But the least action on the part of Government always suggests compulsion and arouses suspicion, as we know to our cost in the case of the cartridge delusion.

"Jung Bahadoor has got into Goruckpore. There was not much of a fight, for the mutineers fled, and were ill-supported by the rabble. The Goorkas fought well. They are in good-humour, and the officers pleased with them, but their services will cease when the weather grows hot."

"*Jan. 15.*—General Outram has been attacked by 30,000 men, and drove them off with the loss of 400 on their side, and only five or six wounded on his."

"*Jan. 19.*—The last few days more troops have come up, and this morning the *Chesapeake*, with Commodore Watson, arrived, and woke me with a loud salute of heavy guns at sunrise. They are sending two more regiments from the Cape, and some half-regiments are

due from Ceylon and Mauritius, where that unfortunate *Sarah Sands* steamer took refuge. The safety of those people is almost a miracle.

"Sir Colin is still at Futteyghur, deliberately preparing to finish off the Oude campaign with a very decisive blow, and collecting all stores from Agra. The public here grow impatient, but they may trust him to do his work thoroughly and well. Horses are arriving from the Cape and Australia, and more elephants from Burmah.

"Little Johnny Stanley, the new A.D.C., has arrived in the *Chesapeake*, looking well, and inclined to make himself quite happy here. He saw a good deal at Trincomalee, and is very proud of having wounded a wild elephant."

"*Jan. 23.*—On Monday there was a most touching special service of thanksgiving in the Cathedral for the Lucknow garrison. So many wounded officers and widows were there: it was very sad to see them. Mrs. Ellerton, the real 'oldest inhabitant,' died the day before,<sup>1</sup> and there is now no one left who remembers Warren Hastings and that long spell of history since his time. She has been sinking for two months, but had herself taken out on the verandah to see the funeral of her old friend the Bishop just three weeks ago.

"I went yesterday with C. to see the soldiers in the newly arranged hospital. . . . I felt so for one young man who had lost both eyes, a ball having actually

<sup>1</sup> A death expected in 1856. See p. 98.

passed through his forehead from side to side behind them. He said the others read to him, and did all they could for his 'amusement.' Another, quite a lad, had lost his right arm, and I said something to him about trying to practise using his left arm and learning to write with it, and he said he had done so already, and wrote all his letters home with his left hand. I thought that very nice."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
HER SISTERS.

"*Jan. 23, 1858.*—Yesterday Lord Canning and Char. and Charles went to the hospital to see the wounded men. Charles's eyes were swimming, of course, when he came back. He said Char. did it so charmingly: her whole heart is certainly in it, and Lord Canning did it very kindly too. . . . He is not looking well, is very tired, and fearfully overworked: I believe that the intensity and quantity of his present business can scarcely be imagined. After the last mail was closed he suddenly sank from exhaustion, and was some time in rallying. Dr. Leckie says it was fatigue of the brain: he had neglected his breakfast, and had written till eyesight failed, and he could not see anything. Happily his despatches were finished. Don't name this. I only tell it to prove *what* his work is—and then to be abused for it all!"

On the 30th of January the Governor-General started for Allahabad and the provinces, taking Colonel Stuart with him. Mrs. Stuart remained



with Lady Canning. Colonel Stuart's journal says: "Of our sad leave-taking that morning the less said the better. Dr. Leckie tells me that Charlotte was in private quite upset, but she was her grand self when she came to the door of the great drawing-room. We started from the grand entrance."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING.—*Journal Letter.*

"Feb. 2, 1858.—Mrs. Wylie came by appointment to bring me Mrs. Polehampton and the little Mills children. The stories of these would fill a volume. The girl is seven, the boy five—nice good little things, pale, but rather pretty and merry. Their mother was somehow left behind at Fyzabad. She was either stupid about moving or not frightened, and the others waited in vain and went off without her. Her husband was away at the moment on duty, and killed. The Sepoys came in and plundered the house, but were civil, and gave her anything she asked for, and finally sent her off with her two children and her baby in a boat. In time the boatman refused to go any farther, and landed them all. They wandered a fortnight from village to village, sometimes sitting all night by the river-side, with the wolves and jackals howling around, the little girl and her mother watching in turn. The child used to tell the villagers when they came near not to wake her mother. Once some Sepoys came, and the poor woman got up and said, 'Kill us all at once,' but they turned away and left them. The child talks very simply about it, and said the villagers

used to ask her to explain what her mama said to them ; probably the child pronounced much better, and was intelligible. This poor woman, besides dragging about the heavy child that could not yet walk, was about to have another. It was born dead.

“Mrs. Polehampton is only twenty-one. She has a smooth clear pretty face, with the expression of a *sœur de charité*, and that healthy look they always have. She and her husband the chaplain began to nurse in the Lucknow Hospital the first day of the siege, and she went on without ceasing even at his death. He was either killed in the hospital or died of cholera, I do not know exactly which. The only thing she said I could do for her was to get her permission to attend on the wounded soldiers on her passage home with them in the *Himalaya*, as she feared the naval authorities might not allow her to visit them.

“I had Mrs. Edmonstone with Mrs. Cowper from Lucknow at luncheon. Mrs. Cowper is the wife of the young civilian so praised in the despatches, the son of the Duchess of Kent’s old equerry. She is very timid and quiet, but has become robust and tolerably strong-minded. She never could be used to the sound of a gun, but lost all her fear of cholera and small-pox, and at times there were cases close to her. She was shaken in her bed by the springing of a mine the very day her child was born ! She seems to have fared very ill for food, and had to save all her little store of arrow-root and sugar for her children, and to live on the rations dealt out to every one.

“As two mails arrived together, I have had an un-

usual quantity of English clothing—five boxes! besides one precious one of old linen. With lint, linen is not a necessity, but it must be a great comfort. I sent this to the Apothecary-General, who was very glad of it, and gave part, as I suggested, to officers here, and the rest to the Allahabad hospitals. Mrs. Stuart sorted out a good deal of particularly nice clothing for the poor officers' wives, and some for soldiers' wives. They will get no compensation on outfits, and no one can grudge a share of the gifts to people whose husbands behaved so nobly."

"*Barrackpore, Feb. 3.*—Four regiments were landed at Kurrachee, so the move downwards from the Punjab will not be delayed. The Rohilcund people continue to come down to within thirty miles of Cawnpore. Sir Colin has gone to Cawnpore with the Agra guns. I brought a large party of unprotected ladies to stay at Barrackpore. The place looks greener and prettier than ever. No words can describe the beauty of the Bougainvillas, wreaths of lilac as brilliant as a lilac flame, a colour that seems full of light, and that no paint or dye could imitate."

"*Barrackpore, Feb. 5.*—C. is already refreshed by his journey to Allahabad. He is encamped inside the Fort, but it will be too hot for tents before long, and he must go into the house Mr. Grant inhabited, not a very large one I am sorry to say, and I do not foresee when he will send for me. Mrs. Stuart is quite happy here with me. Little Johnny Stanley is like a merry page, and so civil and useful; but he requires care,

for his chest is weak, and this climate not at all to be trusted. My company is very happy here after hot gloomy hotels. The colonnade of the Banyan is charming to sit under, and the climate at its very best. General Hearsey reports the place as perfectly quiet, and the Sepoys frightened, and quite aware that they are beaten everywhere. There are three regiments disarmed at Barrackpore, and a few companies of other regiments remaining over. I have been trying a Burmah pony of Lord Dalhousie's, which is thought well fitted to carry me in the Nilgherries; and afterwards I had a real ride all over the park—a pleasant change after the weary 'course' at Calcutta. I had not ridden at Barrackpore for more than a year, except for two days in May."

"*Feb.* 10.—The days at Barrackpore pass pleasantly. C. writes much revived by the cold climate of Allahabad.<sup>1</sup> He describes the Soane river as like the Solway at low tide. At Jehanabad he was in a dâk bungalow, of which the rebels had burnt all but the walls. At Sasserum, some Mahometan functionaries came to pay their respects and be commended for good behaviour, and some presents are to go to them. An old man, supposed to be double-dealing, was told, in the presence of Colonel Mitchell, who commands there, that though he had behaved himself faithfully hitherto, C. would not consider his work done until he had delivered up Kummer Singh (Kum Singh's brother), which he is supposed to be able to do any day.

<sup>1</sup> Yet Colonel Stuart writes that such was Lord Canning's devotion to his work at Allahabad, that all the air he ever allowed himself was half-an-hour's walk in the garden.

"The camp was pitched inside the fort to save guards. The dust seems the great trouble. The Lucknow clergyman is the chaplain there, and has given C. the most interesting and touching account of Sir H. Lawrence. He was with him from the time of his wound till his death.

"I never enjoyed Barrackpore so much. The absence from dust and mosquitoes makes a delightful change from Calcutta. I have had several people from Calcutta to see the place and stay one night. The elephants, on their way up-country, are picketed at Barrackpore inside the park. One day I heard there were 150, but it looked like a piggery in a magnifying-glass.

"By telegraph I heard of a fine defeat of the Rajah of Gonda by the Goorkas, who are crossing into Oude. C. has assumed the government of the North-West Provinces: I am afraid it will add terribly to his work, but it may be convenient for a time.

"Poor Lou's last letters made me think her very ill. I am sure the best thing would be for her to go with Waterford to Madeira or Egypt. If he has felt the necessity of taking care, he would be a really good nurse to her, and could take her to places not within Mama's reach, and she always has a feeling of neglecting her duties when she is away from him."

"*Barrackpore, Feb. 16.*—The good news that Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson had been sent away from Lucknow has proved untrue. A Mrs. Duban and her children are safe, and she tells of a number of others.

Mann Singh saved them, and is evidently trying to show his good behaviour now. Sir Colin has paid a visit to C. He came with only General Mansfield, and they had a long busy day, discussing and settling a great deal. He has not as much European cavalry as he would wish for, but is very proud of his artillery—eighty-four great guns, fifty field-guns, and forty or fifty mortars besides.

“Every day here we have had delightful music. Mr. Courtenay arrived looking half dead, but his voice is as good as ever, and he sings like Mario or Rubini. All my early mornings have been busy with the garden. The terrace is finished and wanted a parterre: I have planned a very simple one.

“Rebels have been reported crossing the Ganges, and a fear of the escape of the Nana prevails. A magistrate at Etawah, Mr. Hume, with his police, has gained a good little victory and killed a number. There was a jail *émeute* at Benares, but it was soon put down. Mr. Beadon has sent me a most touching resigned letter from poor little Madeleine Jackson in Lucknow to her uncle, written after hearing of her brother's murder. It is most patient and calm, but shows little hope. It will be grievous to shell the place in which those two poor women are—herself and Mrs. Orr.”

“*Feb. 17.*—The ground, in some spots, is alive with the white ant. It suddenly becomes large and winged, and flutters like the toys in the streets, rising out of the ground through round holes. It is said to live but a day. The post from England announces Lou as so much better, that it is a very cheering one. I have



quite decided on going to the Nilgherries, and have accepted a passage in the *Chesapeake*.

"I hear from C. that the advance on Lucknow will not be for some days more. Time was to be allowed for all the force to concentrate, and the column under General Franks and the Goorkas cannot be up for some days. I believe the attack will not be till very near the end of this month! The larger force makes the waste of life less, but the delay is not without some disadvantages; however, they look upon it as a necessity. Meantime many rebels are slipping into the Doub, and Brigadier Walpole and three regiments—500 cavalry and 12 guns—are after them. The Nana's brother or nephew is there. The *Shannon* 68-pound guns are in position at Cawnpore."

*To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.*

"*Calcutta, Feb. 23, 1858.*—So much of importance is pending that nothing is left to announce, and I hope people's minds in England have been sufficiently occupied with the Princess Royal's marriage and the horrible attempt to kill the Emperor to prevent their feeling provoked at hearing so little from India. It has been very right to rate poor General Havelock's services very highly, but I wish he had not been so universally adopted as the only hero: amongst so many, it is very hard, and I do not think near enough has been made of Sir Colin's fights or excellent manœuvres."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Calcutta, Feb. 28.* — Several people dined on Thursday: young Birch, the son of Colonel Birch,

who went to join the volunteer cavalry, and got into Cawnpore the day after General Havelock. He was among the first who went into the house of the massacre. It was then in the state in which it was left, and a sight of indescribable horror. He examined it often and often, and picked up many little relics, but he never saw the inscription which has been described. He said many people wrote up things afterwards. A little tract had been torn to bits and scattered all over the floor, and it looked strange, in such a place, to see the heading on every leaf lying here and there, 'Preparation for Death.' The place was black with flies.

"The stories of the hospital at Lucknow are very striking. Young Birch was badly wounded going in, and lay there many days. One day a sick man, I think an officer, was well enough to sit up on his bed for the first time. He was looking pleased and happy, and nodding to his friends, when a ball came in, struck him on the chest, and killed him on the spot! Round shot came in repeatedly: one passed between the two rows of beds. Once an orderly was cut in two by one. He says young Havelock deserved the Victoria Cross over and over again many times, even more than on the occasion reported as having gained it.

"Mrs. Polehampton<sup>1</sup> went off in the *Himalaya*. The soldiers, her old friends, almost cheered with delight at seeing her. The *Shannon* has returned, bringing the 6th regiment.

"C. writes excellent accounts of himself, and I have plans of the camp and of his future house. The

<sup>1</sup> Widow of the chaplain, killed during the performance of his duties at Lucknow, and herself one of the truest heroines of the siege.

hospitals at Allahabad are rather make-shift, and in many buildings and a mosque, but the men are well cared for, and all that can be moved from Cawnpore are to go there. The Agra garrison is coming down, and many refugees. Lady Outram will be here in a day or two: C. has seen her. The stories in the English papers about mutilated people, and others who wish to be forgotten and supposed dead, are wholly and entirely untrue in as far as they are told of Calcutta, and I have never heard of them at any other place.

"I saw one more Lucknow lady on Saturday, Mrs. Hamilton Forbes, daughter of Lord Saltoun. She was in the Gubbins' house. Her children all died. She said, after the long struggle, the thought of leaving Lucknow was really painful to many of them, and they were grieved at Sir Colin's decision! Events have proved how right and wise his course was, but they did not know how small was his force, and what Cawnpore was then attacked by. Only the China force was there with Sir Colin. The regiments actually sent from England had just begun to arrive, and were (a few companies of several) with General Windham.

"I am more than indignant at Lord Shaftesbury's abominably untrue speech at Exeter Hall. I wish he would learn that it is wrong not to ascertain the truth of what he asserts. . . . There are fewer converts in Bengal, I know, but the Government has taken exactly the same line here as that of Madras and Bombay. What they call Sir John Lawrence's Proclamation, which is drawing down such a stupid chorus of admiration, was not his, but a circular of Mr. Montgomery, a judge, to missionaries, to ask for fit native Christians

to put into offices. Any one might any day have appointed a native Christian for work he was *fit* to do: if office is to be held out as a bribe, I doubt if the Christianity of natives will improve in quality, whatever it may in quantity. I could not exclaim, as Lord Shaftesbury says Sir J. Lawrence did, 'Let us no longer be traitors to our God.' Those who are conscious of being traitors are quite right to leave it off, but certainly I do not think down here we can join in that chorus. Really people are insane on the subject, and would like to proclaim that every one is to be *made* Christian by force or bribery. The latter would very likely gain great numbers, and the former would give us worse massacres than we have yet had. I hope Exeter Hall and its admirers may find this out in time, and become more sane. As to the Santal education, I think I wrote to you that the Government gives grants and permission to the Church Missionary Society to take it in hand: this was ordered on November 28, 1856."

"*Guindy, near Madras, March 18.*—I came here most comfortably in the *Chesapeake*, having left Calcutta ten days ago. Lord Harris came on board to fetch me, and ever since I have been here, I have been hearing of the preparations for my journey to the hills, and seeing all the Madras people in a series of grand dinners, which he has given them every day to meet me! On Thursday we start for Vellore by rail, and Lord Harris goes so far, and is to see me off again in strange conveyances called transit-carriages next day, or rather the next night. It feels odd to be here on this journey, with a little independent party belonging

to me. It amuses Minny Stuart, and I think she likes it, and you know how very sociable she is, and how ready to get on with strangers. I have with me also Major Bowie to take care of us, and little Johnny Stanley, son of Ben, a very merry young A.D.C.

"I am not much taken with Madras. I must own it is a far more airy place than Calcutta, and the sea-breeze and open country feel fresh: but it looks hot with the dry red soil, and whenever the breeze falls, the air is very hot."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to* HER SISTERS.

"*Bangalore, March 20, 1858.*—Lucknow fell entirely yesterday!<sup>1</sup> and this morning Char. got the glorious news direct from the gallant old Commander-in-Chief. The whole place is ours—one hundred and seventeen guns already collected, and Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson saved! I think I told you of these two, the last survivors of the eight unfortunates, who, being captives, but not having been amongst the garrison, could not be rescued by our troops, and who were given up to the Durbar. On the day Sir Colin first entered Lucknow, Sir J. Jackson, Captain Orr, Captain Byrne, and a sergeant were murdered. The ladies and a little girl, whom Captain Byrne had taken on his horse, to assist her mother in flying,<sup>2</sup> were given up to the Begum. The little girl died, the other two were tolerably well treated by the Begum's Minister, who sent them food, and now and then allowed them to write. I saw a

<sup>1</sup> The siege had lasted from June 1857.

<sup>2</sup> The mother disappeared, and they never heard of her again.

most lovely note of patient resignation and preparation from Miss Jackson. A native servant, belonging to Mrs. Orr's brother-in-law, had endeavoured to get to them. He had been suspected and seized. He threw away the letters and disguises he carried, and steadfastly kept silence, although much ill-used, and returned to his master bruised and bleeding. The last account we had of them was that they were shut up in a house where they could not stand upright, and were prepared for death. I have also learned that the same servant was going into Lucknow again to endeavour to get to them, and by disguises and paint to rescue them—sent in by the brother-in-law. Such fidelity in these terrible days should be rewarded! They are safe now, poor things, but whether through his means or Sir Colin's, we don't yet know. Next must come the account of by whose life and by whose blood we have gained this great success. Some seem to hope that our loss may not have been very heavy, but constant fighting from the 9th to the 19th can scarcely have been without loss."

"*Nundydroog, March 22.*—This is (as *droog* means) a hill-fort, one of those built all over this country by the petty chiefs of old days. This one is perched on the top of one of the highest points; it is most picturesque, and near it our present host, General Sir Mark Cubbon, with whom we have been staying at Bangalore (since last Thursday at 7 A.M., when we drove up to his door in our bed transit-carriage, with a layer of red dust all over us), has built himself a mountain villa. We left Bangalore at 4 A.M. this morning, drove for



three hours to the foot of the rock, and thence were carried up, by swarms of bearers, in *tonjons*, i.e., the bodies of Bath-chairs with hoods, carried on a palanquin-pole. The delicious fresh air up here is not to be told—at 1700 or 1800 feet above the plain. We reached the summit by a zigzag about 9 A.M., and as we approached the top, the rock became less rugged, and large trees of the beautiful rich green mango appeared in groups along a ravine, over which you look upon a vast extent of grand, rugged, and now brown and dusty *regg*, cragged all over by bits of rock of every varied form, and ending in a jagged and most picturesque horizon.

"On our way from Madras we saw the beautiful fort of Vellore, where Brigadier and Mrs. Logan had turned themselves upside down to receive us. I have seen nothing yet to equal Vellore in beauty, the fort and pagodas such wonders of quaint elaborate Hindoo architecture, and the gardens and trees, and views of distant plains rich with the palm, tamarind, and mango, extending to a jagged horizon of volcanic-looking rocks.

"Thence our transit was very easy, travelling about eight miles an hour, and changing every five miles. At Pulmanain we found the pretty bungalow prepared for our day's rest, tea ready, baths and beds, and breakfast at a later hour, and, with the bowing and silent attendants, it seemed like a fairy scene. The next day we stopped again through the heat at an empty bungalow, and at seven next morning drove up, through the lines of the 60th Rifles, to General Cubbon's charming bungalow at Bangalore. This was

lovely in the early light—the deep verandah enclosed by a trellis covered by creepers in full bloom, one bright scarlet, the other blue. We found the whole house prepared for us, the chivalrous old man of seventy-four having put himself into a tent. He is a very handsome, keen-eyed, intelligent man, and the quantity of anecdote of the deepest interest that he has told us has been more entertaining than I can describe.”

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY

“*Nundydroog, near Bangalore, March 24.*—I must write you a word from a spot almost in the skies, and you will find me almost as vague in my knowledge of things in general as such a locality is proverbial for. I am visiting a charming old general, Sir Mark Cubbon, fifteen hundred feet above the table-land of Bangalore, and with a view over about a hundred and fifty miles of country on all sides. It is cool fresh air, and a very pleasant spot, and the old gentleman himself is very delightful. He has been all this century in India, but seems to know all that has gone on all over the world, and is the most *grand seigneur* old man I almost ever saw.

“I know now that Lucknow is taken! and even the two poor women I have so trembled for are safe. Sir Colin sent two telegraphs from Lucknow itself to tell me of the fall of one of the strongholds on the 13th, and of the last on the 19th; but there my information ends, and I am longing to know what the loss has been. Everywhere the country is clearing, and things really

look brilliant. I do not think people in India care as much as one would have imagined about the India Bill; but I suppose the opinion must be almost universal that any other year would be better than this for any change, for the Sepoys must only see it as the triumph of their will and the fulfilment of their prophecies as to the hundred years' Raj of the Koompanee.

"Lord Harris is a very old friend, and I paid him a visit of about six days. I think Madras no great improvement on Calcutta, except for the pleasure of looking at the very dark blue sea and tumbling surf. On the journey here Lord Harris made me stay at Vellore, which is well worth seeing—an old hill-fort with a beautiful pagoda. The rest of the way I came in Mrs. Anson's old carriage at night, full length on cushions.

"I have your charming letter about the Princess Royal's marriage. I would have given anything to have been there. How touching it must have been. Poor little Princess! what a different life for her to be plunged into. . . . I am sure she is as true and upright as the Queen, and will be wise and good; but many things may be very miserable for her."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to* HER SISTERS.

"*Coonoor, April 7, 1858.*—The road to this place is very beautiful, and I came along the twelve miles in my *tonjon* most comfortably. The latter part wound through a most picturesque glen, craggy, but nicely wooded, and with a stream running through it, the scarlet rhododendron in trees, and an immense variety

of trees and ferns, especially tree-ferns, which are really splendid, and the Coorg rose, which grows in clusters of deep pink. The verandah of these bungalows is covered with it, and really, as we arrived, it was a fairy scene. Char. and Colonel Denison and Major Bowie had ridden, and arrived before us. The garden is full of flowers, and shaded by very fine trees, between the boles of which, as I sit in my bungalow, I see across the deep glen to the opposite side, on which Tippoo built a fort. We are facing south, 5500 feet above the sea. To the east the hills open, and you see the plain stretching away far below; to the west you look over lower hills."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Coonoor, Nilgiri Hills, April 7, 1858.*—Minny Stuart is a very good and pleasant companion for such an expedition as this, and she much enjoys it. I feel sadly out of the way, and do not think of staying beyond June, but this is a perfect climate, after frightful heat in the plains, and no attempt to make it bearable; and this cottage and view and garden are like a scene in a play. These are only hills, not mountains, but they are on a grander scale than many mountains. The Droog opposite is full 6000 feet above the plain, of which we have a glimpse.

"I have had shoals of letters about the Princess Royal's marriage, and a very nice one from the Queen, charmed with the burst of loyalty and enthusiasm from all on that occasion, and, as usual, kind and cordial about us."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Coonoor, April 7, 1858.*—We had but one hour at Ootacamund to write on March 31, after travelling all night. Char. wrote, but I imagine not much, for I never saw her so tired, and the necessity for dressing and receiving company, even though it was *charming* old Sir Patrick Grant, adds greatly to fatigue. However, she was brisk and well, and up by 5 A.M. next morning, and rode on her hill-pony the twelve miles to this lovely place without fatigue. It is very nice to see her with all her old generals—they are so courteous, and evidently so delighted with her; and she unites the *grande dame* and the pleasant companion to perfection.

"I came here in a *tonjon*—*i.e.*, a sort of Bath-chair with a hood, and fixed on a pole instead of wheels. Eight bearers carry you, crooning a most painful song all the time; and a man, one shade superior, walks by you with a cane, to thwack them if they stumble or squabble. My progress being the slowest, and the A.D.C.'s ponies not having come in time, I started off alone, expecting to be overtaken. I travelled on and on for miles very comfortably, through a most picturesque but entirely solitary country, and it was only just at last that I began to think it was *very* lonely, and that my eight dark and speechless friends (or *foes*?) had it to ourselves for weal or woe! The clatter of little Stanley's pony as he came galloping to see after me was not unwelcome, and then we entered and travelled along the most picturesque ravine imaginable! and arrived at this fairy bower of a place. The only one of us who has not minded the sudden change

from bedrooms by day at 88°, 89°, and 90° (which hers were at Mysore), to fires every evening and drawn curtains, is Char. herself. She is already looking much better for this air and this quiet life; her figure and her cheeks are rounding visibly, and her colour is more healthy. I only wish she could sleep better. She walks, to every one's astonishment, up and down no end of steep hills. I have had one expedition with her, occasionally mounting one of the ponies.

"I daresay Char. will describe this place to you better than I can, and our funny little detached bungalows. Char. and Rain and the drawing-room and dining-room are in one; West and I in another; the two A.D.C.'s in a third, and our cloud of red and gold men in a *village* of huts just beyond. Char.'s. genuine love of plants and flowers makes every step in this country of interest to her. As to you, dear Lady Stuart, your two hands would not suffice for all the branches and bunches you would gather. Char. sketches, and I try to do so, a great deal, and we have a pianoforte, a poor one, but on which I manage to play Beethoven, which, to my great delight, I find Char. enjoys as much as I do myself. I am not allowed to play these glorious sonatas at home, where they are thought dull, so that I am now enjoying a real treat in finding them appreciated.

"I can't go back all the way to Nundydroog, but I hope that Char.'s journal will have done justice to the Rajah of Mysore and his *funcion* along the road to receive her, and his visit, and all the ceremonies of flowers and garlands and sprinkled waters. I suppose the unusual event of visiting a Lady Sahib *sola*, made



him nervous; he was hurried and agitated, and had not the solemn pose and calmness usually ascribed to Eastern dignitaries. He is an ugly, keen-eyed, fat little man, and Char. looked so curiously refined and graceful sitting by him! It was a piece of self-denial not to accept his wish of seeing her at his palace, but we talked it over many times, and considering the state of the country, *and* the use that has been made of her name, I am sure she was right not to go.<sup>1</sup>

"Dear Lou's letters—so steady and faithful—both to Charles and myself are such a pleasure. I have good news of Charles, who has had a quiet, happy visit to Lucknow, just what he would like—and useful too, I hope.

"The Nana being so conspicuously known to be at Shahjahanpore, gives hopes that he may be taken."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Coonoor, April 22, 1858.*—I was so glad to hear of our dear little Princess first launched on those troubled waters. Nothing can be more charming than the account of her you give. I hope she will be as wise and simple and quiet in future. . . . This is a lovely place, in a perfect climate, and very wholesome, but it feels such utter banishment, that I cannot enjoy it as I ought. It is like the Highlands on a gigantic scale, and not like the Alps, and the vegetation is Italian rather than tropical. The woods are everywhere, and full of monkeys, elks, leopards, and tigers, but monkeys are the only wild beasts I have yet seen."

<sup>1</sup> The visit was paid later.

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Coonoor, April 23, 1858.*—There is no real interest in this part of the world but the beauty of country, like a gigantic Scotland, not like Alps, but with a sort of Italian vegetation, all different in reality, but of Italian evergreen form, and most brilliant colour. There is plenty to draw of trees and shrubs and rocks, and the plain seen many thousand feet below. I like this place better than the colder ones higher up and out of sight of the plain.

"I cannot imagine why any one thought Canning would resign. Governors-General never do in common times, and really the vote of thanks speeches, uncivil as they were, would hardly suffice to drive him away from such a positive duty as to remain in such a post of enormous difficulty and responsibility as this, when all is going better and better, and every wish and hope bids fair in time to be fulfilled.

"Lord Ellenborough knows India so well that his measures are sure to be cautious and wise, and far superior to his criticisms and picking of holes when out of office."

*Journal Letter.*

"*Coonoor, May 3, 1858.*—I am so sorry that I shall not see Captain Peel again, as he passes through Calcutta. I suppose Charlie Scott and Victor must be sent down to their ships. I am sure parents must be glad that those mere children should no longer be campaigning on land in this terrible climate; but I believe the boys themselves delight in it."

"*May 4.*—The clouds rise every day about ten, and last till late in the afternoon; the mornings are

beautifully clear. To show the country at its best to Sir Patrick Grant, we were up and on our ponies by seven to ride round some hillside paths through the most beautiful woods. The plains looked like blue sea with islands, and here and there were streaks of pink and blue and yellow all melted together, like the colours of an opal. It is all too distant to look like a map. In no other country have I seen this abrupt change from plains to hills. Usually one travels several days in a hilly country, and there is nothing like the ascent of an Indian ghât. It would be like the south of Italy, or rather the Corniche, if the Mediterranean were a plain four times as far below. Sir Patrick was charmed with all I showed him, and made himself most pleasant."

"*May 5.*—Sir Patrick and Colonel Denison went off at peep of day. After a rainy middle of the day, we went out, carrying a great tin box, to search for ferns. A slippery path took us down a woody glen, where we gathered eight varieties, and went on and on, and down and down by zigzags into another glen, to a beautiful walk I had never seen before. The larger stream was fuller of water and of great beauty. By the side of it I saw the *Hedychium* growing wild, but rather of a creamy white variety, and a pretty *Begonia* on a great rock, for once within reach. The sides of this valley, down which the ghât road descends, are clothed with magnificent wood, but a great deal is being cleared away for coffee plantations. One spot is quite lovely. A long rickety wooden bridge crosses the stream which comes down from the Coonoor bazaar,

falling over enormous granite boulders and great cliffs covered all around with trees. I never saw more gorgeous foliage, and a tangle of creepers, sometimes like curtains of great green leaves, looped up with coils of ropes, binding the trees together, unlike anything in Europe. A few great black monkeys, jumping from branch to branch, relieve these spots delightfully. The stems of the trees are nearly all white, and a great many have bright pink or red young shoots or leaves. . . . We came back by a very humble little burying-ground of white tombs, with wooden crosses peeping out of the fern, where the Roman Catholic native Christians are buried. There are a good many, and I sometimes see the little polished brown children, with nothing on, but a little silver cross round their necks.

"Do not imagine that I am likely to come home. C. does not resign, and I think he and Lord Ellenborough will suit perfectly well together. Certainly Lord E. knows India better than any one, and there must be an advantage in that, and the responsibility resting on him must prevent him from doing rash things. He writes to C. as if they had always been working together, and would so continue."

"*May 6.* — Lord Harris writes to me mentioning a disaster to the 35th, as bad as General Walpole's, in which Adrian Hope perished, and so many of the 42nd. I do not know what fresh bad news this can be.

"After the rain we rode round by Jacketalla. Every day we discover fresh paths. The barracks

look almost like views of the Escorial amongst these wild hills."

"*May 7.*—Sketched the plains on a fine evening, the colours glowing, and the tanks full, like little lines of silver in all directions; hills miles and miles away, like distant coasts, a hundred miles off at least."

"*May 9.*—A few more details about Kooer Singh and the Arrah disaster. It is very strange that he should have contrived to escape across the Ganges, and that our troops should be cut up for the second time in that place. Kooer Singh is said to be wounded. A telegraph has come to me saying Sir Colin is near Bareilly, but that some rebels have cut off pickets in his rear. Colonel Coke's brigade and Brigadier Jones have done admirably.

"I rode down the ghât into another zone of vegetation. The feather fern grew in luxuriance, and the creepers would delight Lou."

"*May 10.*—This is the anniversary of Meerut! How little one could have borne the idea that this dreadful warfare would hardly be over in a year! and yet, when one looks back a few months, I believe one could not have dared to hope that things would be in so good a state by this time. Everywhere our troops have beaten the main bodies of rebels. All that has been attempted on a great scale has succeeded: only small ill-considered attempts have led to disaster, and generally have been caused by newly-arrived officers who despised their opponents."

"*Rotaghery, May 11.*—I had a great wish to go for a few days to Rota Hall, the place Lord Dalhousie chiefly lived at, and liked most of all. It is twelve miles from Coonoor by rough bridle-roads. I rode there, starting at six, and Minnie Stuart travelled by the *ton-jon*, lending her pony to my maid Rain. The road was over somewhat bare hills, with young fresh green crops, and rather nice villages of what are called Burghers or Badazan, a tribe which came and settled here from the plains. Near Rotaghery another small hill-tribe exists of Kotas, good-looking people, who are tolerably good artisans and blacksmiths. They have their hair parted down the front, and are of a yellower shade of brown. Some distant views are fine, and here and there we passed very little valleys. The Rotaghery houses are near the hill-tops, and can be seen a long way off, planted round with dark shrubby trees. This house is larger than one usually finds, and has four bedrooms and two dressing-rooms and three bath-rooms, besides drawing-room, dining-room, and study. Like all others, it is all on the ground-floor, and the 'doing-up' expended by Lord Dalhousie is in decadence, though it will do very well to live in for a week. The view is really beautiful, and I hope to be able to make a careful sketch of it. There are numerous plants of *Datura brugmantia* in all gardens, which make a lovely foreground to the blue distance, and every evening the scent is quite delicious. I rode round a wood half a mile off in which Major Bowie declares there used to be two tigers, who frequently carried off bullocks when he was here with Lord Dalhousie, two years and a half ago.



"Letters have come from Allahabad with the saddest news!—the death of Captain Peel of confluent smallpox at Cawnpore! It is very, very sad. How one had rejoiced over his safety after that bad wound, and now he is unexpectedly cut off in the height of his youth, with all that was most bright of promise before him. The whole country will mourn for him. In all this sad war there has been no loss to compare to this. C. will be dreadfully cut up by it. It happened on the 27th."<sup>1</sup>

"*May 12.*—The monsoon has fairly set in, but it does not quite reach this side of the hills, but stops short just beyond Oota. I rode to a pretty spot, where a valley leads down under steep rocks to the plain, and on my way home was drenched with rain."

"*May 13.*—Bareilly was taken on the 8th by Sir Colin. Brigadiers Jones and Coke are beating the rebels and taking guns, and troops are gone back to relieve Magenhanpore and the 82nd in the fort there. There is no mention of the Nana, so I fear he has got away.

"An old civilian and his wife, who have lived here twenty years, called. He is a shrewd old Scotchman, brother of the late Lord Cockburn. The sons are provided with coffee plantations, and the daughter collects ferns and butterflies, and draws all the wild birds, and has a collection of gorgeous creatures. Last year she

<sup>1</sup> "I remember that many years ago Sir R. Peel told Sir Edward Codrington that he had given the best of his sons to the navy."—*Colonel Stuart's Journal.*

was nearly frightened out of her senses by a tiger jumping, with a loud roar, out of one bush into another close by her. This was five miles down the ghât, near her brother's plantation. The beast was shot just after, by her brother, from a tree.

"There are plenty of broad level rides here, and open bare country, not very pretty, but looking rather prosperous, with tidy villages and young grain coming up everywhere. We meet bands of villagers going to their work—the old men first, then the middle-aged, then troops of girls with broad silver armlets round their right arms; the other is usually covered with their only bit of drab drapery."

"*May 14.*—The fine morning tempted us to a long ride and a sort of half-breakfast at the extreme point of one of the hills over the plains. The Lambton Peaks, a blue range opposite, not half way across the plain, form a beautiful object, taking pink and blue lights, and showing every crevice in the rock.

"We found letters on our return and much good news, but also many more details of the losses at Koonce and near Juddipore. Both these have been deplorably managed affairs. You will read all about them. General Walpole's dispatch tells his story as clearly as an enemy could for him, and as to the poor man who brought on the Arrah disaster, he has died, and will not have the misery of explaining and answering for it. It is a most terrible story, and shows how infallibly any attempt at retreating with our troops leads to some catastrophe. How strange that Arrah should now twice have been the scene of such misfor-

tune. Do read the General Orders on poor Adrian Hope : I am so glad it is worded in such terms.

“That indigo-planter, Mr. Venables, who died of his wounds somewhere about Aringhur, is most highly and deservedly praised : he is a great loss. Dr. Leckie has written me all particulars about poor Captain Peel’s illness and death. He was to have come on to Allahabad the day after reaching Cawnpore (on the 16th), but fever attacked him on the 17th, and it soon proved to be confluent smallpox. He was taken from the Dawk Bungalow to the Chaplain’s (Mr. Moore’s) house at once, and from Mr. Moore all particulars are known. He wandered, and often said he should never see the *Shannon* again. The eruption dried up very soon, which is a bad sign. He was thought in great danger, and became very downcast. Afterwards he was more hopeful, but the news of his death arrived by telegraph on the 27th. I shall never forget going over the *Shannon* with him, when he paraded his crew before C., just on the point of taking his brigade up-country. Any one so happy, so sanguine, I never saw. Nothing was a difficulty, and nothing seemed to baffle him. He said every one gave him the fullest assistance, and he was ready to undertake anything ! I never saw any one so full of spirit, so bright, so hopeful. His loss is the greatest to the country that we have had in the whole of this dreadful war.<sup>1</sup>

“I have letters about Miss Jackson and Mrs. Orr,<sup>2</sup> and many details on the latter. Their sufferings were dreadful, and their lives threatened over and over,

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Peel is buried at Cawnpore.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 424.

and all sorts of cruel insulting things were said to them; but it is not true that anything worse was feared. Poor Miss Jackson is very low, and cannot speak of all she passed through, but Mrs. Orr gives full details. I am so very sorry that I was not at Calcutta to do all I possibly could for these poor things, for whom I feel more than for any: their time of trial was so far more dreadful and so much longer than that of any of the others. I am just going to write to them both."

"*May 25.*—From all quarters the news is good. Kun Singh's stronghold at Jugderpore is again taken, and himself killed or prisoner; Sir H. Rose is again victorious at Koonee, close to Calpee;<sup>1</sup> the Oude chieftains are coming in in numbers; only the Sepoys are holding out; and the Hindoos from Rohilcund are flying back into the north of Oude."

"*Coonoor, June 9, 1858.*—I long to get back to Calcutta, but cannot look forward with much pleasure to our very long journey, and getting hotter and hotter every step, though they tell me it will be far better than when we came up before the rains.

"The news of the campaign at all points you read before letters arrive, and it seems to me nearly over, and very good in all but a beginning of sickness here and there amongst the troops—some in fever at Lucknow, and much sunstroke. All this was to be expected, but it is sad, and must infallibly become

<sup>1</sup> Or Kalpi. Sir Hugh Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn) on the 22nd May here defeated the forces of the Rani of Jhansi, Rao Sahib, and the Nawab of Banda.

worse later in the year. It had been so healthy—beyond all average and expectation—for so long, and the troops marching suffered so little in actual sickness. Sir H. Rose's taking of Calpee is a capital thing; the rebels had it so very long, that they had made it their magazine and stronghold, and a quantity of ordnance was there, and ammunition hidden in subterranean magazines. I believe it would have been a fearfully difficult place to attack, through two miles of ravines, but the rebels actually came out conveniently to be defeated, and they are said to be quite crestfallen, and throwing away their arms and coats, and trying to hide and pretend they never were Sepoys.

"I have had a pleasant time here, in all but hearing so little of what is going on. We take long pony rides over hills, and sometimes drive down three or four thousand feet into hot damp regions full of beautiful plants."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Coonoor, June 5, 1858.*—Char. has begged Lord Canning not to write often to her, he is so fearfully worked. I imagine it is difficult to conceive what his work has been and is, and it is a marvel that his health has borne it as it has done. His calm, brave spirit carries him through, and now I trust he may be let alone to use his own judgment. Surely people will see and estimate the dignity and admirable tone of his last Proclamation to the people of Oude. This sudden outcry for leniency is a pitiful proof of

the instability of the many-headed monster, when one thinks of the *fury* into which England was throwing itself, just as we came out, over the 'Clemency Proclamation,' and now it seems to urge this wise, clear-headed man to *yield*, and, as it were, coax the evil spirits to be good. Contempt, not respect, would assuredly be the reward.

"Char. will have told you of the success at Calpee, and the seizing so much ammunition and the Rance's papers. I wish we could seize some of these Moulvis, Nanas, and Ranees themselves, but the extraordinary fidelity of the natives towards their chiefs—really a grand trait in their character, triumphing as it does even over their intense natural cupidity—will, I imagine, always shield and save them. I suppose you have been told that the Ranee of Jhansi, who permitted all that wholesale murder of women and children, is a *lovely* woman of twenty-three, clever and a splendid horsewoman. Amongst other marvels of this war, the insight into the character, talents, and immense influence of the native wives and women is not the least singular."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Coonoor, June 8.*—How every one has changed in opinion in England, and instead of railing at 'Clemency,' is now calling out for an amnesty! I hope the time may come for it, but except for the people of the country who were invited to submit at once in Rohilcund and Oude, it was quite impossible to proclaim an amnesty to Sepoys in arms, ranged in battle array, and still in



very large bodies. Soon, I hope, enough decisive blows will have been struck to make it practicable to give stragglers a hope of pardon and inducement not to go on with a guerilla war, but truly it has been quite impossible to attempt it before."

Lord Canning, meanwhile, had been very seriously ill of fever at Allahabad, though it had been lightly treated in the reports sent to Lady Canning. A thousand difficulties increased the labours of the Governor-General, arising from the constant disputes between the highest officers in command, and the inefficient way in which instructions as to the reception and transport of troops were carried out; but his chief trials arose from the quarter from which he might most have looked for sympathy and help.

In the preceding February a change of Ministry had taken place in England: Lord Derby's Government had come into power, and several of the members of which it was composed had already shown themselves disposed to criticise the leading acts of Lord Canning's rule in India in an unfriendly spirit.

Lord Canning's "Proclamation" to the people of Oude had announced that, except in a few places where loyalty had been maintained, the proprietorship of the country was forfeited to

the British Government. Landowners who surrendered at once were promised their lives and honours, provided their hands were unstained by the murder of Europeans ; for further indulgence they must " throw themselves upon the mercy of the British Government." Ample indulgence was further promised to those who came forward to aid the Government in the institution of order, and that the Governor-General would be ready to take a liberal view of their claims for a restitution of their former rights.

The temporary disapproval with which the severity of the Proclamation was regarded by the English Government, before its details were fully explained to them, served as the pretext for the famous " Dispatch " of Lord Ellenborough, which censured Lord Canning and blamed his Proclamation in the most harsh and insulting terms. The mere sending of the Dispatch by Lord Ellenborough would, however, have been comparatively harmless ; but his publication of the " Secret Dispatch," even before it could reach the Governor-General, did all that was practicable to strengthen the hands of the rebels and to weaken those of the Governor-General at the very moment when he needed all possible support.

The fact of the publication of the Dispatch caused universal indignation in England. The question was taken up in both Houses of Parliament, and votes of censure were moved. In the Lords, the vote of censure on the Dispatch was moved by Lord Shaftesbury. The debate upon it in the Commons is described by Montalembert in his pamphlet—"Un Débat sur l'Inde au Parliamēt Anglais."

Colonel Stuart, who had watched the Governor-General day and night through his illness, writes :—

"*June 13, 1858.*—Truly Lord Canning has good and kind friends in England. Most of his letters urge him to hold on, calmly carrying out his own policy, and throwing on Government the odium of a recall. Lord Clarendon and Dunkellin wish him to resign. Lord Stratford is undecided. A note from Lord Grey to Lord Granville is admirably to the point, and Lord Aberdeen's letter is full of wisdom, sense, and affection. Lord Shaftesbury has become quite a partisan of Lord Canning's. But I observe that very little is said by any one in favour of the Proclamation itself. I was reading those letters when I was summoned to decipher a telegram from Lord Derby which had been overlooked. I thought I was going to read Lord Canning's recall, but it was only a mild statement, that although the Government disapproved of the publication of the Dispatch, and that Lord Ellenborough had resigned, they agreed in the censure of the Proclamation, and urged

lenity and a consideration of the wide difference between Oude nobles and mutineer Sepoys. It was almost ludicrous that this harmless publication should have been written after Lord Ellenborough's insolent and mischievous letter had been published. The process of deciphering is perfectly easy, but some mistakes had been made by the writers and I could not consequently make out two or three words, which Lord Canning afterwards himself did. His perfect coolness and magnanimity are my admiration. I fear that Char.'s absence from him at this time will be very mortifying to her."

"*Allahabad, June 21.*—The great news yesterday was the death of the Queen of Jhansi, killed in action by a private of the 8th Hussars, who took her for a man.<sup>1</sup> She probably fell in the five hours' fight which, Sir Hugh Rose telegraphs, preceded the capture of Gwalior: Rose told Sir Colin that he should be *before* that place on the 19th, and he was better than his word, for he was *in* it."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to* HER SISTERS.

"*Ootacamund, June 17.*—Here we are again on our travels. Lord Canning's fever of four days, sharp and anxious while it lasted, has increased Char.'s fret to get back. . . . From worry she is looking far less well than I hoped she would on her return. Imagine what the news (of Lord Ellenborough's 'Dispatch') created amongst us. A telegraph, *very* unpleasantly worded,

<sup>1</sup> She wore men's clothes.

had prepared us for uncomfortable news. . . . I am surprised that any one in England can tolerate that Dispatch as to itself, independent of the marvellous insult and unheard-of conduct in publishing it. But then no one in England can comprehend the *enormous* amount of mischief such words will do through the length and breadth of the land. When the mail arrived, Lord Canning was only beginning to recover from his attack, and I trust Charles kept the Dispatch back till letters from warm friends could lessen the insult and the worry. No one can conceive the work he has done of late—the terrific work!

“ . . . Go to Allahabad Char. will, if it is in any way possible, but I suspect we shall not get permission yet, for the papers will tell you the anxiety about our friends—Scindia on one side, and Mann Singh on the other. This hydra-headed rebellion is still in a most anxious state, and more troops needed than we have.

“ . . . In the garden opposite our windows are two immense bushes of heliotrope, twenty feet in diameter, and behind them Colonel Denison on his horse was quite hid, only a bit of his stick being visible when he held it up high. The size and profusion of the white dahlias is quite wonderful: there is a hedge of them alternate with the large fuchsia fulgens, which is the most lovely thing I ever saw, and the air is heavy with the scent.”

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“ *Bangalore, June 27, 1858.*—I must write, now that we are out of suspense, and that the load of worry

under which poor Char. has been living for a fortnight past was lifted off yesterday afternoon by a packet of letters from Charles, Dr. Leckie, and Lord Canning himself.

“How grand and brave he is! living above all personal abuse and ill-usage. Just as we hoped, he has decided to remain at his post and carry on his great work in his own way, neither halting nor bating one jot or tittle of that which he considers sound policy. Ellenborough in or Ellenborough out, he will *not* resign, he will *not* desert his post, he will *not* yield to insane advice; and if Government does not like this, it may tell him so.

“The taking of Gwalior, the deaths of the Maulvie and Ranee of Jhansi, the coming in of at least thirteen talookdars of Oude, have all occurred since that insane Dispatch was written and published (was ever such insult offered before!), and I think when Government hears of these successes, it will regret having risked ruining the policy of so able a servant.

“One trembles, however, to think how much harm the Dispatch may yet do, when it becomes known amongst the natives. But one hopes that before it can circulate through the country, Lord Canning’s steady and wise policy will have taken root, and borne sufficient fruit to prove its own value. As you may suppose, the long suspense between the telegraph which told of the Dispatch, and the news from Allahabad of how it had been received, borne with, and answered (none of which were subjects for telegraph), has told severely on dear Char. . . . But she bears it bravely, *as* the wife of such a brave man should do.



"The great suspense has proved that we are too far off, much too far, and, in spite of heat, she will be best at Calcutta, even if it should be inexpedient and impolitic (as example for wives and women) for us to go to Allahabad.

"I wish you could see Char. amongst her generals. . . . They all wonder so at her energy and talents, and indeed at her understanding and answers! She is so pleasant and nice to them all, and walks among them with a *grande dame* dignity and gentle good-nature combined, which exactly answers. I see people come in terrified, and go away delighted. Sir Patrick Grant I like extremely: Char.'s talks with him did her good at Ootacamund, and he saw her to the top of the ghât. Colonel Denison saw her on as far as he could, and packed us into his comfortable *dormeuse*, drawn by four bullocks.

"Our stay at Mysore was peculiarly interesting this time. We spent a whole day at Seringapatam. It has become a little less important as a sight than it would have been before the days of Delhi and Lucknow, but must ever be interesting. Tippoo's Garden-House is being admirably restored, in consequence of an order from Lord Dalhousie, and is a pretty bright specimen of all that Indian architecture and painting used to be. We breakfasted and spent the day in it, managing to visit Tippoo's tomb, &c. Our other Mysore event was a visit to the Rajah's palace. He had set his heart on Char.'s doing this, and as Lord Canning did not object, and as his little Highness has been most civil in sending his horses and carriage, and fruit and flowers for Char., she agreed to go. The Rajah's

carriage was sent to meet her about eight miles off. Such a carriage!—a hybrid of a brougham and a cab, with a domed roof ornamented by round gilt knobs; the panels pea-green, and door bright yellow, each covered with devices: crimson and orange damask within. In this pumpkin coach we were carried briskly along, the coachman standing, the horses at a canter, and a regiment of red-coated soldiers running behind us! Near Mysore, all the elephants, dray-horses, small ponies, drums, trumpets, cymbals, horns, bagpipes, and lancers—in flesh-coloured garments—ringing and jingling the bells in their lances, with all the rest of the queer assemblage of his Highness's army, were out to meet us, and the noise as we drove down the ranks was most unearthly, till we reached Dr. Campbell's bungalow. Our visit to the palace took place the evening before we came away. We preferred the evening by torchlight, and the pretext was a great *tamasha* of horsemanship. Char. did it admirably, but I think she was half-frightened (if she knows such a word) when she found herself alone, as it were, the object of such a scene. The crowds of eager faces and eyes, the torches blazing and glaring, the *shrieks* of the music, and the *howls* of praise and welcome, made us feel like actors in the 'Arabian Nights.' We drove through ranks upon ranks, with symbols and banners of all kinds of form and device, into the square of the palace, which was full of people, and elephants, and fireworks, to all of which clatter the horses were happily blind and deaf. There the Rajah met Char., and taking her hand in a gold tissue handkerchief, led her daintily along—her graceful figure and his queer

little body by her side being a sight to see. We wore a demi-toilette of white muslin, with white bonnets and black lace shawls, and Char. looked extremely well and handsome. She was seated on a sofa, and the Rajah showered roses and orange-flowers upon her and at her feet, and we—gentlemen and ladies in attendance—had necklaces and bracelets of jasmine and tuberoses put upon us. After we had sate awhile (we on chairs, on each side of Char.'s throne, and the Rajah rather in front) in walked a Nautch, very graceful in movements. This done, we were led to the Zenana. The gentlemen took us to the door, and the Rajah alone went in with us. The passages were crowded with women. Before a rich *portière*, we were received by what must have been a really lovely woman, with good manners, covered with jewels and gold cloth. She was the chief wife, and of good family. All the others, wives and not wives, daughters-in-law, &c., seemed like mere bundles of gold brocade, rolling up one after another to shake hands with Char.

“We leave this comfortable house at eight to-morrow, and push on straight for Madras.”

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Bangalore, June 28, 1858.*—I have only just heard from C. since all the excitement on the publication of the Secret Dispatch became known to him. He seems never to have doubted or hesitated for an instant as to the course he should take, and I am delighted to find it is exactly what I hoped it would be. You will find that he writes home defending his Proclamation, and

that he *remains here*, carrying out the same policy he has held hitherto, and leaves it to Government to recall him, and send some one else, if they are not pleased.<sup>1</sup> Except that they misinterpret and misunderstand the effect of confiscating the rebels' land, I cannot see in what their policy and his differs, for I suppose they have no intention of following out Lord Ellenborough's treasonable Dispatch, and of restoring Oude to its former King, and begging pardon to the rebels for having annoyed them.

"How curiously people seem to have forgotten that almost the whole Sepoy army from generation to generation has had its home in Oude, and that any show of weakness or undue conciliation there would affect the very people we are unanimous in saying deserve most punishment.

"The great landowners, if they submit, will have their lands given back to them at once. *They* certainly

<sup>1</sup> Lord Canning had replied to the "Dispatch" that no more was required of the landowners than that they should tender their adhesion and help to maintain peace and order: to treat the people of Oude otherwise would be to treat them as enemies who had won the day. "No taunts or sarcasms," added Lord Canning, "come from what quarter they may, will turn me from the path which I believe to be that of my public duty. I believe that a change in the head of the Government of India at this time, if it took place under circumstances which indicated a repudiation, on the part of the Government of England, of the policy which has hitherto been pursued towards the rebels of Oude, would seriously retard the pacification of the country. I believe that the policy has been from the beginning merciful without weakness, and indulgent without compromise of the dignity of the Government. . . . Firm in these convictions, I will not, in a time of unexampled difficulty, danger, and toil, lay down of my own act the high trust which I have the honour to hold."

are amply satisfied with the Proclamation, and would have been amazed at easier terms: for instance, I heard yesterday of thirteen rebel zemindars who came to offer their submission on promise of their lives!

"You cannot imagine the joy with which I left those charming hills and that cool climate. Enjoyable as it all was, it became nearly unbearable, from the impossibility of knowing what C. was doing in all this complication of troubles. The telegraph too was useless, and I could not ask him what I wanted so much to know, without putting all the clerks into my confidence. It is very odd that enemies and detractors should accuse *him*, of all men, of being vacillating and weak, when I believe he is one of the very few people who see their line of conduct so straight and clear, that such events as these hardly shake him at all, and he has gone steadily on without altering his policy in the smallest degree, however much the public cry has varied both here and in England.

"I believe that when Sir J. Outram was last staying at Allahabad, he had quite come round to C.'s view of the treatment of Oude, and I hope this transpires in public papers.

"I have had a prosperous journey so far, only two nights of travelling. I had to stay a day or two at Mysore, and went one evening to the Rajah's palace to see his circus. He made a great fête of this, with torches and illuminations, a most curious sight, rather amusing, but not quite pleasant for me, for of course I was disagreeably prominent throughout. I also spent a day at Seringapatam, now almost deserted. Only a poor native village remains, and in the space within the

walls all has crumbled away, and trees have grown up, and it is almost a desert. It never was pulled down, but the unwholesome climate tells, and there was no longer any inducement to people to live there after Tippoo's fall. It was curious to think how that wretched place once was talked of, and its siege of more importance than even those of Delhi and Lucknow. I am to go on to-morrow, without stopping, and embark, I hope, on the 1st. I have hardly seen the dear old General here, for he has fever and gout, but I am told by every one that his indignation at the Dispatch was unbounded, and he would not for an instant believe that C. could think of resigning—the mischief of such a course to India, at such a moment, would be too great."

*To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.*

"*Madras, July 1, 1858.*—I know that the sad time has come at last, and that our dear Grandmama<sup>1</sup> has quietly and peacefully ended her long life. I have always felt prepared, but it is very sad to think of that happy home of Tyttenhanger broken up and at an end. . . . What a change it will make to you: how scattered you will all feel without her! Grandmama was the keystone holding so many together, who will hardly hear of each other again.

"Poor Maydwell! she must be quite utterly miserable: do tell her how very much I have thought of her. I think Aunt Mex is sure to be a good deal with you at Highcliffe.

"I felt sure I should never see that dear kind face

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke.



again, so I do not put myself amongst those who can feel it as a fresh loss, but only try to think of it for you all on the spot. She must have wished that long life to end, and it is really not sad to fall asleep in such great age."

TO THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

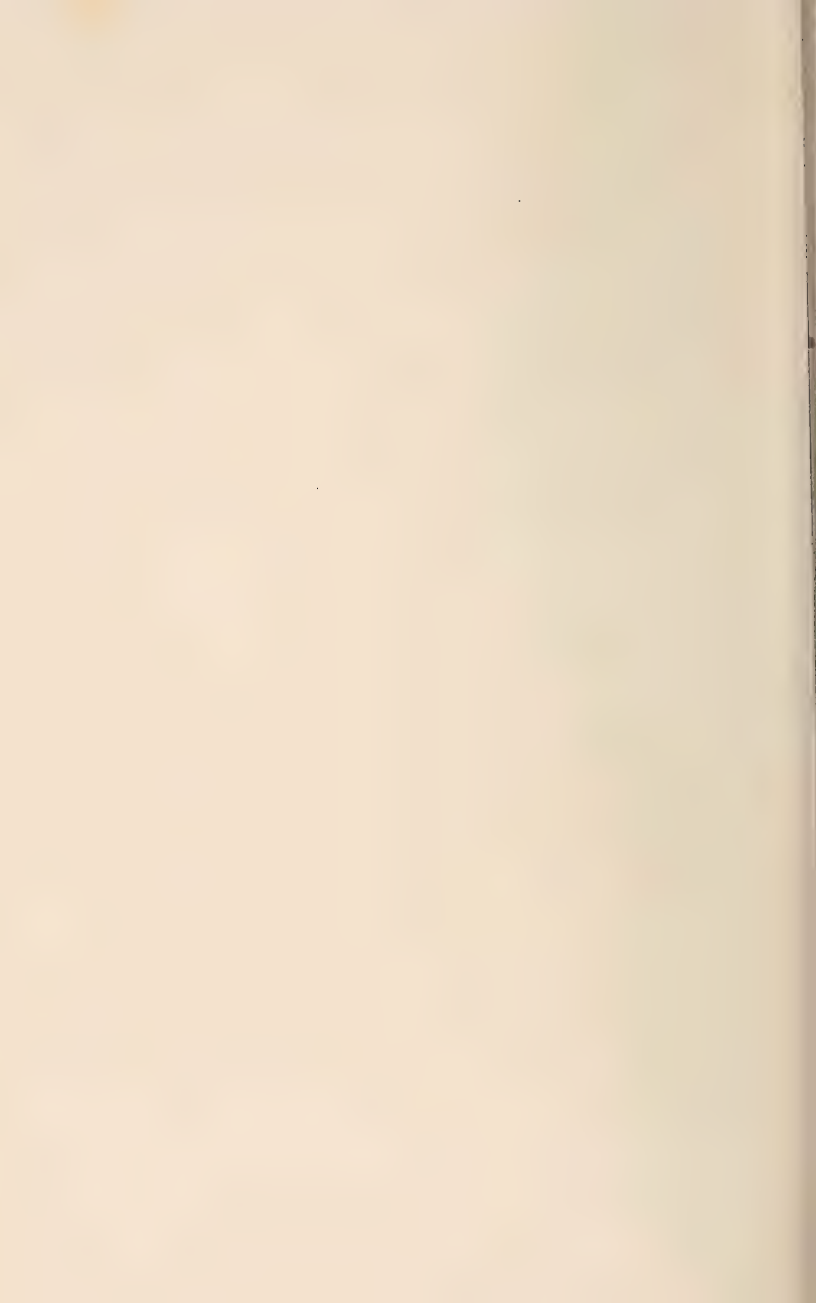
"*Madras, July 1, 1858.*—Before I had your letter of May 25, I knew that we had lost dear Grandmama! I find from a newspaper it ended in only one day. It is comforting to know she did not linger to suffer, and sink, and fail more and more: but what a loss!—to miss her, to find her gone, no longer to have her as the one to be most cared for and thought of, and as the centre of so much—the keystone holding us all together.

"I took leave of her really and truly when I came here, but it is more than I expected even to think of the change, and the break-up of all the happy home of Tyttenhanger. Poor Maydwell! I feel for her quite as much as if she had been one of the daughters: what will she do? What will she ever care for now?"

"*Barrackpore, July 22, 1858.*—We came back here on Friday to dinner. The place is at its greenest, and a few shrubs and flowers are fine, roses abundant, and a lily with a flower like a convolvulus and a vanilla-like smell. The *luxé* of flowers in the rooms is quite charming, but few people appreciate it, and I suppose it appears almost like a craze of mine: how you would enjoy it!"



SWAN, L. & CO. - CHAIRS



To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

*“Calcutta, July 8, 1858.*—I had expected the news of the death of my dear old Grandmother rather more than usual, for I knew she had had a sudden attack of illness for a day. It would distress Mama very much not to have been with her, after watching her so long, and it makes a break-up to her, such as scarcely any one could imagine, when they think of the death of one so very old, with several daughters above seventy. I shall ever look back very sadly on that happy pleasant home: it was unlike everything else, and one was always so fondly welcomed there.

“I am quite enchanted to have got back to Calcutta, and to look forward to going to Allahabad as soon as the river rises: though it requires a strong inducement to like to return here, to the hottest July ever known, the sky of inky tint, and an atmosphere like a wash-house. Every one compliments me on my stout looks, and every one who has stayed looks parboiled. Such a hot season has not been known for forty years, so certainly I was well off in those lovely hills.

“By this time you must know of course that C. does not resign, but goes on as he feels to be right for his country, and if the Government is not satisfied, he hopes they will recall him. I do not think they wish him to resign, but still I cannot understand why they do not recall him, if they honestly believe what they say of his policy. Certainly, if they wish to damage the power of England in India, it would be impossible to set about it more effectually than they have done. I really believe the only thing that can possibly counteract the mischief is that the natives should see

and feel that the Governor-General goes steadily on unmoved and untouched. . . . A vote of the House of Commons one way or the other is not even perceived here: only highly-educated natives know or understand anything about Parliament."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Barrackpore, July 22, 1858.*—I do hope Bell will write soon. Everybody forgets how much one cares for little trifles in letters, and something more than facts and news. My letters last summer changed me for the worse in that respect, for one thinks small things useless to send so far when great events are going on. But I want to hear a great deal about poor Tyttenhanger, and about Maydwell, &c. . . . I go back to Calcutta to-day, for which I am always sorry, for this house is so much more comfortable. I like it, but it does not suit the others as well."

"*Mongyr, August 15.*—We are barely half-way to Allahabad, and have been nearly a fortnight on board. We glide along against a very strong stream, between generally rather monotonous banks, but sometimes pretty ones, with temples and beautiful green groves, oftener wastes covered with cattle not half as high as the grass. We have landed very little, only once at Berhampore, seeing the Colin Mackenzies and having a drive, and next morning I anchored at Moorshedabad to let the Rajah pay his respects. One other little walk on shore makes the whole. To-morrow at day-break we go out for a drive at Mongyr, a very pretty station. The heat is very great at times, but we are

all quite well, and have at most a headache now and then to complain of. The actual journey is not so pleasant as I expected, as there is a dreadful rushing noise of water in this strong stream, which nearly deafens me, and prevents me from attempting many occupations till we are anchored for the night. . . . I never can describe the horror of the live nature moving about the cabin and dinner-table, especially of one pale insect as big as a bird! which might give one the nightmare. It is preserved in spirits, and I shall hope one day to show it you, and you will feel for me when you know that it was—on my throat!”

*To* VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*On the Ganges near Benares, August 24.*—I do not hope for permission to take the short cut by posting from Benares to Allahabad, and expect to have to follow the windings of the Ganges for four or five days more. I must say I shall be rejoiced to be back at my post, after having been about seven months left behind. Our voyage has been a monotonous time, and a great deal of it very hot, but I have rather liked it. I always like being on board ship and am always well, which is not the case with most people. There has been a little sight-seeing here and there, and just a little exciting looking out for Sepoys, as we passed the still disturbed district about Arrah. Twice I thought I might boast of having seen the enemy, but both times it proved to be our own Seik brigade.

“Have I ever described this ‘yacht,’ as they call it? It is a sort of barge, with a little gallery all round, and contains a good drawing-room, dining-room, five cabins,



and five bath-rooms of different sizes. We put the maids into some of these, and C. Stuart, his wife, Major Bowie, and J. Stanley, A.D.C., occupy the rest. We have besides a great retinue of servants—tailors, washermen, &c., many of whom at night spread their beds on the upper deck: in the day we sit there a great deal under an awning. A steamer with three guns and forty English soldiers tows and defends, and a shabby native boat astern of us has the kitchen and sheep, poultry, cows, goats, &c. Another small boat to land in closes the procession, or rather tail, and a long heavy one it is to drag, so no wonder we get on slowly.

“Here and there the shores are pretty, and one might get delightful drawings of the temples and flights of steps to the river, and beautiful trees, but the banks are almost everywhere flat.”

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Kutwah on the Baracutiah, Aug. 6, 1858.*—We make slow progress, about five miles an hour at best. But we have only had two landings, one at Berhampore, where the Colin Mackenzies showed Char. the curious old settlement of Cosimbazar (the cradle of Indian story, as it were) and the spot where the 19th showed the dawn of the present mutiny. This was on Saturday, and on Sunday we were at Moorshedabad, where Char. received a visit from the Nazim, the present representative of Surajah Dowlah and Meer Zaffier—a little shy man of nine-and-twenty, who has twelve sons and thirteen daughters alive, besides having buried six.

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He reads and speaks English perfectly, has a nice English library, is building a clock-tower, sits on a chair, and has behaved steadily and faithfully to England. His coming off with his attendants and his gold and silver umbrella was most picturesque, though it was supposed to be a most quiet and unostentatious visit. His people wear a great deal of bright pink muslin, which has a very pretty effect. . . . How I wish you could see Char. receiving her Rajahs and Nazims: I think she must astonish them by her dignity and conversation!"

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*On the Ganges, near Mirzapore, August 27, 1858.*  
—We are getting near our journey's end, which is delightful to think of. I hope within three days to be at Allahabad. If we had taken to the road at Benares, we might have arrived there already, but C. would not hear of it. I now feel really in India, having seen Benares! It is the best sight I have ever seen. Cairo is not to be named by it, nor even Constantinople, though both would be much more grand and beautiful for the *coup d'œil*. I am so provoked to find that we ought to have arrived the evening of an eclipse. I had been saying it was the thing to wish for, without the remotest idea it was likely to happen; but it did, and if we had not been delayed by a wind, we ought to have arrived, instead of anchoring ten miles off. We should have seen about 200,000 people bathing at night—'two lacs of people in the water,' as Mr. Gubbins, the Commissioner, expressed it.

"The first afternoon we only drove to the civil station outside the town, and made some purchases of 'gold stuffs,' which will be brought for you to see. I had rather a pretty drive afterwards, through more outskirts, by ornamented walls of gardens, with little places to sit in at the top—a sort of thing very pretty to introduce into decorated gardens anywhere. But yesterday morning was the real sight. We drove through outskirts till we came to the thick of the town, and from thence were carried all about it in *tonjons* (sort of sedan-chairs), for the streets are the very narrowest paved passages. I never saw anything so curious, the houses very much decorated, temples in thousands, like lace-work of stone, and, near the river, the slope covered with these most extraordinary and picturesque buildings and immense flights of steps. The water is about half-way between the high and low level, but it still hides about twenty feet of steps and the base of buildings, and I am convinced it must all be seen to most advantage when at the lowest, for the river, even then, must be on a very magnificent scale.

"The wholly Indian architecture and population, and the extraordinary sights and sounds and smells, really cannot be described, and I think the expedition of yesterday morning quite surpasses all that I have seen before. We returned to the steamer by dropping down the stream in a large boat close under the shore, and that is the beautiful sight of all, especially when one is close enough to see the detail of every building. As we steamed up again we were too far off, and lost all but the general mass.

"We are past all disturbed districts now, and have

passed up without a glimpse of enemies ; but not long ago a steamer was fired at, and you will be glad to hear that the pugnacious lady I have already mentioned, who told Mr. Talbot seriously that she had a revolver and knew how to use it, was on board, and it is said returned shot for shot. I have not disliked these weeks of creeping up the river, but I do not think any one else will give so favourable an account of the voyage, as they have all had a few days of fever and been very miserable. I think no one but me ever thrives on an idle life on board ship, and it certainly suits me to perfection. The heat was dreadful in the daytime at first, but since we fell in with some heavy rain, we have done better, though almost every one became ill on the sudden change.

“I suppose Bob Lindsay’s marriage has made a great sensation.”

THE HON. MRS. STUART to HER SISTERS.

“*Allahabad, August 30.*—I am glad to tell you that our weary, wearying voyage is over. At a distance, the view of Allahabad was not inspiring, but as we approached, the old port grew imposing, the trees larger, and the place less flat. . . . Lord Canning’s greeting was most cordial, and it was very nice to see the bright look in Char.’s eyes, as she came in to dinner with her light step.

“Lord Canning looks as if he had been ill, but with the effect of refining his features. One cannot but look with respect and admiration at the man who has stood up so nobly and bravely and calmly through such trials, and there is a simplicity and unpretend-

ingness about his whole tone that enhances it all tenfold. He looks the relief that the words 'The mutiny is quelled' must bring: but I really believe it never crosses his mind to say—'*I have quelled the mutiny.*'"

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Allahabad, August 30.*—I arrived here yesterday afternoon, and find C. quite well and delighted to have me back after seven months. I think he looks rather older, but not ill, and his spirits are very good. Things go well, but he has cruelly hard work. Lord Stanley is most pleasant to deal with, and his tone in writing is really delightful. I am sure he is wonderfully wise for his years, and will be a great man. We are in a rough sort of house here, scanty of furniture, but I shall make it better. The Stuarts are a little way off. I often doubt whether they can stand the climate: they would be a great loss to me if they have to give up."

"*Allahabad, Sept. 4, 1858.*—I have been busy putting the house in order. It looked very bare of furniture till I had brought up that of the boat, but I have made it more civilised and habitable. The Stuarts have rooms in a good large bungalow just outside the gate. We have no one but Dr. Leckie actually in the house with us; the staff are dotted about by twos in different bungalows. Sir Colin is very near. He is a charming old man, so very friendly and so *sans cérémonie* in his way of running in and out. Now and then he has

had rather different wishes and opinions, but he always allows that he takes solely the military view, and in countries like these there are very different considerations from those in campaigns like Sevastopol. He is always ready and willing to do what is required of him, and he does it heartily and with good-will. Of late he has been pleased with successes in Oude, and the health of his troops being so good, he had been willing to let them begin work again sooner than C. expected. Of course he is delighted, and the result is that a good corner of Oude is cleared.

"I think C. may be able to move about in the cold weather. The thing I have at heart is that he shall take measures to keep away from Calcutta in the next hot season and rains. It would be mad to attempt a *fourth* hot season without a day of rest, or any sort of refreshing by climate. He is well, but looks much worn, and I think cannot work so long together without being tired. These attacks of fever are very lowering: everybody has them now and then. The number of officers and civilians gone home is quite enormous. The troops are healthy again now."

"*Allahabad, Sept. 14.*—We are very, very hot here. I think it is the most severe heat I have felt, but they say it is nothing to what they had in May and June. However, we have only a fortnight more of it to undergo. I hope, after that, we may begin to move about a little. The mail ought to be in to-night, and Sir Colin will be Lord Clyde. I wish he had had his own honours yesterday, when he was investing Sir



W. Mansfield and Sir J. Hope Grant with the K.C.B. ribbons.

"The Proclamation of the Queen's Government is not come yet. We are prepared to have fireworks and a huge dinner in celebration of it, and at Calcutta Mr. Grant is to have an enormous ball in Government House, and fireworks for the natives. We have rather a monotonous life here, but see quantities of people, and dine as many as the room will hold three times a week. I attempt early rides, but cannot manage them more than two or three times a week, it is too exhausting."

To VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Allahabad, Sept. 15.*—We are still expecting the Queen's Proclamation. I suppose it will come by next mail, and be announced here by C. at once. Meanwhile our fireworks and illuminations are ready, and the President of the Council at Calcutta is to give an enormous ball at Government House in celebration. It is a point of nicety to express proper and great joy without behaving in an unseemly way towards the poor old defunct Koompanee. We have Sir Colin here still, and I suppose this mail gives him his new name. The telegraph says he is Lord Clyde, but till it arrived he was very doubtful what had been given to him. He invested Sir J. Hope Grant and Sir W. Mansfield with K.C.B.'s two days ago, and we were present, and C. made them a speech. I never saw a more tough-looking old soldier than Sir J. Hope Grant. What he has done is immense: he has fought all through the Delhi and Oude campaigns literally up to last week,

and will begin again in a few days. He is very pleasant and tells his histories in the most agreeable manner: he is also an excellent musician, and I was amused at his offer to come and tune my piano! Sir H. Rose<sup>1</sup> has done very well indeed, and had such great opportunities that it is no wonder he is such a hero in public estimation, but it is most unjust to cry down Sir Colin in consequence!

"Benares was the best bit of my journey, unspeakably picturesque. I found C. looking very much worn, but quite well. He has had a great escape in not being at Calcutta this cruelly hot season. Here I think the fierce heat almost unbearable, but it is not particularly unwholesome, and we have only one fortnight more of it to get through. This station has begun to recover itself, and scarcely any of the dilapidated houses remain without their roofs or windows, as was the case everywhere when C. arrived. We are surrounded by vast ranges of barracks of Europeans, camps of Seiks and camels, elephants, horses, and bullocks without end. People are very hopeful about the cold-weather campaign, and think Oude will be easily reoccupied: a good corner of it has been regained lately, and all looks much brighter."

TO THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Allahabad, Oct. 16, 1858.*—The comet has been very, very beautiful ever since Sept. 26, so clear and pale in colour and with such a magnificent tail. I am sure it was full twenty-five degrees, and curving from the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Strathnairn.

nucleus, the nucleus as bright as a moon and the size of a planet."

"*Allahabad, Oct. 17, 1858.*—The draft of the Queen's Proclamation came yesterday. I am glad she speaks herself to her Indian subjects; they are sure to like it far better than any document written for her. It was quite a mistake to give out in Parliament that the wording was to rest with C. He will have to make it public, with merely a few words of his own. I begin a little to turn in my head whether we ought to make any changes rather Dublin fashion.<sup>1</sup> Drawing-rooms, I think, need not be necessary, but I think we shall begin rather a more formal sort of receptions. C. has had levées before, but now that he will be Viceroy, he protests strongly against beginning the Dublin fashion of Drawing-rooms and *kissing*."

"The cold weather is beginning, and the punkahs this morning at church were disagreeable, and have almost given me a cold. Church is now at half-past six."

To VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Allahabad, Oct. 22.*—The troops are all coming into Oude, and Sir Hope Grant is clearing out forts."

<sup>1</sup> The same mail which brought the Queen's Proclamation had announced to Lord Canning that he was the first Viceroy of India. In his acknowledgment to the Queen of his new dignity he said—"It is Lord Canning's earnest hope and prayer that, so long as this high function shall be in his trust, it may be administered in a spirit not unworthy of your Majesty, and that, when he shall deliver it again into your Majesty's hands, it may be found to be without spot or stain from any act or word of his."

A good deal of hard work is in hand in different places, and Lord Clyde does not move for a few days more. Do not believe a word against him. He has had the most difficult task imaginable, and when he has done things so easily, it has been because he laid his plans so well that *he* made it easy. . . . Sir Hugh Rose did very well indeed, but his task was far easier.

"I wonder when they will begin to believe at home that English soldiers are *not* in red coats and shakos here. I think the Duke of Cambridge would have a fit if he saw a regiment in its Indian garments—'Karkee' of every shade and the loosest cut, and the most surprising caps and covers. I cannot remember when I last saw a red coat."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Allahabad, Nov. 2, 1858.*—I could not write till we had got through our great day of the Proclamation yesterday, and now have had of course to send an account of it to the Queen.

"C. and Lord Clyde and the body-guard came out of the Fort, and went up into a raised sort of open tent of red cloth with the royal arms in front. C. then gave Mr. Edmonstone the Queen's Proclamation to read in English and Urdù, and he read it very well, but very few people could hear. After the Proclamation and royal salute, &c., C. rode back to the Fort, and there was a dinner of fifty-six heads of departments in one of the great tents: it looked really very handsome indeed.<sup>1</sup> I stayed with Minny Stuart and

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart's Journal says:—"A trumpeter sounded a flourish to prepare for the Queen's health, as 'Queen of India,' which was of

Mrs. Edmonstone in a tent and had a tea till it was time to go to the fireworks. We saw them from the ramparts, and they were rather good, but we were much too far off.

"I am so glad you liked my ferns. I do think it is rather a nice collection, for really we got them all, and at first I was the only one of the party who even knew a fern. Our wild little Johnny Stanley became the best collector possible, and knew them as well as I did, and would go any distance to find them. I think his mother will be surprised when she unpacks his collection: it is exactly like mine, and he did it all himself."

COLONEL STUART'S *Journal*.

"*Nov.* 2, 1858.—There was a grand illumination in the town to-night. The Governor-General and Charlotte went in state, escorted by some of the body-guard. We followed in the second carriage. Lamps of cocoa-nut oil were fastened to the stumps of the trees, from the Cutchemis up to the distant railway station. All the railway buildings were well lit, but the Khusru Bagh<sup>1</sup> was really a scene of enchantment that surprised us. The most brilliant lights, and constant discharges of fire from pots held in the hands of natives, illuminated the gateways, the gigantic tombs,

course drank standing, but in silence. The party broke up almost immediately, Lord Clyde, Mansfield, and their people having to ride thirty-six miles after dinner to Pertabgurh, where the campaign is to open."

<sup>1</sup> A garden containing the tomb of Sultan Khusru and other monuments.

and the beautiful trees ; the palms especially shone out with unearthly brightness, and very weird was the clearness of the black skins and white garments of the natives, who stood on the tombs and gateways, partly as spectators, and partly as performers in the pyrotechnic display. Then we were surrounded by fine horsemen on neighing steeds, English officers, body-guard, and Dennehy's picturesque irregulars. Quite to the end of the town, lights were stuck in front of all the shops and houses, and in all the palm-trees. Coloured lamps and innumerable little transparencies with V.R. upon them seemed the favourite decoration. Natives stood behind these lights, and as we proceeded through the town they followed us, whilst picturesque knots of men were grouped on the tops of houses and in the verandahs. The climax was in the Choke. There, at the Cotwallah, the Viceroy stopped to have some municipal authorities presented by Mr. Bayley, and there the dazzling glare, deafening noise, and thoroughly Oriental wildness and brilliancy of the scene were impressive, especially when one thought of the *practical* politics of Allahabad such a very short time ago !”

“*Nov.* 13.—Knowing that the ex-King of Delhi was to be marched in as a prisoner early, I ran down to my gate as soon as I heard the rumbling of artillery. A battery of guns passed, and then the 9th Lancers, their band playing, and they themselves looking, both men and horses, as clean and smart, and in as good case, as if their move had been from Hounslow to Windsor, whereas they have come straight on end



from Umballa: but the men, most of them bearded, have that martial bearing which nothing but real service gives. Behind the regiment, in a shabby palanquin, came 'the Great Mogul,' surrounded by Lancers, with their weapons ready. Several gharries followed, and then the remainder of the guns of Major Kaye's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, fine, well-appointed men and horses. . . . The King is encamped in the Fort in a common hill tent; his younger son and some of his wives are with him. Leckie had to visit him by order, with Doctors Dixon and Hadaway. The old man states (in not very delicate terms) that he is in improved health, but complains of indigestion. For forty years it has been the royal habit to begin the morning with an emetic; some time after an opium pill is taken, and then breakfast."<sup>1</sup>

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Governor-General's Camp, Allahabad, Nov. 6, 1858.*—I wish you could at this moment look out of the open window of my bungalow. I am sitting close by it in a muslin gown, and see the fine camel-sowar who is jogging up the compound with a letter for Charles,—a very fine camel, with scarlet trappings, unusually bright, and such a picturesque sowar, with a thick fringe of grey beard round his dark face. It is these constant sights and scenes of Asiatic life which make this place so far from dull to me, and so very preferable to tiresome Calcutta. Now the camel is

<sup>1</sup> The King was taken to Burmah, where he was confined, as a state prisoner, for the rest of his life.

gone, and here comes a mounted policeman, in his dark grey loose dress, crimson belt and crimson turban, on a white Arab, which seeing the elephants picketed under the trees just over the hedge, neighs with all his might. The field opposite our door has been peopled for the last fortnight by elephants and camels, ready for the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and you cannot imagine the noise from roaring camels and trumpeting elephants which went on. All are gone now but the elephants afore-named. The beautiful green of my meadow is over: the whole place is dusty and brown; but I like this place, and shall hope to stay on here; indeed our camp-life seems a complete *ignis fatuus*, for while Tantia Topee keeps every one alert as he is now doing, I imagine remaining here will be the best plan.

"4 P.M.—The telegraph has just told us that 'Lord Canning's answer to Lord Ellenborough's dispatch gives general satisfaction.' We are so glad, and Char.'s eyes look brighter than I have seen them for many days."

"*Allahabad, Nov. 16, 1858.*—It is really very pleasant to get all the letters and newspapers so full of the answers to Lord Ellenborough, and doing C. such full justice. I am not at all sure that the delay has not added to the effect, especially as it comes by itself, when people's minds are ready to read it all with attention. I must say, looking at it again after so long, and in print, the Proclamation does seem very complete and very clear and dignified, and I do feel proud of it.

"The forts in Oude are surrendering.<sup>1</sup> Their owners get them back with their lands, only having to dismantle them and give up their guns and dismiss their followers. It seems odd that they demur for a moment in accepting such terms, but I believe to give back their treasured guns is more than life itself, and it requires the pressure of an overwhelming force to persuade them. I do not know when we shall get to Lucknow, but not yet, for the re-occupying promenade of the different columns, through and through the country, is very slow work."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Allahabad, Dec. 20.*—Lord Clyde must now be close to the Begum's chief force. . . . The country is really pacifying, though the Begum's Proclamation to counteract the Queen's is very clever, and exhorts people not to be credulous about pardon: yet, in spite of her, there are numbers who submit.

"We are already preparing to return to Calcutta, and I am in a hurry to go there, though I leave this compact ground-floor house and its nice quiet garden, full of blue birds and green parrots, with some regret."

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LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Marienbad, August 20, 1858.*—I have been with Mme. de Caraman to call at Metternich's château,

<sup>1</sup> The Proclamation was generally recognised as announcing the conclusion of the Indian Mutiny.

about five or six miles off. We went so as to arrive just after their dinner, which is at three o'clock. We found a large family party. The old Prince looked very well, rather more infirm and much more deaf than ten years ago, but his mind as present as ever to all that passes, though only a *looker-on*. He said he had 'beaucoup suivi des affaires de l'Inde,' both from the great interest attached to the subject and his personal feeling for Canning, who, in his opinion, had acted worthily of 'le beau nom qu'il porte;' and he judged from the cry of too much clemency having suddenly changed to too much severity, that he had exactly seized the proper medium, and he could not understand the treatment he had met with, but which Lord Ellenborough's fall expiated. I rejoiced rather that, being a wet afternoon, I could be spared 'le parc,' and go through the house with him. There are portraits and all sorts of 'souvenirs historiques,' which we could *still* match at Highcliffe, and our library *has* been far more interesting and valuable, though he had some Revolutionary journals which I don't think we had. From the age of twenty, he had put by everything that was given to him or that he himself collected.

"I am not to be let off mud-baths for at least ten days, having only just plunged into the mire. The doctor's English is solemn, like King Leopold's, and he said, 'Miladi, do you not find them funny?' They certainly are queer, more like being in an ill-made bed than a bath, full of lumps and sticks, but with rather a comforting warmth, and one glides into a water-bath alongside, and casts one's brown skin."

"*Tittenhanger, Oct. 1, 1858.*—You will be glad to see the old familiar date, though with a sigh, for you will guess the change I feel in returning, besides passing *the* door, where I always find myself turning in. Then *no* Maydwell seems such a blank, which no wonder is painful, after returning her welcome for more than forty years. Bell will have written to you of how comfortably she has seen her established with her two sisters.

"Your portfolio arrived just before we left Highcliffe. I am enchanted with the variety and beauty, and really your labour, industry, taste, and science [!] can only recall Miss Berry's oft-repeated speech—'One cannot speak of Cha. in sober terms of praise.'"<sup>1</sup>

"*Tittenhanger, Oct. 8, 1858.*—I have rejoiced to get your last letter from Allahabad, which I knew was the haven where you would be; and was thankful to know you and Canning were reunited, after the terrible seven months' parting and all that had passed in the meanwhile, making it unlike a common absence, which is always bad enough. Now that you have met, it seems to end a chapter and begin another volume.

"You ask about Loo's descent from her 'High Church.' It came to me as a surprise whilst we were abroad. I can trace it a little to the influence of Jane Ellice and her husband, and also to Mrs. Latouche. When she is all alone at Curraghmore, she thoroughly enjoys a closely-written letter of thirteen sheets—

<sup>1</sup> The immense collection of Lady Canning's drawings, including the scenes and flowers in India, is now the property of Lord Canning's nephew, the Marquis of Clanricarde.

either upon High Art or Low Church, the one with sketches, the other with texts well inserted, so as to make her push the subject farther, and give originality to it. It makes her do little penances, the one in pen and pencil drawings, the other in punishing herself with doubts as to permitted enjoyments, so that self-denial in anything she has a fancy to seems right—not a ‘merit,’ for there is no such thing as merit. I must say no harm is done if she will stay where she is, but people want to take possession of her, and I do not like her to be the victim of minds far inferior to her own.”

“*Grosvenor Place, Oct. 18, 1858.*—In London I found Somers and Virginia returned from Eastnor, which ensured a warm house for me and pleasant evenings for Loo, who had not fallen in with them for two years at least. When I wrote last, I was on the look-out for her arrival, now I am waiting for her departure! It has been a *nine days’ wonder* to have her amongst us, and *it is over*. I would not tease her to outstay her leave, but I think, if she had asked in time for an extension, that Waterford would have granted it, as he was very good-natured in complying with my particular request to have a sight of her. I had not seen her since our sad arrival from Marienbad, and I wanted to feel sure that there was no imprudence in her embarking on an Irish winter. I must own that I think her well, and that there is no need to press the sacrifice of their comfort. Had Waterford been inclined for a yacht and an Italian winter, it would have been lucky, but it is not at all



a matter of necessity. We had four days of Tittenhanger, and Loo would willingly have stayed all the time there, but I was obliged to come up at all events, and there came a friendly invitation to me from Lady Clanricarde, which settled the day. We had a very pleasant *partie quarée*, with a great deal of Indian talk, and the pleasure of reading extracts from letters and newspapers in praise and admiration of Canning's letters to our heart's content.

"On Saturday Loo and I had quite an abroad morning together. I took her to see the new house which Somers has bought, looking into Miss Eden's garden. Then we went to South Kensington to see the Sheepshanks pictures, and then to the Antipodes to see a G. Bellini sketch-book which Mr. Rawdon Brown expected her to look at, at the British Museum. Panizzi came out to me and made the galleries resound with his admiration of Canning's writings and Canning's conduct.

"I had just got your portfolio back from Clanricarde when Ruskin came to visit Somers. I hardly expected him to appreciate your bold flowers, and only showed him a few specimens, but he was in raptures, and said they were the grandest representations of flowers he had ever seen. He said what a *subtle* use of colour you displayed: it was especially so on a sheet with a sort of trumpet-flower or bignonia, in which there were about two inches in the corner of bougainvillia. He thought that uncommon shade quite marvellous, as well as the orange tone of scarlet in the flower, and the poinsettia perfectly dazzling. He had expended his admiration, I suppose, for when

Somers showed his own exhibition, he was captious and said, 'You copy nature too closely! It is the place itself! they are *views*, not *pictures*.'

"Oct. 25, 1858.—You will know how I have been travelling up with you, panting with the heat, and feeling more frightened than you were at the many dangers and impediments, and in *horror* at your insects, but seriously dreading fever, and I am sure, though you boast of being the only one quite well, you must have had the languor and lassitude of fever when you got to your journey's end. I long for Canning to have more rest and more change of air. His last paper was a masterpiece, and is so considered in all quarters. Your Aunt Somers *n'en tarit pas*."

"Nov. 3, 1858.—Ruskin writes of his own 'Political Economy of Art'—'It's not very dull, and of all the books I have written, it's the only one I'm proud of.' In the same note he begs to be allowed to see some more of your flowers, and he mentions having got Lady Waterford's 'Charity Girl' to look at—'She's stunning!' I told Loo this, and she hates the word so much, she would infinitely have preferred abuse."

"Grosvenor Place, Nov. 25, 1858.—I took advantage of having a day here alone to invite poor Maydwell to come and spend the morning. She looked much better, but so many things reminded her of past days and recalled her 'dear, dear lady,' that tears and smiles were intermingled. She is very sensible of the kindness shown her, and keeps up all her interest in all she

knew were beloved, and so you may believe how she talked of you and looked at your bust. I had just got the portrait of Lady Margaret<sup>1</sup> by Gainsborough, which was left to me as I was her god-daughter. It is a fine painting, and valuable in itself.

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VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Allahabad, Jan. 3, 1859.*—I shall probably write once more before I am off on my disagreeable journey, in eight little carriages, drawn each by a wild pony, day and night, to Calcutta. I am sorry to leave this quiet country-like place, but in a great hurry to be at Calcutta, and to get away again before the heat. Now we are very cold, and have wood-fires all day, and can go out at all hours: it is quite unlike Calcutta cold weather.

"The Oude campaign seems ending, by all the people coming to submit, or else running off to hide in jungles. I think all fighting there is over, and it looks like very little more in other parts."

LORD CLYDE to LADY CANNING.

"*Camp near Burnitah, Jan. 11, 1859.*—If I had not unluckily put my shoulder out, this note would have been written on the 1st of January. It is only now that I am able to write, and I resume my pen to offer to your Ladyship my compliments on the happy inauguration of the New Year by the return of peace and order in Oude.

<sup>1</sup> Her aunt, Lady Margaret Burgess. See vol. i. p. 4.

"It is with no small pride and satisfaction I can say to you that the last day of 1858 crowned Lord Canning's policy with the most complete success. The rebels have all either surrendered or are fled hopeless exiles to the mountains of Nepaul. Hundreds of forts are destroyed, hundreds of thousands of arms are given up, and the civil officers have now free scope for the performance of their duties. I congratulate your Ladyship with all my heart on the fresh lustre which will thus be added to your husband's celebrated name. England will receive with acclamation the great statesman who never faltered in the moment of direst peril, and whose ultimate triumph has been so rapid, so perfect, and so merciful, that history can scarcely equal it.

"I send by this post a dispatch relating to the events of the last few weeks, which I hope will be agreeable to Lord Canning."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Benares, Jan. 16, 1859.*—I left Allahabad yesterday evening, having received the sad news of Lady Wilton's death and poor Clemmy's. . . . It feels very odd to be alone in one little carriage, with only a native servant on the top, and a doubt at each five-mile stage whether the pony will lie down or go on."

"*Calcutta, Jan. 22, 1859.*—I arrived here on Wednesday, having made my journey quite successfully and without being at all knocked up by it. It is quite curious how well one can sleep at full length in those little carriages: I was really very comfortable, and quite

fresh after four nights of it, and enough stoppage by day to dress and breakfast, and later to dine and partly undress. The Stuarts came, and the new doctor and the new A.D.C., and maids and servants filling eight carriages, and Captain Baring conducted the expedition and took care of us very well indeed. C. is now on his road down, filling eleven carriages with his party.

"There have been several small and successful fights with some of the bands who still lurk about, but there seems good reason for saying that Oude is really returned to peace and order. . . . I think the people here are glad of my return, for it always makes the place more cheerful: we give a great ball on the 28th."

THE HON. MRS. STUART to HER SISTERS.

"*Calcutta, Jan. 22, 1859.*—For our journey here everything was managed quietly and well, all the gentlemen *se mirent en quatre* to take care of us, and were as attentive to Char. as she was pleasant and facile to every one. Little Stanley was left behind with Lord Canning, but cantered on his arab at the *portière* of his liege lady as far as he could. We had no adventures to speak of. Once Char.'s pony kicked so violently, that Captain Baring took it, and gave her his instead. Once Captain Baring's suddenly rushed off a road down a steep bank into a field. Once mine utterly refused to move, and then and there had to be taken out of the shafts. Once another of mine whisked me quite off the road, and then fell down flat! and twice the maids were all but upset; but with *dâk* ponies such adventures are nothing: and as the 200 rebels who were hovering about the neighbourhood,

and who crossed the road two days after we had passed, did not cross it while we were passing, it matters not! We travelled for a night and day, escorted by forty Sikh cavalry—such fine picturesque creatures.”

VISCOUNTESS CANNING *to*  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Feb. 7, 1859.*—We have been more shocked than words can describe by the news of dear Mrs. Anson’s death.<sup>1</sup> . . . From having seen her so much in this house, the recollection of her is the more vividly before me. . . .

“Our new Bishop<sup>2</sup> is promising—grave and quiet in manner, and very active in business, and wise and cautious too.”

*To* LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Calcutta, Feb. 8, 1859.*—We are in a delightfully uneventful state at present. There seems to be real peace at last, and we begin to hear of the most worn-out regiments going home, and the last of the Naval Brigade goes in a few days, after a dinner in the town-hall to-morrow. But I am sorry to find that C.’s work is heavier than ever, and all present hope of the Hills has entirely vanished. Perhaps, however, we may have a cruize in the *Feroze* when it begins to get very unbearable here.

“I am wading through the long dinner list, and it

<sup>1</sup> See p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> George Edward Lynch Cotton, previously Master at Rugby and Headmaster of Marlborough.



is weary work—forty-five or fifty people twice a week, but next week we begin four evenings, like London ‘drums,’ to which the ‘serious’ can come, and two with dancing on the upper floor. I shall have a few schools to go round, and then all my duties are complete. Certainly they are not complicated. I hope we may go a good deal to Barrackpore. The drive will be good for C., and he will enjoy the longer walks, and I am longing to see the newly laid out terrace.

“Old Prince Gholam is going to England. He gave us a grand ball and sitting-down supper of three hundred, very nicely done. He is Tippoo’s son, and very good and well-disposed. I only hope people will not mob him and his family, and class them with the rebels.”

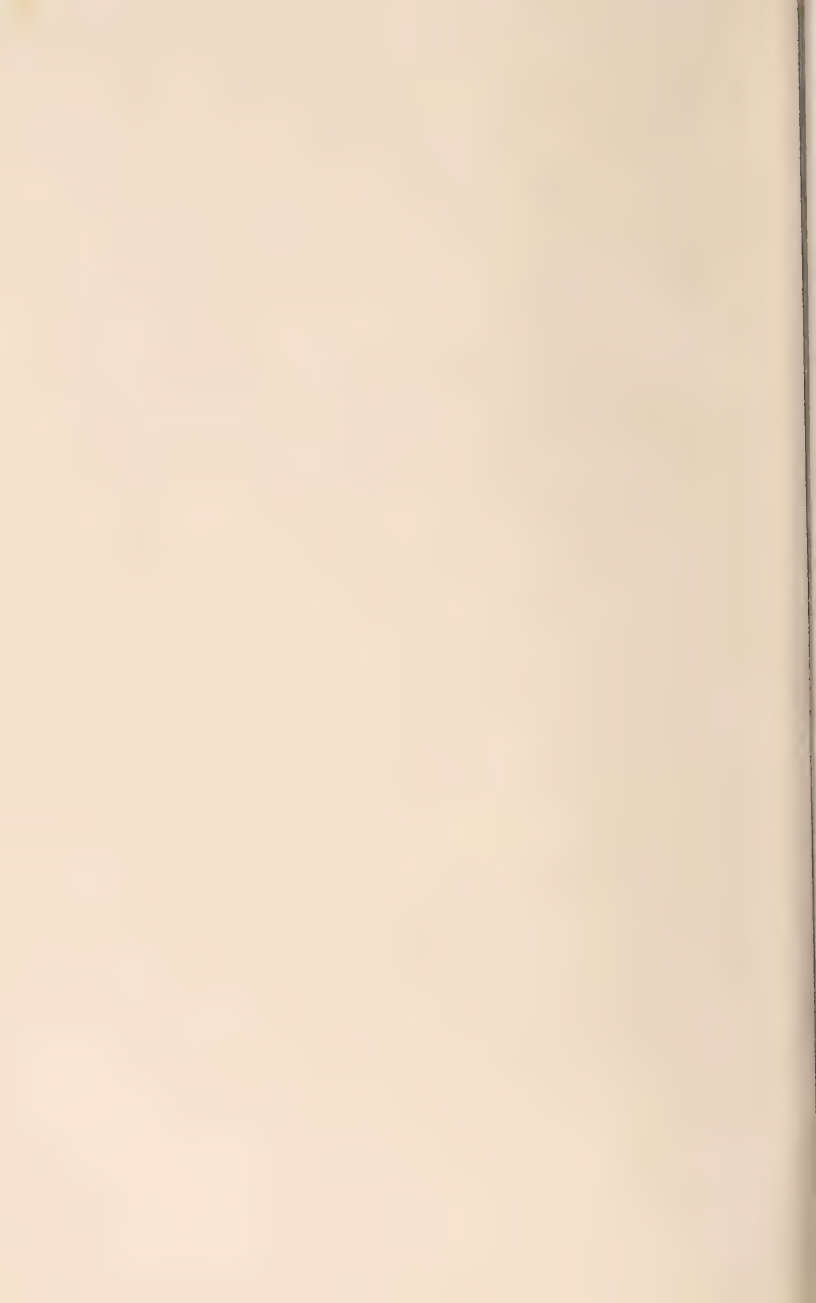
“*Calcutta, Feb. 16, 1859.*—We had a grand affair here two days ago, receiving with all honours the 1st Madras Fusiliers—General Neill’s regiment—the first that came to our help in 1857. They now embarked for Madras, and marched up to this house on the way, and C. made them a capital speech from the great steps. There is so little speaking here, that it is quite startling what an effect a good speech has upon people, and how it surprises them, and certainly C. did speak very well.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart’s Journal says :—

“*Feb. 14.*—The 1st Madras Fusiliers, one of Havelock’s original regiments, being expected here to-day, on their return to their Presidency, it was determined to receive them with well-deserved honour and kindness. At 4 P.M. the Calcutta garrison brought to Government House to receive the Fusiliers, marched into its precincts and neighbourhood. The 99th (a fine old regiment with ancient officers) lined the



VISCOUNTESS CANNING  
(From a Photograph.)



"The time passes very slowly here. After the quiet monotonous days of Allahabad, so much entertaining is very oppressive, but I think after a whole blank year it is right, and the enormous dinners do not weigh upon one much more than the small ones. The evening party looked very well, and the people liked it very much. It is a novelty here: no one had them before my time. The guests have no amusements but walking

straight approach through the compound to the great steps; the Buffs the road to the west by which they were to leave, the infantry of the volunteers that to the right—cards admitted the 'quality' to the house and upper rooms by the south entrance, whilst the more select were invited by note to the drawing-room floor and council-room. Crimson cloth was laid on the steps, with ropes on each side, behind which officers stood. It was a little after five when the regiment appeared, in quarter distance column, filling the breadth of Wellesley Place. In their old Khalee uniforms and light blue forage caps, they marched straight up to the foot of the steps, the garrison presenting arms to them. Then Birch informed the Viceroy that all was ready, and he came to the head of the steps, followed by the Council, Lieutenant-Governor, Chief-Justice, Sir J. Hearsey, the Legislative Council, Staff, &c. The whole parade presented arms, and when they had shouldered, Lord Canning descended to the lower platform, and made to the regiment a noble heart-stirring speech, admirably delivered, and with just the right degree of feeling. I wish I had less, for the whole scene, the recollection of what the regiment had done, and the eloquent words spoken, brought tears upon my cheeks. When the speech was ended, the Fusiliers cheered lustily (I saw the old soldiers who set it going!) and the crowd outside cried, 'Three cheers for the Governor-General,' which was well responded to. I went to the council-room to congratulate Charlotte, and found there all the Burra Mems. and Misses."

Mrs. Stuart writes:—

"Lord Canning's speaking is really quite perfect. His usual short—almost ungracious and rapid—manner, would never lead you to expect the dignity, and quiet, clear emphasis, and unhesitating choice language, withal so grandly simple, with which he speaks. . . . There was but one feeling about it, and dry eyes were the exception."

about the house and the band playing, but the scene is brilliant, being well-lighted, and gay with all the full-dress uniforms, more like an English court ball than anything. I believe the little dance I have to-morrow is hardly as popular, for none of the serious come to it, and the serious delight in the party."

*To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.*

"*Calcutta, Feb. 19, 1859.*—Unless recalled or utterly knocked up, C. will be far more anxious to keep to his post, and see this country put to rights, than he would have been if his lot here had fallen in quiet places. I am strongly of the same mind.

"Barrackpore was so charming in the fortnight I spent there that I would gladly have remained, but that perfection of climate will not continue after the beginning of March. The beauty of some of the flowers is not to be described."

"*March 3, 1859.*—I am so glad about the Princess Royal and her son. . . . I hope Jane will be commissioned to write me all about her. It seems wonderful to think of the Queen having a grandchild."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, Feb. 24, 1859.*—Dear Char. will tell you all of grand matters there is to tell, so I must, as usual, tell of her. I shall begin by my increased and increasing appreciation of her character, which after every argument—and we have a great many—always grows upon me. I wish I could say she was as strong as she

is kind and good, but it is a good thing that she is beginning to feel the necessity of considering herself a little. . . . The reaction of returning here to this climate, and the utter stagnation of interest, after the intense excitement of every nerve and feeling, through which she has so bravely struggled, certainly tells upon her. . . . There is still plenty of work for Lord Canning to do, though it makes no show, but the hot days will pass along steamy and dull for her. I do hope and trust that the effects of the climate will allow us to stay; it will be real grief of heart to me to go home, unless I saw a prospect of any one being able to come to Char. to take my place."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*March 9, 1859.*—Your letter from Windsor is full of deepest interest. . . . I begin to envy you all very much, gathered together again. Now three whole years have passed, I dare to look forward to getting back again as the pleasantest thing in the world. We have nothing, however, to grumble at just now. All is quite peaceful, and we have cool clear air. But here we are for a long time to come, while C. is working at finance questions, which are most difficult and horribly important."

"*March 16.*—We are still prosperous, and are sending home eleven regiments. Does not that look peaceful?"

"*April 23.*—We have just lost Lord Harris, who was nearly three weeks here, and sails by this steamer.



It was such a pleasure to see a real old friend again.<sup>1</sup> We took him for a few days to Barrackpore. I was so glad of the excuse to go there, for C. had not set foot there, except once for an hour, for more than two years, and had never seen my beautiful terrace, which is now finished and full of flowers, and the most wonderful improvement to the place.

"The telegraph tells us of 'honours' coming, and I feel very shy, and do not know what to say when people come to congratulate. I am glad, however, that these proofs come from Government that they publicly admit that the work here has been well done."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, March 16, 1859.*—Lady Mansfield arrived yesterday while I was reading your letter. We lodge her and Sir William, who has waited here a week for her. It is quite a novelty to receive a civilised visitor fresh from England, and I shall be very sorry when her visit is over. She has a magnificent voice, and is quite ready to sing now she has rejoined her General, to whom she seems quite devoted.

"We have had a little new work, for C. is getting money by adding on duties and taxes, and spoke about it at the Legislative Council when he brought in his Bill. People tell me he spoke to his small audience as if he were not at all out of practice."

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stuart's Journal says :—"It was really pleasant at Barrackpore to see the natural cheerfulness of Lord Canning and Char. with their old friend, the only person who can be perfectly independent in their company."

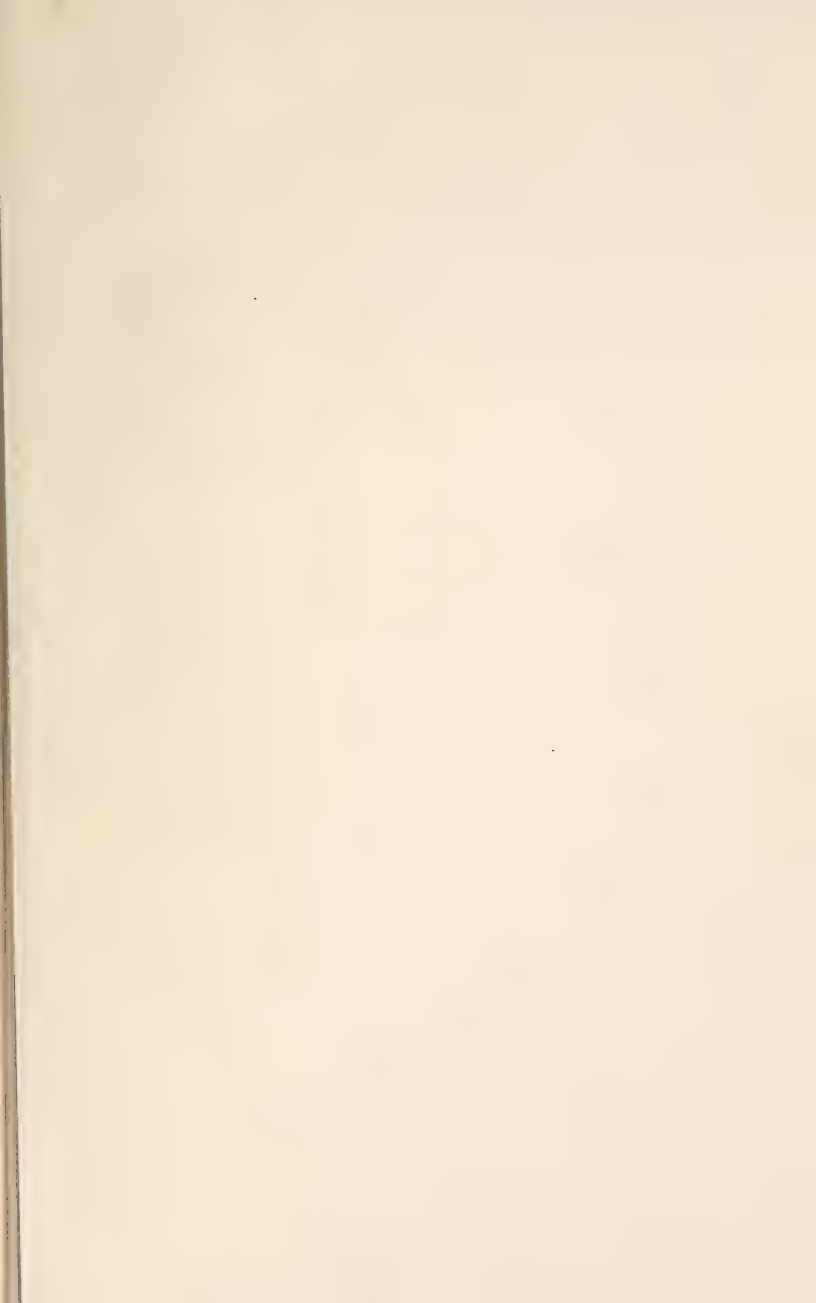
"*April* 16, 1859.—We have little Indian news beyond the capture of Tantia Topce,<sup>1</sup> who is a great prize. There has been a most annoying mismanagement concerning the Nawaub of Furruckabad, whose trial has ended, and he was most justly condemned to death; but the manner in which he was seized by the Government agent makes it hardly possible to hang him, indeed quite impossible, without throwing over the terms on which he was induced to give himself up. The officer is most dreadfully to blame, and probably great indignation will be roused against C. if he lets off this dreadful Nawaub. I think he will take a course which, in cold blood in England, will be deemed right, but one cannot expect people to be reasonable here.<sup>2</sup>

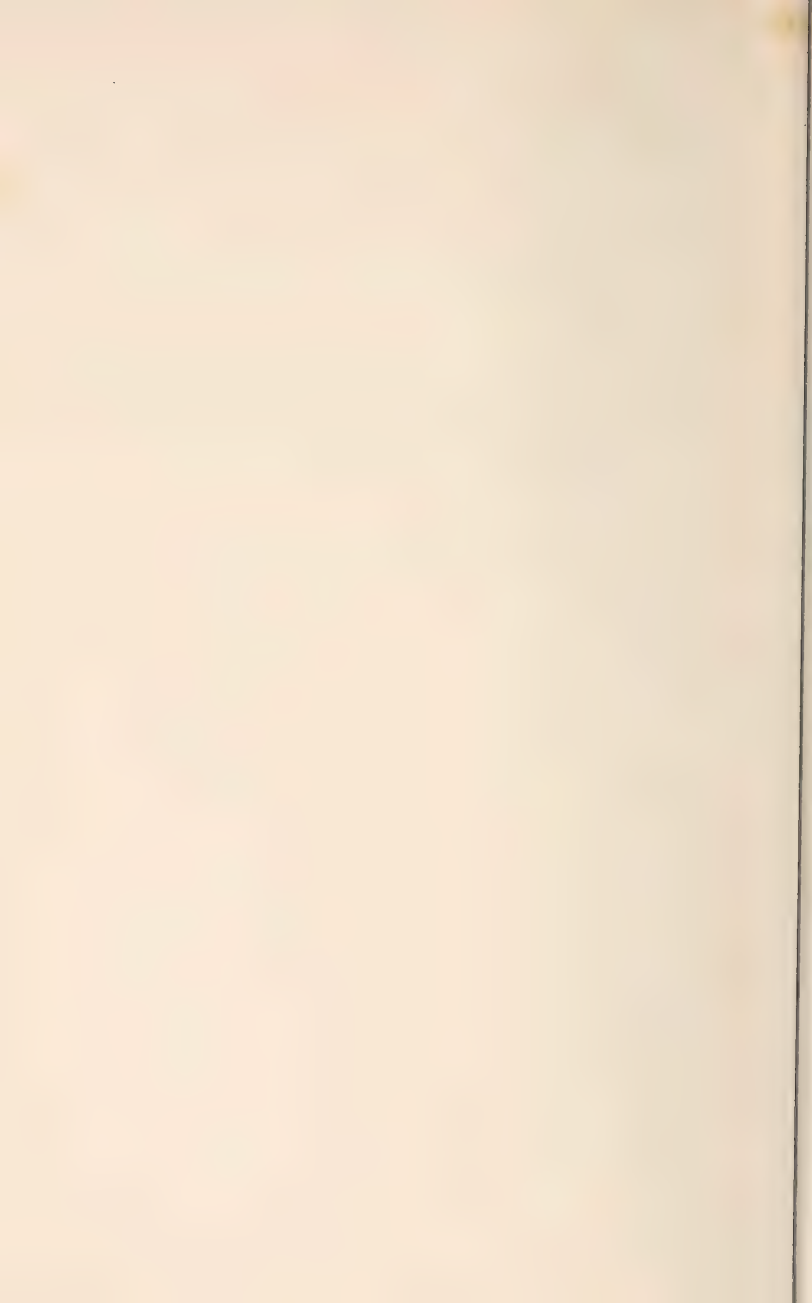
"Lord Harris has been here a fortnight—a real pleasure to C."

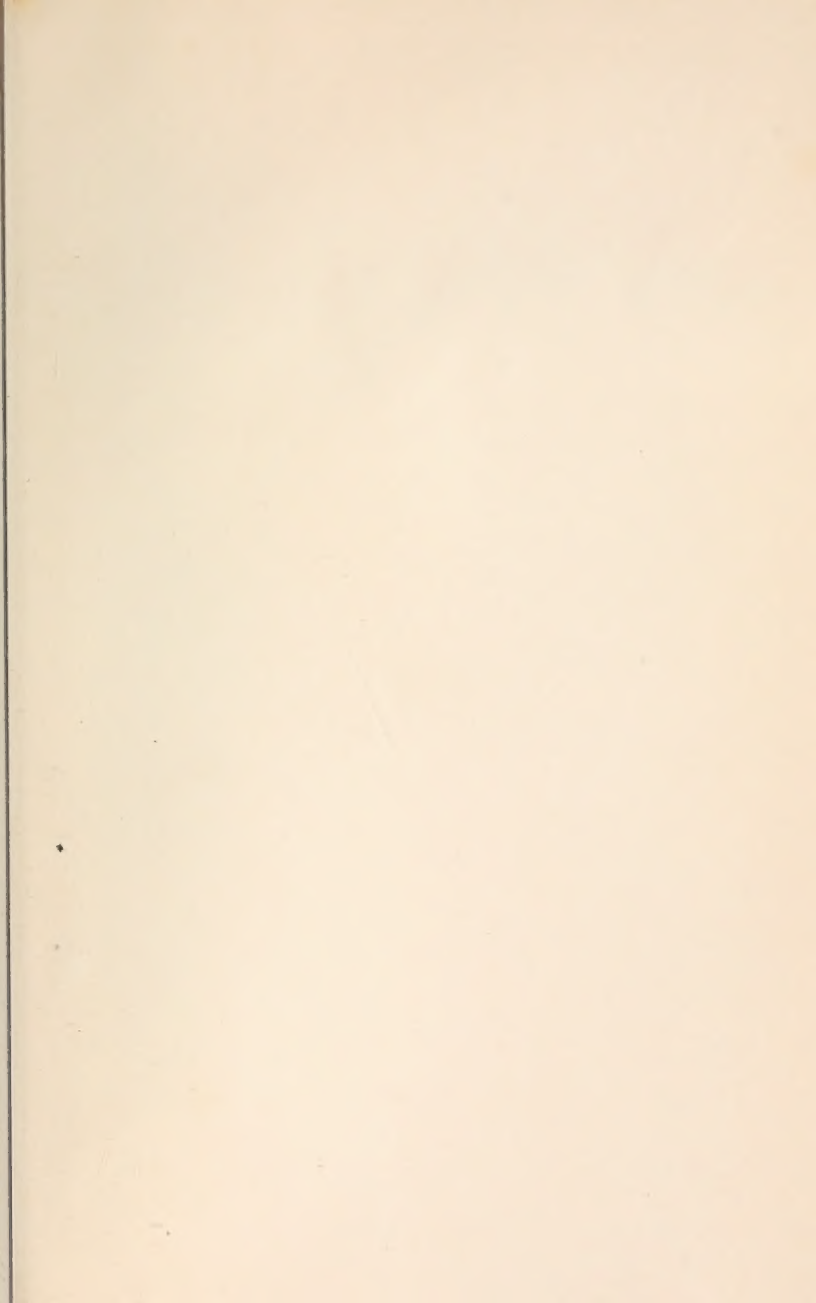
<sup>1</sup> One of the monsters of the Cawnpore massacre, who had long made a good fight.

<sup>2</sup> The Nawaub was permitted to choose Mecca as a place of perpetual exile.

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